

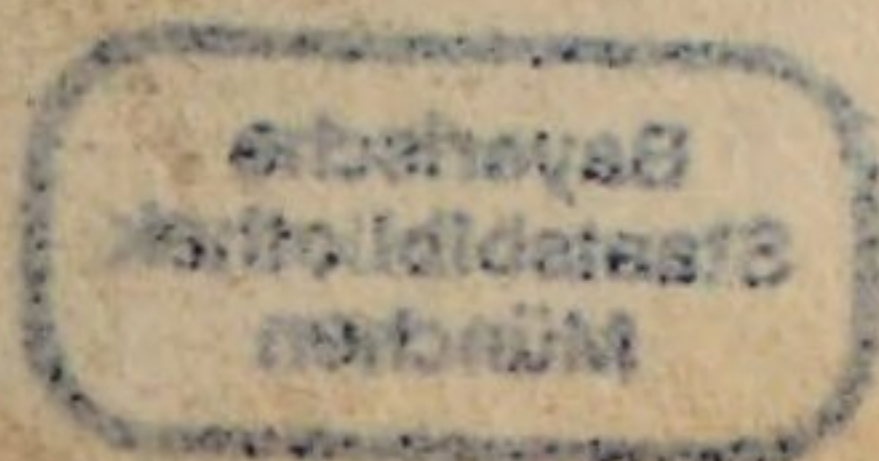
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THE
PLAY
OF
WILLIAM SH
IN EIGH

THE
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OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,
IN EIGHT VOLUMES.



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OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

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THE
PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,
ACCURATELY PRINTED FROM
THE TEXT OF MR. STEEVENS'S LAST EDITION,
WITH
A SELECTION OF THE MOST IMPORTANT NOTES.
IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOLUME IV.

CONTAINING
KING JOHN;
KING RICHARD II.
KING HENRY IV. PART I.
..... PART II.
KING HENRY V.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, C. DILLY, J. JOHNSON,
G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, R. BALDWIN, H. L. GARDNER,
J. SEWELL, W. RICHARDSON, J. NICHOLS, F. AND C. RIVINGTON,
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T. KAY, J. DEIGHTON, W. MILLER, VERNOR AND HOOD, CADELL
AND DAVIES, MURRAY AND HIGHLEY, AND LEE AND HURST.

1797.

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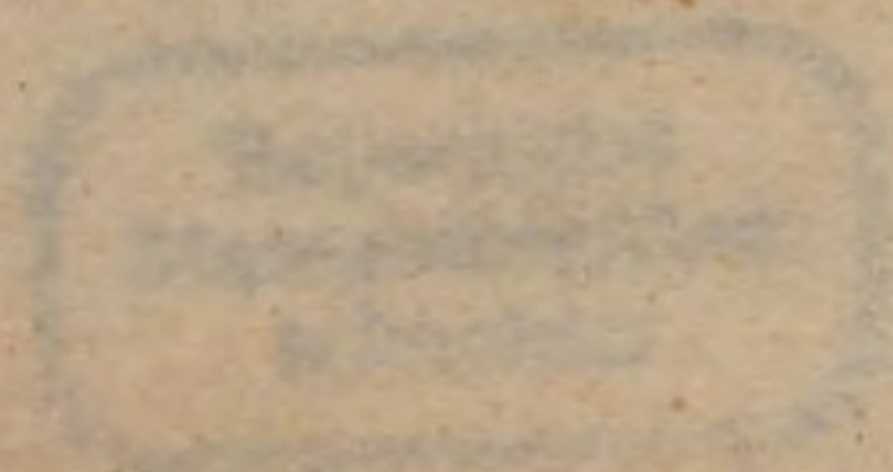
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AND DALLIS, MURRAY AND HIGGINS, AND LEE AND HURST.

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KING JOHN.

* * * *The Troublesome Reign of King John* was written in two parts, by W. Shakspeare and W. Rowley, and printed 1611. But the present play is entirely different, and infinitely superior to it. POPE.

The edition of 1611 has no mention of Rowley, nor in the account of Rowley's works is any mention made of his conjunction with Shakspeare in any play. *King John* was reprinted in two parts in 1622. The first edition that I have found of this play in its present form, is that of 1623, in folio. The edition of 1591 I have not seen. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson mistakes when he says there is no mention in Rowley's works of any conjunction with Shakspeare. *The Birth of Merlin* is ascribed to them jointly; though I cannot believe Shakspeare had any thing to do with it. Mr. Capell is equally mistaken when he says (Pref. p. 15.) that Rowley is called his partner in the title-page of *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*.

There must have been some tradition, however erroneous, upon which Mr. Pope's account was founded. I make no doubt that Rowley wrote the first *King John*; and when Shakspeare's play was called for, and could not be procured from the players, a piratical bookseller reprinted the old one, with *W. Sb.* in the title-page. FARMER.

The elder play of *King John* was first published in 1591. Shakspeare has preserved the greatest part of the conduct of it, as well as some of the lines. A few of these I have pointed out, and others I have omitted as undeserving notice. The number of quotations from Horace, and similar scraps of learning scattered over this motley piece, ascertain it to have been the work of a scholar. It contains likewise a quantity of rhyming Latin, and ballad-metre; and in a scene where the Bastard is represented as plundering a monastery, there are strokes of humour, which seem, from their particular turn, to have been most evidently produced by another hand than that of our author.

Of this historical drama there is a subsequent edition in 1611, printed for John Helme, whose name appears before none of the genuine pieces of Shakspeare. I admitted this play some years ago as our author's own, among the twenty which I published from old editions; but a more careful perusal of it, and a further conviction of his custom of borrowing plots, sentiments, &c. disposes me to recede from that opinion.

STEEVENS.

A play entitled *The troublesome raigne of John King of England*, in two parts, was printed in 1591, without the writer's name. It was written, I believe, either by Robert Greene, or George Peele; and certainly preceded this of our author. Mr. Pope, who is very inaccurate in matters of this kind, says that the former was printed in 1611, as written by W. Shakspeare and W. Rowley. But this is not true. In the *second* edition of this old play in 1611, the letters *W. Sb.* were put into the title-page, to deceive the purchaser, and to lead him to suppose the piece was Shakspeare's play, which at that time was not published.—See a more minute account of this fraud in *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I. Our author's *King John* was written, I imagine, in 1596. The reasons on which this opinion is founded, may be found in that Essay.

MALONE.

Though this play have the title of *The Life and Death of King John*, yet the action of it begins at the thirty-fourth year of his life; and takes in only some transactions of his reign to the time of his demise, being an interval of about seventeen years. THEOBALD.

Hall, Holinshed, Stowe, &c. are closely followed not only in the conduct, but sometimes in the very expressions throughout the following historical dramas; viz. *Macbeth*, this play, *Richard II.* *Henry IV.* two parts, *Henry V.* *Henry VI.* three parts, *Richard III.* and *Henry VIII.*

“A booke called *The Historie of Lord Faulconbridge, bastard Son to Richard Cordelion*,” was entered at Stationers’ Hall, Nov. 29, 1614; but I have never met with it, and therefore know not whether it was the old black letter history, or a play on the same subject. For the original *K. John*, see *Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross. STEEVENS.

The bystorie of Lord Faulconbridge, &c. is a prose narrative, in bl. l. The earliest edition that I have seen of it, was printed in 1616.

A book entitled “*Richard Cur de Lion*,” was entered on the Stationers’ Books in 1558.

A play called *The Funeral of Richard Cordelion*, was written by Robert Wilson, Henry Chettle, Anthony Mundy, and Michael Drayton, and first exhibited in the year 1598. See *The Historical Account of the English Stage*. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King John :

Prince Henry, *his son ; afterwards King Henry III.*

Arthur, *Duke of Bretagne, son of Geffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder brother of King John.*

William Marshall, *Earl of Pembroke.*

Geffrey Fitz-Peter, *Earl of Essex, Chief Justiciary of England.*

William Longsword, *Earl of Salisbury.*²

Robert Bigot, *Earl of Norfolk.*

Hubert de Burgh, *Chamberlain to the King.*

Robert Faulconbridge, *son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge :*

Philip Faulconbridge, *his half-brother ; bastard son to K. Richard the First.*

James Gurney, *servant to Lady Faulconbridge.*

Peter of Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

Philip, *King of France.*

Lewis, *the Dauphin.*

Arch-duke of Austria.

Cardinal Pandulpho, *the Pope's Legate.*

Melun, *a French Lord.*

Chatillon, *Ambassador from France to King John.*

Elinor, *the widow of King Henry II. and mother of King John.*

Constance, *mother to Arthur.*

Blanch, *daughter to Alphonso King of Castile, and niece to King John.*

Lady Faulconbridge, *mother to the bastard, and Robert Faulconbridge.*

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.*

² Son to King Henry II. by Rosamond Clifford. STEEVENS.

KING JOHN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Northampton. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter King JOHN, Queen ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and Others, with CHATILLON.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,
In my behaviour,² to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles;
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

B 3

K. John.

² The word *behaviour* seems here to have a signification that I have never found in any other author. *The king of France*, says the envoy, *thus speaks in my behaviour to the majesty of England*; that is, the King of France speaks in the *character* which I here assume. I once thought that these two lines, *in my behaviour*, &c. had been uttered by the ambassador as part of his master's message, and that *behaviour* had meant the *conduct* of the King of France towards the King of England; but the ambassador's speech, as continued after the interruption, will not admit this meaning.

JOHNSON.

In my behaviour means, in the manner that I now do.

M. MASON.

In my behaviour means, I think, in the words and action that I am now going to use. MALONE.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control³ of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment; so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The furthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning⁴ in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage⁵ of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have;—

Pembroke,

³ *Opposition*, from *controller*. JOHNSON.

I think it rather means *constraint* or *compulsion*. M. MASON.

⁴ The simile does not suit well: the lightning indeed appears before the thunder is heard, but the lightning is destructive and the thunder innocent. JOHNSON.

The allusion may notwithstanding be very proper so far as Shakspeare had applied it, i. e. merely to the *swiftness* of the *lightning*, and its *preceding* and *foretelling* the *thunder*. But there is some reason to believe that *thunder* was not thought to be *innocent* in our author's time, as we elsewhere learn from himself. See *King Lear*, Act III. sc. ii. *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act II. sc. v. *Julius Cæsar*, Act I. sc. iii. and still more decisively in *Measure for Measure*, Act. II. sc. ii. This old superstition is still prevalent in many parts of the country. RITSON.

King John does not allude to the destructive powers either of thunder or lightning; he only means to say, that Chatillon shall appear to the eyes of the French like lightning, which shows that thunder is approaching: and the thunder he alludes to is that of his *cannon*. Johnson also forgets, that though philosophically speaking, the destructive power is in the lightning, it has generally in poetry been attributed to the thunder. M. MASON.

⁵ By the epithet *sullen*, which cannot be applied to a trumpet, it is plain that our author's imagination had now suggested a new idea. It is as if he had said, be a *trumpet* to alarm with our invasion, be a *bird of ill omen* to croak out the prognostick of your own ruin. JOHNSON.

I do not see why the epithet *sullen* may not be applied to a *trumpet*, with as much propriety as to a *bell*. In our author's *Henry IV.* P. II. we find

“Sounds ever after as a *sullen bell*—.” MALONE.

That here are two ideas, is evident; but the second of them has not been luckily explained. *The sullen presage of your own decay*, means, *the dismal passing bell, that announces your own approaching dissolution*.

STEEVENS.

Pembroke, look to't : Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt* CHATILLON and PEMBROKE.]

Eli. What now, my son ? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son ?
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love ;
Which now the manage⁶ of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right, for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your right ;
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me :
So much my conscience whispers in your ear ;
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers ESSEX.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard : Shall I produce the men ?

K. John. Let them approach.— [Exit Sheriff.
Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay

Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, and
PHILIP, his bastard brother.⁷

This expedition's charge.—What men are you ?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,

B 4

Born

⁶ i. e. conduct, administration. STEEVENS.

⁷ Though Shakspeare adopted this character of Philip Faulconbridge from the old play, it is not improper to mention that it is compounded of two distinct personages.

Matthew Paris says :—“ Sub illius temporis curriculo, *Falcasius de Brente*, Neusteriensis, et spurius ex parte matris, atque Bastardus, qui in vili jumento manticato ad Regis paulo ante clientelam descenderat,” &c.

Matthew Paris, in his *History of the Monks of St. Albans*, calls him *Falco*, but in his *General History*, *Falcasius de Brente*, as above.

Holinshed says, “ That Richard I. had a natural son named Philip, who in the year following killed the Viscount de Limoges to revenge the death of his father.” STEEVENS.

Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow:—Why, being younger
born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whe'r^s I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him;—

O old

Perhaps the following passage in the Continuation of Harding's Chronicle, 1543, fol. 24. b. ad ann. 1472, induced the author of the old play to affix the name of *Faulconbridge* to King Richard's natural son, who is only mentioned in our histories by the name of Philip: "—one *Faulconbridge*, therle of Kent, his *bastarde*, a stoute-harted man."

Who the mother of Philip was, is not ascertained. It is said that she was a lady of Poictou, and that King Richard bestowed upon her son a lordship in that province.

^s *Whe'r* for *wbetber*. STEVENS.

KING JOHN.

99

O old sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,⁹
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father;
With that half-face² would he have all my land:
A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much;—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.

B 5

Rob.

⁹ The *trick*, or *trickling*, is the same as the tracing of a drawing, meaning that peculiarity of face which may be sufficiently shown by the slightest outline. STEEVENS.

By a *trick*, in this place, is meant some peculiarity of look or motion.

M. MASON.

Our author often uses this phrase, and generally in the sense of a peculiar air or cast of countenance or feature. MALONE.

² The old copy—with *half that face*. But why with *half that face*? There is no question but the poet wrote, as I have restored the text: *With that half-face*——. Mr. Pope, perhaps, will be angry with me for discovering an anachronism of our poet's in the next line, where he alludes to a coin not struck till the year 1504, in the reign of King Henry VII. viz. a groat, which, as well as the half groat, bore but half faces impressed. Vide *Stowe's Survey of London*, p. 47. *Holinshed*, *Camden's Remains*, &c. The poet sneers at the meagre sharp visage of the elder brother, by comparing him to a silver groat, that bore the King's face in profile, so showed but half the face: the groats of all our Kings of England, and indeed all their other coins of silver, one or two only excepted, had a full face crowned; till Henry VII. at the time above mentioned, coined groats and half-groats, as also some shillings, with half faces, i. e. faces in profile, as all our coin has now. The first groats of King Henry VIII. were like those of his father; though afterwards he returned to the broad faces again. These groats, with the impression in profile, are undoubtedly here alluded to: though, as I said, the poet is knowingly guilty of an anachronism in it: for in the time of King John there were no groats at all; they being first, as far as appears, coined in the reign of King Edward III. THE BALD.

Rob. And once despatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time :
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's ;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak :
But truth is truth ; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself,)
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me ; and took it, on his death,³
That this, my mother's son, was none of his ;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate ;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him :
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers ;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his ?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world ;
In sooth, he might : then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him ; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him : ⁴ This concludes,—
My mother's son did get your father's heir ;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To dispossess that child which is not his ?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli.

³ i. e. entertained it as his fixed opinion, when he was dying.

STEEVENS.

⁴ This is a *decisive argument*. As your father, if he liked him, could not have been forced to resign him, so not liking him, he is not at liberty to reject him. JOHNSON.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside? ⁵

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert his, like him; ⁶
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eelskins stuff'd; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes! ⁷

B 6

And

⁵ *Lord of thy presence* means, master of that dignity and grandeur of appearance that may sufficiently distinguish thee from the vulgar, without the help of fortune.

Lord of his presence apparently signifies, great in his own person, and is used in this sense by King John in one of the following scenes. JOHNSON.

⁶ *And I had his, sir Robert his, like him;* This is obscure and ill expressed. The meaning is—*If I had his shape, sir Robert's—as he has.*

Sir Robert his, for *Sir Robert's*, is agreeable to the practice of that time, when the 's added to the nominative was believed, I think erroneously, to be a contraction of *his*. So, Donne:

“ — Who now lives to age,

“ Fit to be call'd Methusalem *his* page? ” JOHNSON.

This ought to be printed:

Sir Robert his, like him.

His according to a mistaken notion formerly received, being the sign of the genitive case. As the text before stood there was a double genitive.

MALONE.

⁷ In this very obscure passage our poet is anticipating the date of another coin; humorously to rally a thin face, eclipsed, as it were, by a full blown *rose*. We must observe to explain this allusion, that Queen Elizabeth was the first, and indeed the only prince, who coined in England three-half-pence, and three-farthing pieces. She coined shillings, six-pences, groats, three-pences, two-pences, three-half-pence, pence, three-farthings, and half-pence. And these pieces all had her head, and were alternately with the *rose* behind, and without the *rose*. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has not mentioned a material circumstance relative to these three-farthing pieces, on which the propriety of the allusion in some measure depends; viz. that they were made of silver, and consequently extremely *thin*. From their thinness they were very liable to be cracked. Hence Ben Jonson, in his *Every Man in his Humour*, says, “He values me at a crack'd three-farthings. MALONE.

The sticking *roses* about them was then all the court-fashion, as appears from this passage of the *Confession Catholique du S. de Sancy*. L. II. c. i: “Je luy ay appris à mettre des *roses* par tous les coins,” i. e. in every place about

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
 'Would I might never stir from off this place,
 I'd give it every foot to have this face;
 I would not be fir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well; Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
 Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
 I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:
 Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year;
 Yet fell your face for fivepence, and 'tis dear.—
 Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.⁸

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
 Philip, good old fir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou
 bear'st:

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great;
 Arise fir Richard, and Plantagenet.⁹

Bast.

about him, says the speaker, of one to whom he had taught all the court-fashions. **WARBURTON.**

The *roses* stuck in the ear, were, I believe, only *roses* composed of ribbands.

I think I remember, among Vandyck's pictures in the Duke of Queensbury's collection at Ambrosbury, to have seen one, with the lock nearest the ear ornamented with ribbands which terminate in *roses*; and Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, says, "that it was once the fashion to stick real flowers in the ear."

At Kirtling, in Cambridgeshire, the magnificent residence of the first Lord North, there is a juvenile portrait (supposed to be of Queen Elizabeth) with a red *rose* sticking in her ear. **STEEVENS.**

From the epigrams of Sir John Davies, printed at Middleburgh, about 1598, it appears that some men of gallantry in our author's time suffered their ears to be bored, and wore their mistress's filken shoe-strings in them. **MALONE.**

⁸ This expression (a Gallicism,—*à la mort*) is common among our ancient writers. **STEEVENS.**

⁹ It is a common opinion, that *Plantagenet* was the surname of the royal house of England, from the time of King Henry II.; but it is, as Camden observes in his *Remaines*, 1614, a popular mistake. *Plantagenet* was not a family name, but a nick-name, by which a grandson of Geoffrey,

Bast. Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land:—
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth: What
though? ²

Something about, a little from the right, ³

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch: ⁴

Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;

And have is have, however men do catch:

Near or far off, well won is still well shot;

And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy desire,
A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire.—

Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu; Good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got i'the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*]

A foot of honour ⁵ better that I was;

But many a many foot of land the worse.

Well,

frey, the first Earl of Anjou was distinguished, from his wearing a *broom-stalk* in his bonnet. But this name was never borne either by the first Earl of Anjou, or by King Henry II. the son of that Earl by the Empress Maude; he being always called Henry *Fitz-Empress*; his son, Richard *Cœur-de-lion*; and the prince who is exhibited in the play before us, John *sans-terre*, or *lack-land*. MALONE.

² I am your grandson, madam, by chance, but not by *honesty*;—what then? JOHNSON.

³ This speech, composed of allusive and proverbial sentences, is obscure. *I am*, says the spritely knight, *your grandson*, a little irregularly, but every man cannot get what he wishes the legal way. He that *dares not go* about his designs *by day*, must *make his motions* in the night; *he*, to whom the door is shut, must climb *the window*, or leap *the hatch*. This, however, shall not depress me; for the world never enquires how any man got what he is known to possess, but allows that *to have* is *to have*, however it was *caught*, and that he *who wins, shot well*, whatever was his skill, whether the arrow fell *near* the mark, or *far off* it. JOHNSON.

⁴ These expressions mean, to be *born out of wedlock*. STEEVENS.

⁵ *A step, un pas*. JOHNSON.

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady :—
*Good den,*⁶ *sir Richard*,—*God-a-mercy,*⁷ *fellow* ;—
 And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter :
 For new-made honour doth forget men's names ;
 'Tis too respective, and too sociable,
 For your conversion.⁸ Now your traveller,⁹—
 He and his tooth-pick² at my worship's mefs ;³

And

⁶ *Good den,*] i. e. a good evening. STEEVENS.

⁷ Thus the old copy, and rightly. In Act IV. Salisbury calls him *Sir Richard*, and the King has just knighted him by that name. The modern editors arbitrarily read, *Sir Robert*. Faulconbridge is now entertaining himself with ideas of greatness, suggested by his recent knighthood.—
Good den, sir Richard, he supposes to be the salutation of a vassal, *God-a-mercy, fellow*, his own supercilious reply to it. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Respective* is *respectful, formal*.

For your *conversion*, is the reading of the old copy, and may be right. It seems to mean, his late change of condition from a private gentleman to a knight. STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope, without necessity, reads—for your *conversing*. Our author has here, I think, used a licence of phraseology that he often takes. The Bastard has just said, that “new-made honour doth *forget* men's names ;” and he proceeds as if he had said, “——does *not remember* men's names.” To remember the name of an inferior, he adds, has too much of the respect which is paid to superiors, and of the social and friendly familiarity of equals, for your *conversion*,—for your present conditions now converted from the situation of a common man to the rank of a knight. MALONE.

⁹ It is said in *All's well that ends well*, that “a traveller is a good thing after dinner.” In that age of newly excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great tables seems to have been the discourse of a traveller.

JOHNSON.

² It has been already remarked, that to pick the tooth, and wear a piquet beard, were, in that time, marks of a man affecting foreign fashions.

JOHNSON.

Among Gascoigne's poems I find one entitled, *Councell given to Maister Barthelomew Withpoll a little before his latter Journey to Geane, 1572*. The following lines may perhaps be acceptable to the reader who is curious enough to enquire about the fashionable follies imported in that age :

“ Now, sir, if I shall see your mastership
 “ Come home disguis'd, and clad in quaint array ;—
 “ As with a *pike-tooth* byting on your lippe ;
 “ Your brave mustachios turn'd the Turkie way ;
 “ A coptankt hat made on a Flemish blocke ;
 “ A night-gowne cloake down trayling to your toes ;
 “ A slender slop close couched to your dock ;
 “ A curtolde slipper, and a short silk hose.” &c. STEEVENS.

And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
 Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
 My picked man of countries : 4—*My dear sir,*
 (Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,) *I shall beseech you*—That is question now ;
 And then comes answer like an ABC-book : 5—
O sir, says answer, at your best command ;
At your employment ; at your service, sir :—
No, sir, says question ; I, sweet sir, at yours :
 And so, ere answer knows what question would,
 (Saving in dialogue of compliment ; 6
 And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,
 The Pyrenean, and the river Po,)
 It draws towards supper in conclusion so,
 But this is worshipful society,
 And fits the mounting spirit, like myself :
 For he is but a bastard to the time, 7

That

3 Means, at that part of the table where I, as a *knight*, shall be placed.

Your *worship* was the regular address to a knight or esquire, in our author's time, as your *honour* was to a lord. MALONE.

4 The word *picked* may not refer to the beard, but to the *shoes*, which were once worn of an immoderate length. To this fashion our author has alluded in *King Lear*, where the reader will find a more ample explanation. *Picked* may, however, mean only spruce in dress. STEEVENS.

The last interpretation of *picked*, offered by Mr. Steevens, is undoubtedly the true one. So, in Wilson's *Arte of Rhetorique*, 1553: "—such riot, dicing, carding, *pyking*," &c. *Piked* or *picked*, (for the word is variously spelt,) in the writings of our author and his contemporaries, generally means, *spruce, affected, effeminate*. MALONE.

My *picked man of countries*, is—my travelled fop. HOLT WHITE.

5 An *ABC-book*, or, as they spoke and wrote it, an *absey-book*, is a *catechism*. JOHNSON.

6 Sir W. Cornwallis's 28th Essay thus ridicules the extravagance of compliment in our poet's days, 1601: "We spend even at his (i. e. a friend's or a stranger's) entrance, a whole volume of words.—What a deal of *synamon* and *ginger* is sacrificed to dissimulation! O, how blessed do I take mine eyes for presenting me with this sight! O Signior, the star that governs my life in contentment, give me leave to interre myself in your arms!—Not so, sir, it is too unworthy an inclosure to contain such preciousness, &c. &c. This, and a cup of drink, makes the time as fit for a departure as can be."

TOLLET.

7 He is accounted but a mean man in the present age, who does not shew by his dress, his deportment, and his talk, that he has travelled, and made observations in foreign countries. MALONE.

That doth not smack of observation;
 (And so am I, whether I smack, or no;) *And when my knightly
 Why then I look on you*
 And not alone in habit and device, *My picked man of colour*
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement; *I thus leading on my*
 But from the inward motion to deliver *I shall defend you*
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
 Which though ⁸ I will not practise to deceive, *O, for I say and*
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
 But who comes ⁹ in such haste, in riding robes?
 What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
 That will take pains to blow a horn ² before her?

*Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE and James Gurney.*³

O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?
 What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he?
 That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?
 Colbrand ⁴ the giant, that same mighty man?
 Is it sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
 Sir Robert's son: Why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
 He is sir Robert's son; and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave,⁵ good Philip.

Bast.

⁸ The construction will be mended, if instead of *which though*, we read *this though*. JOHNSON.

⁹ Milton, in his tragedy, introduces Dalilah with such an interrogatory exclamation. JOHNSON.

² He means, that a woman who travelled about like a *post*, was likely to *horn* her husband. JOHNSON.

³ Our author found his name in perusing the history of King John; who not long before his victory at Mirabeau over the French, headed by young Arthur, seized the lands and castle of Hugh Gorney, near Butevant in Normandy. MALONE.

⁴ Colbrand was a Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of King Athelstan. The combat is very pompously described by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Good leave* means a ready assent. STEEVENS.

Bast. Philip?—sparrow! ⁶—James,
There's toys abroad; ⁷ anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit Gurney.*]

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well; Marry, (to confesse!) ⁸
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handiwork:—Therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for these limbs?
Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basiliscolike: ⁹

What

⁶ Dr. Grey observes, that Skelton has a poem to the memory of Philip Sparrow; and Mr. Pope in a short note remarks that a sparrow is called Philip. JOHNSON.

The Bastard means: *Philip!* Do you take me for a sparrow?

HAWKINS.

The sparrow is called *Philip* from its note.

“ ———— cry

“ *Pbip pbip the sparrows* as they fly.” Lyly's *Mother Bombe*.

From the sound of the sparrow's chirping, Catullus in his *Elegy on Lesbia's Sparrow*, has formed a verb:

“ *Sed circumfiliens modo huc, modo illuc,*

“ *Ad solam dominam usque pipilabat.*” HOLT WHITE.

⁷ i. e. rumours, idle reports. STEEVENS.

⁸ Mr. M. Maſon regards the adverb *to*, as an error of the press: But I rather think, *to* confess, means—to come to confession. “But, to come to a fair confession now, (says the Bastard,) could he have been the instrument of my production?” STEEVENS.

⁹ Thus must this passage be pointed; and to come at the humour of it, I must clear up an old circumstance of stage-history. Faulconbridge's words here carry a concealed piece of satire on a stupid drama of that age, printed in 1599, and called *Soliman and Perseda*. In this piece there is a character of a bragging cowardly knight, called Basilisco. His pretension to valour is so blown, and seen through, that Piston, a buffoon-servant in the play, jumps upon his back, and will not disengage him, till he makes Basilisco swear upon his dudgeon dagger to the contents, and in the terms he dictates to him; as, for instance:

“ *Bas.* O, I swear, I swear.

“ *Pist.* By the contents of this blade,—

“ *Bas.*

What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.
 But, mother, I am not fir Robert's son;
 I have disclaim'd fir Robert, and my land;
 Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
 Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
 Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father;
 By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
 To make room for him in my husband's bed:—
 Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!—
 Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
 Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
 Madam, I would not wish a better father.
 Some sins² do bear their privilege on earth,
 And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
 Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—
 Subjected tribute to commanding love,—
 Against whose fury and unmatched force
 The awless lion could not wage the fight,³

Not

“*Bast.* By the contents of this blade,—

“*Pist.* I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—

“*Bast.* I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—*knight*, good fellow, *knight*.

“*Pist.* *Knave*, good fellow, knave, knave.”

So that it is clear, our poet is sneering at this play; and makes Philip, when his mother calls him *knave*, throw off that reproach by humourously laying claim to his new dignity of *knighthood*; as Basilisco arrogantly insists on his title of *knight* in the passage above quoted. The old play is an execrable bad one; and, I suppose, was sufficiently exploded in the representation: which might make this circumstance so well known, as to become the butt for a stage-sarcastm. THEOBALD.

² There are *sins*, that whatever be determined of them above, are not much censured *on earth*. JOHNSON.

³ Shakspeare here alludes to the old metrical romance of *Richard Cœur-de-lion*, wherein this once celebrated monarch is related to have acquired his distinguishing appellation, by having plucked out a lion's heart to whose fury he was exposed by the Duke of Austria, for having slain his son with a blow of his fist. From this ancient romance the story has crept into some of our old chronicles: but the original passage may be seen at large in the introduction to the third volume of *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. PERCY.

Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
 He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
 May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
 With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
 Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
 When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
 Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
 And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
 If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
 Who says it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

France. *Before the walls of Angiers.*

Enter, on one side, the Archduke of Austria, and Forces; on the other, PHILIP, King of France, and Forces, LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Attendants.

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
 Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
 Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,⁴

And

⁴ So, Raftal, in his *Chronicle*: “It is sayd that a *lyon* was put to kynge Richard, beyng in prison, to have devoured him, and when the *lyon* was gapynge he put his arme in his mouth, and pulled the *lyon* by the harte so hard that he slewe the *lyon*, and therefore some say he is called *Richarde Cure de Lyon*; but some say he is called *Cure de Lyon*, because of his boldness and hardy stomake.” GREY.

I have an old *black-lettered history* of lord Faulconbridge, whence Shakspeare might pick up this circumstance. FARMER.

In Heywood's *Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601, there is a long description of this fabulous atchievement.

The same story is told by Knighton, inter *Decem Scriptores*, and by Fabian, who calls it a *fable*. It probably took its rise from Hugh de Nevill, one of Richard's followers, having killed a lion, when they were in the Holy Land: a circumstance recorded by Matthew Paris.

MALONE.

And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
 By this brave duke came early to his grave :⁵
 And, for amends to his posterity,
 At our importance⁶ hither is he come,
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf ;
 And to rebuke the usurpation
 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John :
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
 The rather, that you give his offspring life,
 Shadowing their right under your wings of war :
 I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
 But with a heart full of unstained love :
 Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy ! Who would not do thee right ?

Aust.

Hugh de Nevill as a reward for his bravery, obtained from King Richard I. the manors of Medburn and Blaston in Leicestershire ; which are to this day enjoyed by his family. NICHOLS.

⁵ The old play led Shakspeare into this error of ascribing to the Duke of Austria the death of Richard, who lost his life at the siege of Chaluz, long after he had been ransomed out of Austria's power. STEEVENS.

The producing *Austria* on the scene is also contrary to the truth of history, into which anachronism our author was led by the old play. Leopold Duke of Austria, by whom Richard I. had been thrown in prison in 1193, died in consequence of a fall from his horse in 1195, some years before the commencement of the present play.

The original cause of the enmity between Richard the First, and the Duke of Austria, was, according to Fabian, that Richard " took from a knight of the Duke of *Ostriebe* the said Duke's banner, and in despite of the said duke, trade it under foote, and did unto it all the spite he might." Harding says, in his Chronicle, that the cause of quarrel was Richard's taking down the Duke of Austria's arms and banner, which he had set up above those of the King of France and the King of Jerusalem. The affront was given, when they lay before Acre in Palestine. This circumstance is alluded to in the old *King John*, where the Bastard, after killing Austria, says,

" And as my father triumph'd in thy spoils,

" And trod thine ensigns underneath his feet," &c.

Other historians say, that the Duke suspected Richard to have been concerned in the assassination of his kinsman, the Marquis of Montserrat, who was stabbed in Tyre, soon after he had been elected King of Jerusalem ; but this was a calumny, propagated by Richard's enemies for political purposes. MALONE.

⁶ At our importunity. JOHNSON.

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
 As seal to this indenture of my love;
 That to my home I will no more return,
 Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
 Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,⁷
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
 And coops from other lands her islanders,
 Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
 That water-walled bulwark, still secure
 And confident from foreign purposes,
 Even till that utmost corner of the west,
 Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
 Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
 To make a more requital to your love.⁸

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their swords
 In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work; our cannon shall be bent
 Against the brows of this resisting town.——
 Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
 To cull the plots of best advantages:—⁹
 We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
 Wade to the marketplace in Frenchmen's blood,
 But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
 Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:
 My lord Chatillon may from England bring
 That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
 And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
 That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter

⁷ England is supposed to be called Albion from the white rocks facing France. JOHNSON.

⁸ I believe it has been already observed, that *more* signified in our author's time, *greater*. STEEVENS.

⁹ i. e. to mark such stations as might most over-awe the town.

HENLEY.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady! ²—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I:
His marches are expedient ³ to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife; ⁴
With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king deceas'd:
And all the unsettled humours of the land,—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er, ⁵

Did

² The wonder is only that Chatillon happened to arrive at the moment when Constance mentioned him; which the French king, according to a superstition which prevails more or less in every mind agitated by great affairs, turns into a miraculous interposition, or omen of good.

JOHNSON.

³ Immediate, *expeditious*. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Até* was the Goddess of Revenge. The play-editors read—*an Ace*.

This image might have been borrowed from the celebrated libel, called *Leicester's Commonwealth*, originally published about the year 1584:
“—She standeth like a fiend or fury, at the elbow of her Amadis, to stirre him forward when occasion shall serve.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *Waft* for *wafted*.

So again in this play:

“The iron of itself, though *beat red-hot*—.”

i. e. heated. STEEVENS.

Did never float upon the swelling tide,
 To do offence and scath⁶ in Christendom.
 The interruption of their churlish drums [Drums beat,
 Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
 To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
 We must awake endeavour for defence;
 For courage mounteth with occasion:
 Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the Bastard, PEMBROKE, and Forces.

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace permit
 Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
 If not; bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!
 Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
 Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England; if that war return
 From France to England, there to live in peace!
 England we love; and, for that England's sake,
 With burden of our armour here we sweat:
 This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
 But thou from loving England art so far,
 That thou hast underwrought⁷ his lawful king,
 Cut off the sequence of posterity,
 Outfaced infant state, and done a rape
 Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
 Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face;—
 These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
 This little abstract doth contain that large,
 Which died in Geoffrey; and the hand of time
 Shall draw this brief⁸ into as huge a volume.
 That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
 And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right,

And

⁶ —scath—] Destruction, harm. JOHNSON.

⁷ i. e. underworked, undermined. STEEVENS.

⁸ A brief is a short writing, abstract, or description. STEEVENS.

And this is Geffrey's :⁹ In the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermaimest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission,
France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.²
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy :
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong ;
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse ; it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France ?

Const. Let me make answer ;—thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent ! thy bastard shall be king ;
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world !³

Const.

⁹ I have no doubt but we should read—"and *his* is Geffrey's." The meaning is, "England was Geffrey's right, and whatever was Geffrey's, is now *his*," pointing to Arthur. M. MASON.

² Mr. Theobald reads, with the first folio, *blots*, which being so early authorized, and so much better understood, needed not to have been changed by Dr. Warburton to *bolts*, though bolts might be used in that time for *spots* : so Shakspeare calls Banquo "*spotted with blood*, the *blood-bolter'd* Banquo." The verb to *blot* is used figuratively for to *disgrace*, a few lines lower. And perhaps, after all, *bolts* was only a typographical mistake.

JOHNSON.

Blots is certainly right. The illegitimate branch of a family always carried the arms of it with what in ancient heraldry was called a *blot* or *difference*. STEEVENS.

Blot had certainly the heraldical sense mentioned by Mr. Steevens. But it here, I think, means only *blemishes*. So again, in Act III.

MALONE.

³ "Surely (says Holinshed) Queen Eleanor, the kyngs mother, was fore against her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envye conceyved against his mother, than upon any just occasion, given in the behalfe of the childe ; for that she saw, if he were king, *how his mother Constance woulde looke to beare the most rule within the realme of Englande*, till her sonne should come to a lawfull age to govern of himselfe. So hard a thing it is, to bring women to agree in one minde, their natures commonly being so contrary." MALONE.

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
 As thine was to thy husband : and this boy
 Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
 Than thou and John in manners ; being as like,
 As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
 My boy a bastard ! By my soul, I think,
 His father never was so true begot ;
 It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.³

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace !

Bast. Hear the crier.⁴

Aust. What the devil art thou ?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
 An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.⁵
 You are the hare⁶ of whom the proverb goes,
 Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard ;
 I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right ;
 Sirrah, look to't ; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
 That did disrobe the lion of that robe !

³ Constance alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her husband Lewis the Seventh, when they were in the Holy Land ; on account of which he was divorced from her. She afterwards (1151) married our King Henry II. MALONE.

⁴ Alluding to the usual proclamation for *silence*, made by criers in courts of justice, beginning *Oyez*, corruptly pronounced *O-Yes*. Austria has just said *Peace* ! MALONE.

⁵ The ground of the quarrel of the Bastard to Austria is no where specified in the present play. But the story is, that Austria, who killed King Richard *Cœur-de-lion*, wore as the spoil of that prince, a lion's *bide*, which had belonged to him. This circumstance renders the anger of the Bastard very natural, and ought not to have been omitted. POPE.

The omission of this incident was natural. Shakspeare having familiarized the story to his own imagination, forgot that it was obscure to his audience ; or what is equally probable, the story was then so popular that a hint was sufficient at that time to bring it to mind ; and these plays were written with very little care for the approbation of posterity.

JOHNSON.
⁶ The proverb alluded to is, "Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant." BRASMI ADAG. MALONE.

Bast. It lies as lightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shoes upon an afs : ⁷—
But, afs, I'll take that burden from your back ;
Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this fame, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath ?

K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.—
King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee :
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms ?

K. John. My life as soon :—I do defy thee, France,
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand ;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win :
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it, grandam, child ;
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig :
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace !
I would, that I were low laid in my grave ;
I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const.

⁷ But why his *shoes* in the name of propriety ? For let Hercules and his *shoes* have been really as big as they were ever supposed to be, yet they (I mean the *shoes*) would not have been an overload for an afs. I am persuaded, I have retrieved the true reading ; and let us observe the justness of the comparison now. Faulconbridge in his resentment would say this to Austria : “ That lion's skin, which my great father King Richard once wore, looks as uncouthly on thy back, as that other noble hide, which was borne by Hercules, would look on the back of an afs.” A double allusion was intended ; first, to the fable of the afs in the lion's skin ; then Richard I. is finely set in competition with Alcides, as Austria is satirically coupled with the afs. THEOBALD.

The *shoes* of Hercules are more than once introduced in the old comedies on much the same occasions. STEEVENS.

i. e. upon the *haufs* of an afs. Mr. Theobald thought the *shoes* must be placed on the *back* of the afs ; and, therefore, to avoid this incongruity, reads—Alcides' *shoews*. MALONE.

Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does, or no! ⁸
 His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
 Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
 Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
 Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
 To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
 Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
 The dominations, royalties, and rights,
 Of this oppressed boy; This is thy eldest son's son,
 Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
 Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
 The canon of the law is laid on him,
 Being but the second generation
 Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,—
 That he's not only plagued for her sin,
 But God hath made her sin and her the plague ⁹

C 2

On

⁸ Read:—*whe'r* he does, or no!—i. e. whether he weeps, or not. Constance, so far from admitting, expressly denies that *she* shames him.
 RITSON.

⁹ This passage appears to me very obscure. The chief difficulty arises from this, that Constance having told Elinor of her *sin-conceiving* womb, pursues the thought, and uses *sin* through the next lines in an ambiguous sense, sometimes for *crime*, and sometimes for *offspring*.

He's not only plagued for her sin, &c. He is not only made miserable by vengeance for her *sin* or *crime*; but her *sin*, her *offspring*, and she, are made the instruments of that vengeance, on this descendant; who, though of the second generation, is *plagued for her and with her*; to whom he is not only the cause but the instrument of evil.

The next clause is more perplexed. All the editions read:

— *plagu'd for her,*

And with her plague her sin; his injury

Her injury, the beadle to her sin,

All punish'd in the person of this child.

I point thus:

— *plagu'd for her*

And with her —Plague her son! his injury

Her injury, the beadle to her sin.

On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague, her sin; his injury

Her

That is; instead of inflicting vengeance on this innocent and remote descendant, *punish her son*, her immediate offspring: then the affliction will fall where it is deserved, *his injury* will be *her injury*, and the misery of her *sin*; her son will be a *beadle*, or chastiser, to her *crimes*, which are now all *punish'd in the person of this child*. JOHNSON.

Mr. Roderick reads:

—*plagu'd for her,*
And with her plagu'd; her sin, his injury.—

We may read:

But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her;
And, with her sin, her plague, his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her sin.

i. e. God hath made her and her sin together, the plague of her most remote descendants, who are plagued for her; the same power hath likewise made her sin her own plague, and the injury she has done to him her own injury, as a beadle to lash that sin. i. e. Providence has so ordered it, that she who is made the instrument of punishment to another, has, in the end, converted that other into an instrument of punishment for herself. STEEVENS.

Constance observes that *he* (*iste*, pointing to King John, “whom from the flow of gall she names not,”) is not only plagued [with the present war] for his mother's sin, but God hath made her sin and her the plague also on this removed issue, [Arthur,] plagued on her account, and by the means of her sinful offspring, whose injury [the usurpation of Arthur's rights] may be considered as her injury, or the injury of her sin-conceiving womb; and John's injury may also be considered as the beadle or officer of correction employed by her crimes to inflict all these punishments on the person of this child. TOLLET.

Plagued in these plays generally means *punished*. So, in King Richard III:

“And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.”

So, Holinshed, “——they for very remorse and dread of the divine plague, will either shamefully flie,” &c.

Not being satisfied with any of the emendations proposed, I have adhered to the original copy. I suspect that two half lines have been lost after the words—And with her—. If the text be right, *with*, I think, means *by*, (as in many other passages,) and Mr. Tollet's interpretation the true one. *Removed*, I believe, here signifies *remote*. MALONE.

Much as the text of this note has been belaboured, the original reading needs no alteration.

—*I have but this to say.*—
That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her,

And

Her injury,—the beadle to her sin;
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; A plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate:
It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.²

C 3

Some

*And with her plague, her sin; his injury,
Her injury, the beadle to her sin,
All punished in the person of this child.*

The key to these words is contained in the last speech of Constance, where she alludes to the denunciation in the *second commandment*, of "*visiting the iniquities of the parents upon the children, unto the THIRD and FOURTH generation*," &c.

"Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!

* * * * *

"——This is thy eldest son's son,

* * * * *

"Thy sins are visited in this poor child;

"The canon of the law is laid on him,

"Being but the second generation

"Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb."

Young Arthur is here represented as not only suffering from the guilt of his grandmother; but, also, by *her*, in person, she being made the very instrument of his sufferings. As he was not her *immediate*, but REMOVED issue—the *second generation from her sin-conceiving womb*—it might have been expected, that the evils to which, upon her account, he was obnoxious, would have *incidentally* befallen him; instead of his being punished for them all, by *her immediate infliction*.—He is not only plagued on account of her sin, according to the threatening of the commandment; but, she is preserved alive to her *second generation*, to be the instrument of inflicting on her grandchild the penalty annexed to her sin; so that *he is plagued on her account, and with her plague*, which is, *her sin*, that is [taking, by a common figure, the cause for the consequence] the *penalty entailed upon it*. His injury, or the evil he suffers, *her sin brings upon him*, and *HER injury*, or, the evil she inflicts, *he suffers from her*, as the beadle to her sin, or executioner of the punishment annexed to it. HENLEY.

² Dr. Warburton has well observed on one of the former plays, that to cry aim is to encourage. I once thought it was borrowed from archery; and that aim! having been the word of command, as we now say *present!* to cry aim had been to incite notice, or raise attention. But I rather think, that the

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the walls.

1 *Cit.* Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John.

England, for itself:

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

K. John. For our advantage;—Therefore, hear us first.³—
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamage:—
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;⁴
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited,⁵ and wide havock made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.

But,

the old word of applause was *J'aime*, *I love it*, and that to applaud was to cry *J'aime*, which the English, not easily pronouncing *Je*, sunk into *aime*, or *aim*. Our exclamations of applause are still borrowed, as *bravo* and *encore*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's first thought, I believe, is best. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Love's Cure*, or *The Martial Maid*:

“——— Can I cry *aim*

“ To this against myself?—— STEEVENS.

³ If we read—*For your advantage*, it would be a more specious reason for interrupting Philip. TYRWHITT.

⁴ i. e. gates hastily closed from an apprehension of danger. MALONE.

⁵ i. e. dislodged, violently removed from their places:—a word, I believe, of our author's coinage. STEEVENS.

But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—
 Who painfully, with much expedient march,
 Have brought a countercheck⁶ before your gates,
 To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—
 Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parole :
 And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
 To make a shaking fever in your walls,
 They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
 To make a faithless error in your ears :
 Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
 And let us in, your king ; whose labour'd spirits,
 Forwearied⁷ in this action of swift speed,
 Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
 Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
 Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
 Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet ;
 Son to the elder brother of this man,
 And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys :
 For this down-trodden equity, we tread
 In warlike march these greens before your town ;
 Being no further enemy to you,
 Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
 In the relief of this oppressed child,
 Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
 To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
 To him that owes it ; ⁸ namely, this young prince :
 And then our arms, like to a muzz'd bear,
 Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up ;
 Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
 Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven ;
 And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
 With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
 We will bear home that lusty blood again,

C 4

Which

⁶ This, I believe, is one of the ancient terms used in the game of chess.
 So, in *Mucedorus*, 1598 :

“ Post hence thyself, thou *counterchecking* trull.” STEEVENS.

⁷ i. e. worn out. Sax. STEEVENS.

⁸ i. e. *owns* it. See our author and his contemporaries, *passim*.

STEEVENS.

Which here we came to spout against your town,
 And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
 But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
 'Tis not the roundure⁹ of your old-fac'd walls
 Can hide you from our messengers of war;
 Though all these English, and their discipline,
 Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
 Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
 In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
 Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
 And stalk in blood to our possession?

1 Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects;
 For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

1. Cit. That can we not: but he that proves the king,
 To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
 Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
 And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
 Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods as those,—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

1 Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
 We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,
 That to their everlasting residence,
 Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
 In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Bast. St. George,—that swing'd the dragon, and e'er
 since,

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
 Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,
 At your den, sirrah, [*To AUSTRIA.*] with your lions,
 I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,

And

⁹ *Roundure* means the same as the French *rondeur*, i. e. the circle.

And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace; no more.

Bast. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth,
In best appointment, all our regiments.

Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so;—[*To LEWIS.*] and at the other
hill

Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

*Alarums and Excursions; then a Retreat. Enter a French
Herald, with trumpets, to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,²
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lye scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;³

C 5

King

² This speech is very poetical and smooth, and except the conceit of the *widow's husband embracing the earth*, is just and beautiful. JOHNSON.

³ The English herald falls somewhat below his antagonist. *Silver armour gilt with blood* is a poor image. Yet our author has it again in *Macbeth*:

“—Here lay Duncan,

“His *silver skin* lac'd with his *golden blood*.” JOHNSON.

King John, your king and England's doth approach,
 Commander of this hot malicious day !
 Their armour, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
 Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood ;
 There stuck no plume in any English crest,
 That is removed by a staff of France ;
 Our colours do return in those same hands
 That did display them when we first march'd forth ;
 And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen,⁴ come
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
 Died in the dying slaughter of their foes :
 Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. ⁵ Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
 From first to last, the onset and retire
 Of both your armies ; whose equality
 By our best eyes cannot be censured :⁶
 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows ;
 Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted
 power :
 Both are alike ; and both alike we like.
 One must prove greatest : while they weigh so even,
 We hold our town for neither ; yet for both.

*Enter, at one side, King JOHN, with his power ; ELINOR,
 BLANCH, and the Bastard ; at the other, King PHILIP,
 LEWIS, AUSTRIA, and Forces.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away ?
 Say, shall the current of our right run on ?
 Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
 Shall leave his native channel, and o'erflow

With

⁴ It was, I think, one of the savage practices of the chase, for all to stain their hands in the blood of the deer, as a trophy. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare alludes to the same practise in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ — Here thy *hunters* stand, ”

“ Sign'd in thy spoil, and *crimson'd* in thy *lethe*. ” STEEVENS.

⁵ These three speeches seem to have been laboured. The citizen's is the best ; yet *both alike we like* is a poor gingle. JOHNSON.

⁶ i. e. cannot be estimated. Our author ought rather to have written—whose *superiority*, or whose *inequality*, cannot be censured. MALONE.

With course disturb'd even thy confining shores;
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,—
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of men,⁷
In undetermin'd differences of kings.—
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, havock, kings! ⁸ back to the stained field,
You equal potents,⁹ fire-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

C 6

K. John

⁷ ———mouthing *the flesh of men*,] The old copy reads—*moufing*.

STEEVENS.

Moufing, like many other ancient and now uncouth expressions was expelled from our author's text by Mr. Pope; and *mouthing*, which he substituted in its room, has been adopted in the subsequent editions, without any sufficient reason, in my apprehension. *Moufing* is, I suppose, mamocking, and devouring eagerly, as a cat devours a mouse. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: "Well *mous'd*, Lion!" Again, in *The Wonderful Year*, by Thomas Decker, 1603: "Whilst Troy was swilling sack and sugar, and *moufing* fat venison, the mad Greekes made bonfires of their houses." MALONE.

I retain Mr. Pope's emendation, which is supported by the following passage in *Hamlet*: "——first *mouthe'd* to be last swallowed." Shakespeare designed no ridicule in this speech; and therefore did not write, (as when he was writing the burlesque interlude of *Pyramus and Thisbe*,) —*moufing*. STEEVENS.

⁸ That is, *command slaughter to proceed*; so, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"Cry, *havock*, and let slip the dogs of war." JOHNSON.

⁹ *Potents* for potentates. STEEVENS.

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

1 Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

1 Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:
King'd of our fears;² until our fears, resolv'd,

Be

² *A greater power than we*, may mean, *the Lord of hosts*, who has not yet decided the superiority of either army; and till it be undoubted, the people of Angiers will not open their gates. *Secure and confident as lions*, they are not at all afraid, but are *kings*, i. e. masters and commanders, of their fears, until their fears or doubts about the rightful King of England are removed. TOLLET.

We should read, *than ye*. What power was this? *their fears*. It is plain, therefore we should read:

Kings are our fears; —

i. e. our fears are the kings which at present rule us. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton saw what was requisite to make this passage sense; and Dr. Johnson rather too hastily, I think, has received his emendation into the text. He reads:

Kings are our fears; —

which he explains to mean, "our fears are the kings which at present rule us."

As the same sense may be obtained by a much slighter alteration, I am more inclined to read:

King'd of our fears; —

King'd is used as a participle passive by Shakspeare more than once, I believe. I remember one instance in *Henry the Fifth*, Act II. sc. v. The Dauphin says of England:

" — she is so idly *king'd*."

It is scarce necessary to add, that, *of*, here (as in numberless other places,) has the signification of, *by*. TYRWHITT.

King'd of our fears;] i. e. our fears being our kings, or rulers. *King'd* is again used in *King Richard II*:

"Then I am *king'd* again:"

It is manifest that the passage in the old copy is corrupt, and that it must have been so worded, that their *fears* should be styled their *kings* or *masters*, and not they, *kings* or *masters* of their fears; because in the next line mention is made of these *fears* being *deposed*. Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation

Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles³ of Angiers flout you,
kings;

And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,⁴
Be friends a while,⁵ and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
Till their soul-fearing clamours⁶ have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion;
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like

emendation produces this meaning by a very slight alteration, and is, therefore, I think, entitled to a place in the text.

This passage in the folio is given to King Philip, and in a subsequent part of this scene, all the speeches of the citizens are given to Hubert; which I mention, because these, and innumerable other instances, where the same error has been committed in that edition, justify some licence in transferring speeches from one person to another. MALONE.

³ *Escrouelles*, Fr. i. e. scabby scrophulous fellows. STEEVENS.

⁴ The *mutines* are the *mutineers*, the seditious. So again, in *Hamlet*:

“——— and lay

“Worse than the *mutines* in the bilboes.” MALONE.

⁵ This advice is given by the Bastard in the old copy of the play, though comprized in fewer and less spirited lines. STEEVENS.

⁶ i. e. soul-appalling. MALONE.

I like it well :—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground ;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it ?

Bast. And if thou hast the mettle of a king,—
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these faucy walls :
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other ; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so :—Say, where will you assault ?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline ! From north to south ;
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth : [*Aside.*
I'll stir them to it.—Come, away, away !

Cit. Hear us, great kings : vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall show you peace, and fair-faced league ;
Win you this city without stroke, or wound ;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds
That here come sacrifices for the field :
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour ; we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,⁷
Is near to England ; Look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid :
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch ?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,⁸
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch ?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch ?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,

Is

⁷ The lady *Blanch* was daughter to Alphonso the Ninth, king of Castile, and was niece to King John by his sister Elianor. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Zealous* seems here to signify *pius*, or influenced by motives of religion. JOHNSON.

Is the young Dauphin every way complete :
 If not complete, O say, he is not she ;
 And she again wants nothing, to name want,
 If want it be not, that she is not he :
 He is the half part of a blessed man,
 Left to be finished by such a she ;
 And she a fair divided excellence,
 Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
 O, two such silver currents, when they join,
 Do glorify the banks that bound them in :
 And two such shores to two such streams made one,
 Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
 To these two princes, if you marry them.
 This union shall do more than battery can,
 To our fast-closed gates ; for, at this match,
 With swifter spleen⁹ than powder can enforce,
 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
 And give you entrance : but, without this match,
 The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
 Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
 More free from motion ; no, not death himself
 In mortal fury half so peremptory,
 As we to keep this city.

Best. Here's a stay,
 That shakes the rotten carcase of old death
 Out of his rags !² Here's a large mouth, indeed,
 That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas ;
 Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,

As

⁹ Our author uses *spleen* for any violent hurry, or tumultuous speed. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, he applies *spleen* to the lightning. I am loath to think that Shakspeare meant to play with the double of *match* for *nuptial*, and the *match* of a gun. JOHNSON.

² I cannot but think that every reader wishes for some other word in the place of *stay*, which though it may signify an *bindrance*, or *man* that *binders*, is yet very improper to introduce the next line. I read :

Here's a flaw,

That shakes the rotten carcase of old death.

That is, here is a *gust* of bravery, a *blast* of menace. This suits well with the spirit of the speech. *Stay* and *flaw*, in a careless hand are not easily distinguished ; and if the writing was obscure, *flaw* being a wordless usual was easily missed. JOHNSON.

As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
 What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
 He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce;
 He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
 Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
 But buffets better than a fist of France:
 Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,
 Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
 Give with our neice a dowry large enough:
 For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
 Thy now unfur'd assurance to the crown,
 That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
 The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
 I see a yielding in the looks of France;
 Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their souls
 Are capable of this ambition;
 Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
 Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
 Cool and congeal again to what it was.³

1. *Cit.* Why answer not the double majesties

This

³ We have here a very unusual, and, I think, not very just image of *zeal*, which, in its highest degree, is represented by others as a flame, but by Shakspeare, as a frost. To *repress* *zeal*, in the language of others, is to *cool*, in Shakspeare's to *melt* it; when it exerts its utmost power it is commonly said to *flame*, but by Shakspeare to be *congealed*. JOHNSON.

Sure the poet means to compare *zeal* to metal in a state of fusion, and not to dissolving ice. STEEVENS.

The allusion, I apprehend, is to dissolving ice; and if this passage be compared with others in our author's plays, it will not, I think, appear liable to Dr. Johnson's objection.—The sense, I conceive, is, *Lest the now zealous and to you well-affected heart of Philip, which but lately was cold and hard as ice, and has newly been melted and softened should by the soft petitions of Constance, and pity for Arthur, again become congealed and frozen.* I once thought that "the windy breath of soft petitions," &c. should be coupled with the preceding words, and related to the proposal made by the citizen of Angiers; but I now believe that they were intended to be connected, in construction, with the following line. MALONE.

The *windy breath* that will *cool* *metals* in a state of *fusion*, produces not the effects of *frost*. I am therefore yet to learn, how "the *soft petitions* of *Constance*, and *pity* for *Arthur*," (two gentle agents) were competent to the act of *freezing*.—There is surely somewhat of impropriety, in employing *Favonius* to do the work of *Boreas*. STEEVENS.

This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: What say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou,⁴ and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieg'd,)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.⁵

[*Whispers with BLANCH.*

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—
And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy

Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine:
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,

I can

⁴ In old editions; "For Angiers:"

What was the city *besieged*, but Angiers? King John agrees to give up all he held in France, except the city of Angiers, which he now besieged and laid claim to. But could he give up all except Angiers, and give up *that* too? *Anjou* was one of the provinces which the English held in France. THEOBALD.

⁵ *Table* is picture, or, rather, the board or canvas on which any object is painted. *Tableau*, Fr. STEEVENS.

I can with ease translate it to my will;
 Or, if you will, (to speak more properly,)
 I will enforce it easily to my love.
 Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
 That all I see in you is worthy love,
 Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,
 (Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,)
 That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
 What you in wisdom shall vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
 For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volqueffen,⁶ Touraine, Maine,
 Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
 With her to thee; and this addition more,
 Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—
 Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
 Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well;—Young princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd,
 That I did so, when I was first assur'd.⁷

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
 Let in that amity which you have made;
 For at saint Mary's chapel, presently,
 The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—
 Is not the lady Constance in this troop?—
 I know, she is not; for this match, made up,
 Her presence would have interrupted much:—
 Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lew.

⁶ This is the ancient name for the country now called *the Vexin*; in Latin, *Pagus Velocassinus*. That part of it called the *Norman Vexin*, was in dispute between Philip and John. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Assur'd* is here used both in its common sense, and in an uncommon one, where it signifies *affianced*, *contracted*. STEEVENS.

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent,⁸

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,
Will give her sadness very little cure.—

Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another away,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all :
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity :—I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*—*The Citizens retire from the walls.*]

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part :⁹
And France, (whose armour conscience buckled on;
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier,) rounded in the ear²
With that same purpose-changer, that fly devil;
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids;—
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity,—
Commodity,

⁸ *Passionate*, in this instance, does not signify *disposed to anger*, but *a prey to mournful sensations*. STEEVENS.

⁹ *To part* and *to depart* were formerly synonymous. STEEVENS.

² —rounded in the ear—] i. e. whispered in the ear. This phrase is frequently used by Chaucer, as well as later writers. STEEVENS.

Commodity, the bias of the world ;³
 The world, who of itself is peised well,
 Made to run even, upon even ground ;
 Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
 This sway of motion, this commodity,
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent :
 And this same bias, this commodity,
 This bawd, this broker,⁴ this all-changing word,
 Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
 Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,⁵
 From a resolv'd and honourable war,
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
 And why rail I on this commodity ?
 But for because he hath not woo'd me yet :
 Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,⁶
 When his fair angels would salute my palm ;
 But for my hand,⁷ as unattempted yet,
 Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
 Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
 And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich ;
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
 'To say,—there is no vice, but beggary :
 Since kings break faith upon commodity,
 Gain, be my lord ; for I will worship thee!

[Exit.]⁸

³ *Commodity* is interest. STEEVENS.

⁴ A *broker* in old language meant a *pimp* or *procuress*. MALONE.

⁵ The word *eye*, in the line preceding, and the word *own*, which can ill agree with *aid*, induces me to think that we ought to read—"his own determined *aim*," instead of *aid*. His *own aid* is little better than nonsense. M. MASON.

⁶ To *clutch* my hand, is to clasp it close. STEEVENS.

⁷ *But for*, &c.] i. e. because. REED.

⁸ In the old copy the second act extends to the end of the speech of Lady Constance in the next scene, at the conclusion of which she throws herself on the ground. The present division which was made by Mr. Theobald, and has been adopted by the subsequent editors, is certainly right. MALONE.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The same. The French King's Tent.**Enter* CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
 False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
 Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?
 It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, misheard;
 Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
 It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so;
 I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word
 Is but the vain breath of a common man:
 Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
 I have a king's oath to the contrary.
 Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
 For I am sick, and capable of fears;⁹
 Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
 A widow,² husbandless, subject to fears;
 A woman, naturally born to fears:
 And though thou now confests, thou didst but jest,
 With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
 But they will quake and tremble all this day.
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
 What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
 Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
 Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
 Be these sad signs³ confirmers of thy words?

Then

⁹ i. e. I have a strong *sensibility*; I am tremblingly alive to apprehension. MALONE.

² This was not the fact. Constance, was at this time married to a third husband, Guido, brother to the Viscount of Touars. She had been divorced from her second husband, Ranulph, Earl of Chester. MALONE.

³ The *sad signs* are, the *shaking of his head*, the *laying his hand on his breast*, &c. MALONE.

Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—

Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy fight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and fland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and fightless⁷ stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart,⁸ prodigious,⁹
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lillies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.

France

⁷ The poet uses *fightless* for that which we now express by *unsightly*, disagreeable to the eyes. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Swart* is brown, inclining to black. STEEVENS.

⁹ That is, *portentous*, so deformed as to be taken for a foretoken of evil. JOHNSON.

France is a bawd to fortune, and king John ;
 That strumpet fortune, that usurping John :—
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn ?
 Envenom him with words ; or get thee gone,
 And leave those woes alone, which I alone,
 Am bound to underbear.

Sal.

Pardon me, madam,

I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt. I will not go with thee ;
 I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;
 For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.²
 To me, and to the state of my great grief,
 Let kings assemble ;³ for my grief's so great,

That

² The old editions have—*makes its owner stoop* : the emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. JOHNSON.

Our author has rendered this passage obscure, by indulging himself in one of those conceits in which he too much delights, and by bounding rapidly, with his usual licence, from one idea to another. This obscurity induced Sir T. Hanmer for *stoop* to substitute *stout* ; a reading that appears to me to have been too hastily adopted in the subsequent editions.

The confusion arises from the poet's having personified grief in the first part of the passage, and supposing the afflicted person to be *bowed* to the earth by that pride or haughtiness which Grief is said to possess ; and by making the afflicted person, in the latter part of the passage, actuated by this very pride, and exacting the same kind of obeisance from others, that Grief has exacted from her. — “ I will not go (says Constance) to these kings ; I will teach my sorrows to be proud ; for Grief is proud, and makes the afflicted *stoop* ; therefore here I throw myself, and let them come to me.” Here, had she stopped, and thrown herself on the ground, and had nothing more been added, however we might have disapproved of the conceit, we should have had no temptation to disturb the text. But the idea of throwing herself on the ground suggests a new image ; and because her *stately* grief is so great that nothing but the huge earth can support it, she considers the ground as her *throne* ; and having thus invested herself with regal dignity, she as queen in *misery*, as possessing (like Imogen) “ the supreme *crown* of grief,” calls on the princes of the world to bow down before her, as she has herself been *bowed down* by affliction.

Such, I think, was the process that passed in the poet's mind ; which appears to me so clearly to explain the text, that I see no reason for departing from it. MALONE.

³ In *Much ado about Nothing*, the father of Hero, depressed by her disgrace, declares himself so subdued by grief that a *thread* may lead him. How is it that grief in Leonato and Lady Constance produces effects directly

That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit; ⁴
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it. ⁵

[*She throws herself on the ground.*
Enter

ly opposite, and yet both agreeable to nature? Sorrow softens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is congealed by despair. Distress, while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible, but when no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn; angry alike at those that injure, and at those that do not help; careless to please where nothing can be gained, and fearless to offend when there is nothing farther to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the passions. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *here I and sorrow sit*;] The old copy has—*sorrows*.

STEEVENS.

A slight corruption has here destroyed a beautiful image. There is no poetical reader that will not join with me in reading—"here I and *Sorrow* sit." M. MASON.

⁵ I must here account for the liberty I have taken to make a change in the division of the second and third acts. In the old editions, the second act was made to end here; though it is evident Lady Constance here, in her despair, seats herself on the floor: and she must be supposed, as I formerly observed, immediately to rise again, only to go off and end the act decently; or the *flat scene* must shut her in from the sight of the audience, an absurdity I cannot wish to accuse Shakspeare of. Mr. Gildon and some other criticks fancied, that a considerable part of the second act was lost; and that the chasm began here. I had joined in this suspicion of a scene or two being lost; and unwittingly drew Mr. Pope into this error. "It seems to be so, (says he,) and it were to be wish'd the *restorer* (meaning *me*) could supply it." To deserve this great man's thanks, I will venture at the task; and hope to convince my readers, that nothing is lost, but that I have supplied the suspected chasm, only by rectifying the division of the acts. Upon looking a little more narrowly into the constitution of the play, I am satisfied that the third act ought to begin with that scene which has hitherto been accounted the last of the second act: and my reasons for it are these. The match being concluded, in the scene before that, betwixt the Dauphin and Blanch, a messenger is sent for Lady Constance to King Philip's tent, for her to come to Saint Mary's church to the solemnity. The princes all go out, as to the marriage; and the Bastard staying a little behind, to descant on interest and commodity, very properly ends the act. The next scene then, in the French king's tent, brings us Salisbury delivering his message to Constance, who, refusing to go to the solemnity, sets herself down on the floor. The whole train returning from the church to the French king's pavilion, Philip expresses such satisfaction on occasion of the happy solemnity of that day, that Constance rises from the floor, and joins in the scene by entering her protest against their joy, and cursing the business of the

Enter King JOHN, King PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, Bastard, AUSTRIA, and Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter ; and this blessed day,
Ever in France shall be kept festival :
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist ;
Turning, with splendor of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold :
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holyday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holyday !—— [Rising.
What hath this day deserv'd ? what hath it done ;
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides,⁶ in the kalendar ?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week ;⁷
This day of shame, oppression, perjury :
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child

the day. Thus, I conceive, the scenes are fairly continued ; and there is no chasm in the action, but a proper interval made both for Salisbury's coming to Lady Constance, and for the solemnization of the marriage. Besides, as Faulconbridge is evidently the poet's favourite character, it was very well judged to close the act with his soliloquy. THEOBALD.

This whole note seems judicious enough ; but Mr. Theobald forgets there were, in Shakspeare's time, no moveable scenes in common play-houses. JOHNSON.

It appears from many passages that the ancient theatres had the advantages of machinery as well as the more modern stages.

How happened it that Shakspeare himself should have mentioned the act of *shifting scenes*, if in his time there were no scenes capable of being *shifted* ? Thus in the chorus to *King Henry V.*

“Unto Southampton do we *shift our scene*.”

This phrase was hardly more ancient than the custom which it describes. STEEVENS.

⁶ i. e. solemn seasons, times to be observed above others.

STEEVENS.

⁷ In allusion (as Mr. Upton has observed) to Job iii. 3 : “Let the day perish,” &c. and v. 6 : “Let it not be joined to the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months.” MALONE.

In *The Fair Penitent*, the imprecation of Calista on the night which betrayed her to Lothario, is chiefly borrowed from this and subsequent verses in the same chapter of Job. STEEVENS.

Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
 Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd :¹
 But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck ;
 No bargains break, that are not this day made :²
 This day, all things begun come to ill end ;
 Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change !

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
 To curse the fair proceedings of this day :
 Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty ?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
 Resembling majesty ;² which, being touch'd, and tried,³
 Proves valueless : You are forsworn, forsworn ;
 You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
 But now in arms you strengthen it with yours :⁴
 The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,
 Is cold in amity and painted peace,
 And our oppression hath made up this league :—
 Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings !
 A widow cries ; be husband to me, heavens !
 Let not the hours of this ungodly day
 Wear out the day in peace ; but, ere sunset,
 Set armed discord⁵ 'twixt these perjur'd kings !
 Hear me, O, hear me !

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War ! war ! no peace ! peace is to me a war.

O Lymoges !

¹ i. e. be disappointed by the production of a prodigy, a monster.

STEEVENS.

² That is *except* on this day. JOHNSON.

In the ancient almanacks (several of which I have in my possession) the days supposed to be favourable or unfavourable to bargains, are distinguished among a number of other particulars of the like importance.

STEEVENS.

³ i. e. false coin. A *counterfeit* formerly signified also a portrait.—A representation of the king being usually impressed on his coin, the word seems to be here used equivocally. MALONE.

⁴ Being *touch'd*—signifies, having the *touchstone* applied to it.

STEEVENS.

⁵ I am afraid here is a clinch intended. *You came in war to destroy my enemies, but now you strengthen them in embraces.* JOHNSON.

⁶ Shakspeare makes this bitter curse effectual. JOHNSON.

O Lymoges! O Austria!⁶ thou dost shame
 That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;
 Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
 Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
 But when her humourous ladyship is by
 To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
 And footh'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
 A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
 Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
 Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
 Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,⁷
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.⁸

D 2

Aust.

⁶ The propriety or impropriety of these titles, which every editor has suffered to pass unnoted, deserves a little consideration. Shakspeare has, on this occasion, followed the old play, which at once furnished him with the character of Faulconbridge, and ascribed the death of Richard I. to the duke of Austria. In the person of Austria, he has conjoined the two well-known enemies of Cœur-de-lion. Leopold, duke of Austria, threw him into prison, in a former expedition; [in 1193] but the castle of Chaluz, before which he fell, [in 1199] belonged to Vidomar, viscount of Limoges; and the archer who pierced his shoulder with an arrow (of which wound he died) was Bertrand de Gourdon. The editors seem hitherto to have understood *Lymoges* as being an appendage to the title of Austria, and therefore enquired no further about it.

Holinshed says on this occasion: "The same yere, Phillip, bastard sonne to king Richard, to whom his father had given the castell and honour of Coinacke, killed the viscount of *Limoges*, in revenge of his father's death," &c. Austria, in the old play [printed in 1591] is called *Lymoges, the Austrich duke*.

With this note, I was favoured by a gentleman to whom I have yet more considerable obligations in regard to Shakspeare. His extensive knowledge of history and manners, has frequently supplied me with apt and necessary illustrations, at the same time that his judgement has corrected my errors; yet such has been his constant solicitude to remain concealed, that I know not but I may give offence while I indulge my own vanity in affixing to this note the name of my friend HENRY BLAKE, Esq.

STEEVENS.

⁷ To *doff* is to *do off*, to *put off*. STEEVENS.

⁸ When fools were kept for diversion in great families, they were distinguished

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.⁹

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter

distinguished by a *calf's-skin coat*, which had the buttons down the back; and this they wore that they might be known for fools, and escape the resentment of those whom they provoked with their waggeries.

In a little penny book, intitled *The Birth, Life, and Death of John Franks, with the Pranks he played though a meer Fool*, mention is made in several places of a *calf's-skin*. In chap. x. of this book, Jack is said to have made his appearance at his lord's table, having then a new *calf-skin*, red and white spotted. This fact will explain the sarcasm of Constance and Faulconbridge, who mean to call Austria a *fool*. SIR J. HAWKINS.

I may add, that the custom is still preserved in Ireland; and the fool in any of the legends which the mummers act at Christmas, always appears in a *calf's* or *cow's skin*. STEEVENS.

It does not appear that Constance means to call Austria a *fool*, as Sir John Hawkins would have it; but she certainly means to call him *coward*, and to tell him that a *calf's skin* would suit his *recreant limbs* better than a lion's. They still say of a dastardly person that he is a *calf-hearted fellow*; and a run-away school-boy is usually called a great *calf*. RITSON.

Perhaps, as has been suggested, Constance, by cloathing Austria in a *calf's-skin*, means only to insinuate that he is a *coward*. The word *recreant* seems to favour such a supposition. MALONE.

⁹ Here Mr. Pope inserts the following speeches from the old play of *King John*, printed in 1591, before Shakspeare appears to have commenced a writer:

“*Aust.* Methinks, that Richard's pride, and Richard's fall,

“Should be a precedent to fright you all.

“*Faulc.* What words are these? how do my sinews shake!

“My father's foe clad in my father's spoil!

“How doth Aleo whisper in my ears,

“*Delay not, Richard, kill the villain straight;*

“*Disrobe him of the matchless monument,*

“*Thy father's triumph o'er the savages! —*

“Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,

“Twice will I not review the morning's rise,

“Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,

“And split thy heart for wearing it so long.” STEEVENS.

I cannot by any means approve of the insertion of these lines from the other play. If they were necessary to *explain the ground of the Bastard's quarrel to Austria*, as Mr. Pope supposes, they should rather be inserted in the first scene of the second act, at the time of *the first altercation* between the Bastard and Austria. But indeed the ground of their quarrel seems to

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories,²
Can take the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,

D 3

Add

to be as clearly expressed in the first scene as in these lines; so that they are unnecessary in either place; and therefore, I think, should be thrown out of the text, as well as the three other lines, which have been inserted with as little reason in Act III. sc. ii; *Thus hath king Richard's, &c.*

TYRWHITT.

² This must have been at the time when it was written, in our struggles with Popery, a very captivating scene.

So many passages remain in which Shakspeare evidently takes his advantage of the facts then recent, and of the passions then in motion, that I cannot but suspect that time has obscured much of his art, and that many allusions yet remain undiscovered, which perhaps may be gradually retrieved by succeeding commentators. JOHNSON.

The speech stands thus in the old spurious play: "And what hast thou, or the pope thy master to do, to demand of me how I employ mine own? Know, sir priest, as I honour the church and holy churchmen, so I scorn to be subject to the greatest prelate in the world. Tell thy master so from me; and say, John of England said it, that never an Italian priest of them all, shall either have tythe, toll, or polling penny out of England; but as I am king, so will I reign next under God, supreme head both over spiritual and temporal: and he that contradicts me in this, I'll make him hop headless." STEEVENS.

Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions ;
 But as we under heaven are supreme head,
 So, under him, that great supremacy,
 Where we do reign, we will alone uphold.
 Without the assistance of a mortal hand :
 So tell the pope ; all reverence set apart,
 To him, and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
 Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
 Dreading the curse that money may buy out ;
 And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
 Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself :
 Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
 This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish ;
 Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
 Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
 Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate :
 And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
 From his allegiance to an heretick ;
 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
 Canonized, and worship'd as a saint,
 That takes away by any secret course
 Thy hateful life.³

Const.

³ This may allude to the bull published against Queen Elizabeth. Or we may suppose, since we have no proof that this play appeared in its present state before the reign of King James, that it was exhibited soon after the popish plot. I have seen a Spanish book in which Garnet, Faux, and their accomplices, are registered as saints. JOHNSON.

If any allusion to his own times was intended by the author of the old play, (for this speech is formed on one in *King John*, 1591,) it must have been to the bull of Pope Pius the Fifth, 1569 : “ Then I Pandulph of Padua, legate from the Apostolike see, doe in the name of Saint Peter, and his successor, our holy father Pope Innocent, pronounce thee *accursed*, discharging every of thy subjects of all dutie and fealtie that they do owe to thee, and pardon and forgivenesse of sinne to those or them whatsoever which shall *carrie armes* against thee or *murder* thee. This I pronounce, and charge all good men to abhorre thee as an *excommunicate* person.” MALONE.

Const. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a while!
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law;
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that archheretick;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil! lest that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because——

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,⁴
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forgo the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee here,
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.⁵

D 4

Blanch.

⁴ It is a political maxim, that *kingdoms are never married*. Lewis, upon the wedding, is for making war upon his new relations. JOHNSON.

⁵ Though all the copies concur in this reading, yet as *untrimmed* cannot bear any signification to square with the sense required, I cannot help thinking it a corrupted reading. I have ventured to throw out the negative, and read:

In likeness of a new and trimmed bride.

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

Const.

O, if thou grant my need,

Which

i. e. of a new bride, and one decked and adorned as well by art as nature.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald says, "that as *untrimmed* cannot bear any signification to square with the sense required," it must be corrupt; therefore he will cashier it, and read—*and trimmed*; in which he is followed by the Oxford editor; but they are both too hasty. It squares very well with the sense, and signifies *unsteady*. The term is taken from navigation. We say too, in a similar way of speaking, *not well manned*. WARBURTON.

I think Mr. Theobald's correction more plausible than Dr. Warburton's explanation. A commentator should be grave, and therefore I can read these notes with proper severity of attention; but the idea of *trimming* a lady to *keep her steady*, would be too risible for any common power of face.

JOHNSON.

Trim is *dress*. An *untrimmed* bride is a bride *undrest*. Could the tempter of mankind assume a semblance in which he was more likely to be successful! The devil (says Constance) raises to your imagination your bride disencumbered of the forbidding forms of dress, and the memory of my wrongs is lost in the anticipation of future enjoyment.

Mr. Collins inclines to a colder interpretation, and is willing to suppose that by an *untrimmed* bride is meant a *bride unadorned with the usual pomp and formality of a nuptial habit*. The propriety of this epithet he infers from the haste in which the match was made, and further justifies it from *King John's* preceding words:

"Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,

"To this unlook'd for, *unprepared* pomp."

Mr. Tollet is of the same opinion, and offers two instances in which *untrimmed* indicates a *dehabille* or a frugal vesture. In Minshieu's *Dictionary*, it signifies one not finely dressed or attired. STEEVENS.

I incline to think that the transcriber's ear deceived him, and that we should read, as Mr. Theobald has proposed,—

—a *new* and *trimmed* bride.

The freshness which our author has connected with the word *trim*, in the first and last of these passages, and the "laboursome and dainty *trims* that made great Juno angry," which surely a bride may be supposed most likely to indulge in, (however scantily Blanch's toilet may have been furnished in a camp,) prove, either that this emendation is right, or that Mr. Collins's interpretation of the word, *untrimmed* is the true one. Minshieu's definition of *untrimmed*, "*qui n'est point orné,—inornatus, incultus,*" as well as his explanation of the verb "*to trim*," which, according to him, means the same as "*to prank up*," may also be adduced to the same point. See his *Dict.* 1617. Mr. M. Mason justly observes, that "*to trim* means to *dress out*, but not to *clothe*; and consequently, though it might mean *undressed*, it cannot mean *unclad*, or *naked*." MALONE.

Which only lives but by the death of faith,
 That need must needs infer this principle,—
 That faith would live again by death of need;
 O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
 Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

Aust. Do so, king Philip; hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pand. What can'st thou say, but will perplex thee more,
 If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
 And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit;
 And the conjunction of our inward souls
 Married in league, coupled and link'd together
 With all religious strength of sacred vows;
 The latest breath, that gave the sound of words,
 Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
 Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;
 And even before this truce, but new before,—
 No longer than we well could wash our hands,
 To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—
 Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
 With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
 The fearful difference of incensed kings:
 And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
 So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,⁶
 Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?⁷
 Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
 Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
 As now again to snatch our palm from palm;
 Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
 And make a riot on the gentle brow.

D 5.

Of

⁶ I believe the meaning is, *love so strong in both parties.* JOHNSON.

Rather, in *hatred* and in love; in deeds of *amity* or blood. HENLEY.

⁷ A *regret*, is an exchange of salutation. STEEVENS.

Of true sincerity ? O holy fir,
 My reverend father, let it not be so :
 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
 Some gentle order ; and then we shall be blest'd
 To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
 Save what is opposite to England's love.
 Therefore, to arms ! be champion of our church !
 Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
 A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
 France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
 A cased lion⁸ by the mortal paw,
 A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
 Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith ;
 And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
 First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd ;
 That is, to be the champion of our church !
 What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,
 And may not be performed by thyself :
 For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
 Is not amiss, when it is truly done ;⁹

And

⁸ The modern editors read—a *chafed* lion. I see little reason for change. A *cased* lion is a lion irritated by confinement. STEEVENS.

Our author was probably thinking on the lions, which in his time, as at present, were kept in the Tower, in dens so small as fully to justify the epithet he has used. MALONE.

⁹ This is a conclusion *de travers*. We should read :

Is yet amiss,——

The Oxford editor, according to his usual custom, will improve it further, and reads—*most* amiss. WARBURTON.

I rather read :

Is't not amiss, when it is truly done ?

as the alteration is less, and the sense which Dr. Warburton first discovered is preserved. JOHNSON,

The old copies read :

Is not amiss, when it is truly done.

Pandulph, having conjured the King to perform his first vow to heaven,—to be champion of the church,—tells him, that what he has since sworn is sworn against himself, and therefore may not be performed
 by

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
 The truth is then most done not doing it :
 The better act of purposes mistook
 Is, to mistake again ; though indirect,
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
 And falsehood falsehood cures ; as fire cools fire,
 Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
 It is religion, that doth make vows kept ;
 But thou hast sworn against religion ; ²

D 6

That

by him : for *that*, says he, which you have sworn to *do amiss*, is *not amiss*, (i. e. becomes right) when it is *done truly* (that is, as he explains it, not done at all ;) and being *not done*, where it would be a *sin* to *do it*, the *truth* is *most done* when you *do it not*. RITSON.

² *But thou hast sworn against religion ; &c.*] The propositions, that the *voice of the church is the voice of heaven*, and that *the pope utters the voice of the church*, neither of which Pandulph's auditors would deny, being once granted, the argument here used is irresistible ; nor is it easy, notwithstanding the gingle, to enforce it with greater brevity or propriety :

But thou hast sworn against religion :

By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st :

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,

Against an oath the truth thou art unsure

To swear, swear only not to be forsworn.

By *what*. Sir T. Hanmer reads—By *that*. I think it should be rather by *which*. That is, *thou swear'st against the thing, by which thou swear'st ; that is, against religion.*

The most formidable difficulty is in these lines :

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,

Against an oath ; the truth thou art unsure

To swear, &c.

This Sir T. Hanmer reforms thus :

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,

Against an oath ; this truth thou art unsure

To swear, &c.

Dr. Warburton writes it thus :

Against an oath the truth thou art unsure—

which leaves the passage to me as obscure as before.

I know not whether there is any corruption beyond the omission of a point. The sense, after I had considered it, appeared to me only this : *In swearing by religion against religion, to which thou hast already sworn, thou makest an oath the security for thy faith against an oath already taken.* I will give, says he, a rule for conscience in these cases. Thou may'st be in doubt about the matter of an oath ; *when thou swearest, thou mayst not be always sure to swear rightly ; but let this be thy settled principle, swear only not to be forsworn ; let not the latter oaths be at variance with the former.*

Truth, through this whole speech, means *rectitude* of conduct. JOHNSON.

But what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st;
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
 Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure
 To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;
 Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear:
 Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:
 And better conquest never canst thou make,
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
 Against these giddy loose suggestions:
 Upon which better part our prayers come in,
 If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know,
 The peril of our curses light on thee;
 So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
 But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast.

Will't not be?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch.

Upon thy wedding day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?

Shall braying trumpets,² and loud churlish drums,—

Clamours of hell,—be measures³ to our pomp?

O husband, hear me!—ah, alack, how new

Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,

Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms

Against mine uncle.

Const.

O, upon my knee,

Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,

Thou

I believe the old reading is right; and that the line "By what," &c., is put in apposition with that which precedes it. MALONE.

² *Bray* appears to have been particularly applied to express the harsh grating sound of the trumpet. HOLT WHITE.

³ The *measure*, it has already been more than once observed, were a species of solemn dance in our author's time. MALONE.

Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Fore-thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lew. I muse,⁴ your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need:—England, I'll fall from
thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Bast. Old time the clock-fetter, that bald sexton time,
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: Fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand;

And, in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl afunder, and dismember me.⁵

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Affured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady with me; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—

[Exit Bastard.]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;

A rage, whose heat hath this condition,

Than nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn

To

⁴ I muse,] i. e. I wonder. REED.

⁵ Alluding to a well-known Roman punishment:

“—Metium in diversa quadrigæ

“Distulerant.” *Æneid*. VIII. 642. STEEVENS

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire :
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens.—To arms let's
hie ! [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

The same. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums, Excursions. Enter the Bastard, with AUSTRIA'S head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot ;
Some airy devil⁶ hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there ;
While Philip breathes.

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy : ⁷—Philip,⁸ make up :
My mother is assailed in our tent,⁹

And

⁶ Shakspeare here probably alludes to the distinctions and divisions of some of the demonologists, so much regarded in his time. They distributed the devils into different tribes and classes, each of which had its peculiar qualities, attributes, &c. These are described at length in Burton's *Anatomie of Melancholy*, Part I. sect. ii. p. 45, 1632 :

“Of these sublunary devils—Pfellus makes six kinds ; fiery, aerial, terrestriall, watery, and subterranean devils, besides those faeries, fatyres, nymphes,” &c. PERCY.

There is a minute description of different devils or spirits, and their different functions, in *Pierce Penniless's Supplication*, 1592 : With respect to the passage in question, take the following : “—the spirits of the aire will mixe themselves with thunder and lightning, and so infect the clyme where they raise any tempest, that sodainely great mortalitie shall ensue to the inhabitants. The spirits of fire have their mansions under the regions of the moone.” HENDERSON.

⁷ Thus the old copies. Mr. Tyrwhitt would read :

Hubert, keep thou this boy : —. STEEVENS.

⁸ Here the King, who had knighted him by the name of Sir Richard, calls him by his former name. STEEVENS.

⁹ The author has not attended closely to the history. The Queen-mother, whom King John had made Regent in Anjou, was in possession of

And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescu'd her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same.

Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, the Bastard, HUBERT, and Lords.

K. John. So shall it be: your grace shall stay behind,
[*To ELINOR.*
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad: [*To ARTHUR.*
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin, [*To the Bastard.*] away for England;
haste before:

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon: ²

Uf

of the town of Mirabeau in that province. On the approach of the French army with Arthur at their head, she sent letters to King John come to her relief; which he did immediately. As he advanced to the town, he encountered the army that lay before it, routed them, and took Arthur prisoner. The Queen in the mean while remained in perfect security in the castle of Mirabeau.

Such is the best authenticated account. Other historians however say that Arthur took Elinor prisoner. The author of the old play has followed them. In that piece Elinor is taken by Arthur, and rescued by her son.

MALONE.

² This word *now* seems a very idle term here, and conveys no satisfactory idea. An antithesis, and opposition of terms, so perpetual with our author, requires:

Must by the hungry war be fed upon.

War, demanding a large expence, is very poetically said to be *hungry*, and to prey on the wealth and *fat* of *peace*. WARBURTON.

This emendation is better than the former word, but yet not necessary. Sir T. Hanmer reads—hungry *man*, with less deviation from the common reading, but with not so much force or elegance as *war*. JOHNSON.

Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle³ shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver beck me to come on.

I leave your highness:—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy,)

For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, my gentle cousin.

K. John.

Coz, farewell.

[*Exit Bastard.*

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

[*She takes ARTHUR aside.*

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh

There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,

And with advantage means to pay thy love:

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—

But I will fit it with some better time.⁴

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed

To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John.

Either emendation may be unnecessary. Perhaps, the *hungry now* is *this hungry instant*. Shakspeare uses the word *now* as a substantive, in *Measure for Measure*. STEEVENS.

The meaning, I think, is, “—the fat ribs of peace must now be fed upon by the hungry troops,”—to whom some share of this ecclesiastical spoil would naturally fall. The expression, like many other of our author’s, is taken from the sacred writings. MALONE.

³ In an account of the Romish curse given by Dr. Grey, it appears that three candles were extinguished, one by one, in different parts of the execration. JOHNSON.

In Archbishop Winchelsea’s sentences of excommunication, 1298, it is directed that the sentence against infringers of certain articles should be “—throughout explained in order in English, with bells tolling, and candles lighted, that it may cause the greater dread; for laymen have greater regard to this solemnity, than to the effect of such sentences.” See *Dodley’s Old Plays*, Vol. XII. p. 397, edit. 1780. REED.

⁴ The old copy reads—*tune*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. The same mistake has happened in *Twelfth Night*. MALONE.

In the handwriting of Shakspeare’s age, the words *time* and *tune* are scarcely to be distinguished from each other. STEEVENS.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet :
 But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
 Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
 I had a thing to say—But let it go :
 The sun is in the heaven ; and the proud day,
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,⁵
 To give me audience :—If the midnight bell
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
 Sound one unto the drowsy race of night ;
 If this fame were a churchyard where we stand,
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
 Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick ;
 (Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
 A passion hateful to my purposes ;)
 Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,⁶
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;
 Then, in despite of brooded⁷ watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts :
 But ah, I will not :—Yet I love thee well ;
 And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
 By heaven, I'd do't.

K. John. Do not I know, thou would'st ?
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
 On yon young boy : I'll tell thee what, my friend,
 He is a very serpent in my way ;
 And, wheresoever this foot of mine doth tread,

He

⁵ *Gawds* are any showy ornaments. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Conceit* here, as in many other places, signifies *conception*, thought.

MALONE.

⁷ *Brooded*, I apprehend, is here used, with our author's usual licence, for *brooding* ; i. e. day, who is as vigilant, as ready with open eye to mark what is done in his presence, as an animal at brood. MALONE.

He lies before me : Dost thou understand me ?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord ?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.
K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now : Hubert, I love thee ;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee :
Remember.⁷—Madam, fare you well :
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee !

K. John. For England, cousin :
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais ho ! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The same. The French King's Tent.

Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood
A whole armado⁹ of convicted fail^a

Is

⁷ This is one of the scenes to which may be promised a lasting commendation. Art could add little to its perfection, and time itself can subtract nothing from its beauties. STEEVENS.

⁸ King John, after he had taken Arthur prisoner, sent him to the town of Falaise in Normandy, under the care of Hubert, his Chamberlain ; whence he was afterwards removed to Rouen, and delivered to the custody of Robert de Veypont. Here he was secretly put to death.

MALONE.

⁹ This similitude, as little as it makes for the purpose in hand, was, I do not question, a very taking one when the play was first represented ; which was a winter or two at most after the Spanish invasion in 1588. It was in reference likewise to that glorious period that Shakspeare concludes his play in that triumphant manner :

“ This England never did, nor never shall,

“ Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,” &c.

But the whole play abounds with touches relative to the then posture of affairs. WARBURTON.

Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well,

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?

Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?

And bloody England into England gone,

O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:

So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,

Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,³

Doth want example: Who hath read, or heard,

Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;

Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,

In the vile prison of afflicted breath: ⁴—

I pr'ythee

This play, so far as I can discover, was not played till a long time after the defeat of the *armado*. The old play, I think, wants this simile. The commentator should not have affirmed what he can only guess.

JOHNSON.

Armado is a Spanish word signifying a *fleet of war*. The *armado* in 1588 was called so by way of distinction. STEEVENS.

² Overpowered, baffled, destroyed. To *convict* and to *convince* were in our author's time synonymous. MALONE.

³ We should read *course*, i. e. *march*. The Oxford editor condescends to this emendation. WARBURTON.

Change is needless. A *fierce cause* is a cause conducted with precipitation. "*Fierce wretchedness*," in *Timon*, is, *hasty, sudden misery*.

STEEVENS.

⁴ I think we should read *earth*. The passage seems to have been copied from Sir Thomas More: "If the body be to the *soule* a *prison*, how strait a prison maketh he the body, that stuffeth it with *riff-raff*, that the *soule* can have no room to stirre itself—but is, as it were, enclosed not in a prison, but in a *grave*." FARMER.

Perhaps the old reading is justifiable. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"To be *imprison'd* in the viewless *winds*." STEEVENS.

It appears from the amendment proposed by Farmer, and by the quotation adduced by Steevens in support of the old reading, that they both con-

I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

Const. No, I defy⁵ all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!
'Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
'Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this gap of breath⁶ with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
'Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.⁷

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine;

My
consider this passage in the same light, and suppose that King Philip intended to say, "that the breath was the prison of the soul;" but I think they have mistaken the sense of it; and that by "the vile prison of afflicted breath," he means the same vile prison in which the breath is confined; that is, the body. M. MASON.

There is surely no need of change. "The vile prison of afflicted breath," is the body, the prison in which the *distressed soul* is confined.

MALONE.

⁵ To *defy* anciently signified to *refuse*. STEEVENS.

⁶ The *gap of breath* is the mouth; the outlet from whence the breath issues. MALONE.

⁷ It is hard to say what Shakspeare means by *modern*: it is not opposed to *ancient*. In *All's well that ends well*, speaking of a girl in contempt, he uses this word: "her *modern* grace."² It apparently means something *slight* and *inconsiderable*. JOHNSON.

Modern, is *trite*, *ordinary*, *common*. STEEVENS.

My name is Constance ; I was Geffrey's wife ;
 Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost :
 I am not mad ;—I would to heaven, I were !
 For then, 'tis like I should forget myself :
 O, if I could, what grief should I forget !—
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
 And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal ;
 For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
 My reasonable part produces reason
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself :
 If I were mad, I should forget my son ;
 Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he :
 I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel
 The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses : ⁸ O, what love I note
 In the fair multitude of those her hairs !
 Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
 Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends ⁹
 Do glew themselves in sociable grief ;
 Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
 Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will. ²

K. Phi.

Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will ; And wherefore will I do it ?

I tore

⁸ It was necessary that Constance should be interrupted, because a passion so violent cannot be borne long. I wish the following speeches had been equally happy ; but they only serve to show, how difficult it is to maintain the pathetick long. JOHNSON.

⁹ As the epithet *wiry* is here attributed to *hair* ; so, in another description the *hair* of Apollo supplies the office of *wire*. In the *Instructions to the commissioners for the choice of a wife for Prince Arthur*, it is directed “to note the eye-browes” of the young Queen of Naples (who, after the death of Arthur, was married to Henry VIII. and divorced by him for the sake of Anna Bulloyn). They answer, “Her browes are of a browne heare, very small, like a *wyre of beare*.” HENLEY.

² Neither the French king nor Pandulph, has said a word of England, since the entry of Constance. Perhaps therefore, in despair, she means to address the absent King John : “Take my son to England, if you will ;”—now that he is in your power, I have no prospect of seeing him again. It is therefore of no consequence to me where he is. MALONE.

I tore them from their bonds ; and cried aloud,
O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!
 But now I envy at their liberty,
 And will again commit them to their bonds,
 Because my poor child is a prisoner.—
 And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
 That we shall see and know our friends in heaven :
 If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;
 For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
 To him that did but yesterday suspire,³
 There was not such a gracious ⁴ creature born.
 But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost ;
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit ;
 And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,
 When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
 I shall not know him : therefore never, never
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.⁵

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent-child,
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;
 Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
 Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
 I could give better comfort ⁶ than you do.—
 I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her head-dress.*
 When

³ To *suspire* in Shakspeare, I believe, only means to *breathe*.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Gracious*, i. e. *graceful*. STEEVENS.

⁵ To the same purpose Macduff observes—

“ He has no children.” STEEVENS.

⁶ This is a sentiment which great sorrow always dictates. Whoever cannot help himself casts his eyes on others for assistance, and often mistakes their inability for coldness. JOHNSON.

When there is such disorder in my wit.
 O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
 My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
 My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!

[Exit.

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [Exit.

Lew. There's nothing in this world, can make me joy :⁷
 Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,⁸
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man ;
 And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,⁹
 That it yields naught, but shame, and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
 Even in the instant of repair and health,
 The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,
 On their departure most of all show evil :
 What have you lost by losing of this day ?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
 No, no : when fortune means to men most good,
 She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
 'Tis strange, to think how much king John hath lost
 In this which he accounts so clearly won :
 Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner ?

Lew. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
 Now hear me speak, with a prophetick spirit ;
 For even the breath of what I mean to speak

Shall

⁷ The young prince feels his defeat with more sensibility than his father. Shame operates most strongly in the earlier years; and when can disgrace be less welcome than when a man is going to his bride ?

⁸ Our author, here and in another play, seems to have had the goth Psalm in his thoughts : " For when thou art angry, all our days are gone, we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told." MALONE.

⁹ The old copy—*sweet words*. STEEVENS.

The *sweet word* is *life*; which, says the speaker, is no longer sweet, yielding now nothing but shame and bitterness. Mr. Pope, with some plausibility, but certainly without necessity, reads—the *sweet world's taste*. MALONE.

I prefer Mr. Pope's reading, which is sufficiently justified by the following passage in *Hamlet* :

" How weary, *stale*, *flat* and unprofitable

" Seem to me all the uses of this *world* ! " STEEVENS.

Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
 Out of the path which shall directly lead
 Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark,
 John hath seiz'd Arthur, and it cannot be,
 That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
 The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
 One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:
 A scepter, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
 Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd:
 And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
 Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
 That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
 So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
 May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old world?
 John lays you plots; the times conspire with you:
 For he, that steeps his safety in true blood,²
 Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
 This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
 Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
 That none so small advantage shall step forth,
 To check his reign, but they will cherish it:
 No natural exhalation in the sky,
 No scape of nature,³ no distemper'd day,
 No common wind, no custom'd event,
 But they will pluck away his natural cause,
 And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
 Abortives, présages, and tongues of heaven,
 Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
 But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,

If

² The blood of him that has the *just* claim. JOHNSON.

The expression seems to mean no more than *innocent* blood in general.

RITSON.

³ The author very finely calls a *monstrous birth*, an *escape of nature*. As if it were produced while she was busy elsewhere, or intent upon some other thing. WARBURTON

If that young Arthur be not gone already,
 Even at that news he dies : and then the hearts
 Of all his people shall revolt from him,
 And kiss the lips of unacquainted change ;
 And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
 Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John,
 Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot ;
 And, O, what better matter breeds for you,
 Than I have nam'd !—The bastard Faulconbridge
 Is now in England, ransacking the church,
 Offending charity : If but a dozen French
 Were there in arms, they would be as a call ⁴
 To train ten thousand English to their side ;
 Or, as a little snow, ⁵ tumbled about,
 Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
 Go with me to the king : 'Tis wonderful,
 What may be wrought out of their discontent :
 Now that their souls are topfull of offence,
 For England go ; I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions ; Let us go ;
 If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Northampton.⁶ *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HUBERT, and two Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot ; and, look thou stand
 Within the arras : when I strike my foot

Upon

⁴ The image is taken from the manner in which birds are sometimes caught ; one being placed for the purpose of drawing others to the net, by his note or call. MALONE.

⁵ Bacon, in his *History of Henry VII.* speaking of Simnel's march, observes, that "their snow-ball did not gather as it went." JOHNSON.

⁶ The fact is, as has been already stated, that Arthur was first confined at Falaise, and afterwards at Rouen in Normandy, where he was put to death.—Our author has deviated in this particular from the history, and

Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth;
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

Attend. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruple! Fear not you: look to't.—

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince,) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth.

Mercy on me!

Methinks, no body should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness.⁷ By my christendom,⁸
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt

My

and brought King John's nephew to England; but there is no circumstance either in the original play, or in this of Shakspeare, to point out the particular castle in which he is supposed to be confined. The castle of Northampton has been mentioned in some modern editions as the place, merely because in the first act King John *seems* to have been in that town. In the old copy there is no where any notice of place.

MALONE.

⁷ It should seem that this affectation had found its way into England, as it is ridiculed by Ben Jonson in the character of Master Stephen in *Every Man in his Humour*, 1601. STEEVENS.

Lyly, in his *Midas*, ridicules the affectation of *melancholy*: "Now every base companion, being in his *muble fubles*, says, he is *melancholy*.—Thou should'st say thou art *lumpish*. If thou encroach on our courtly terms, weele trounce thee." FARMER.

I doubt whether our author had any authority for attributing this species of affectation to the French. He generally ascribes the manners of England to all other countries. MALONE.

⁸ This word is used both here and in *All's well that ends well*, for baptism, or rather *the baptismal name*: nor is this use of the word peculiar to our author. Lyly, his predecessor, has employed the word in the same way. MALONE.

My uncle practises more harm to me :
 He is afraid of me, and I of him :
 Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
 No, indeed, is't not ; And I would to heaven,
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
 He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :
 Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [*Aside.*

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert ? you look pale to-day :
 In sooth, I would you were a little sick ;
 That I might sit all night, and watch with you :
 I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
 Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.* How now,
 foolish rheum ! [*Aside.*

Turning spiteous torture out of door !
 I must be brief ; lest resolution drop
 Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
 Can you not read it ? is it not fair writ ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you ?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart ? When your head did but ache,
 I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
 (The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
 And I did never ask it you again :
 And with my hand at midnight held your head ;
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time ;
 Saying, What lack you ? and, Where lies your grief ?
 Or, What good love may I perform for you ?
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;
 But you at your sick service had a prince.
 Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
 And call it, cunning ; Do, an if you will :
 If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
 Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes ?

These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you ?

Hub. I have sworn to do it ;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it !
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,⁹
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation,²
Even in the matter of mine innocence :
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron ?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd no tongue, but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth.

[*Stamps.*

Re-enter Attendants, with cords, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me ! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough ?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound !

Nay, hear me, Hubert ! drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angerly :

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

I Attend.

⁹ The participle *beat*, though now obsolete, was in use in our author's time. So, in the sacred writings : " He commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be *beat*." *Dan. iii. 19.* MALONE.

² These words are taken from the Bible. In the Epistle to the Hebrews, we read—" a certain fearful looking for of judgement and fiery indignation." *ch. x. v. 27.* WHALLEY.

Attend. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,³
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,⁴
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes:
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,⁵
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes: See else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;⁶

E 3

Hub.

³ Our author, who has borrowed so much from the sacred writings, without doubt remembered,—“And why beholdest thou the *mote* that is in thy brother's eye,” &c. *Matth.* vii. 3. A *mote* is a small particle of straw or chaff. It is likewise used by old writers for an *atom*.

MALONE.

⁴ This is according to nature. We imagine no evil so great as that which is near us. JOHNSON.

⁵ The sense is: *the fire*, being created not to hurt, but to comfort, is dead with grief for finding itself used in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have not deserved. JOHNSON.

⁶ Dr. Grey says, “that no malice in a burning coal is certainly absurd, and that we should read:

There is no malice burning in this coal. STEEVENS.

The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert :
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes ;
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.⁷

All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office : only you do lack

That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live ;⁸ I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace : no more. Adieu ;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead :
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven !—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence ; no more : Go closely in with me ;⁹
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.

Dr. Grey's remark on this passage is an hypercriticism. The coal was still burning, for Hubert says, " he could revive it with his breath : " but it had lost for a time its power of injuring by the abatement of its heat. M. MASON.

⁷ i. e. stimulate, set him on. Supposed to be derived from *ταράττω*, excite. The word occurs again in *Hamlet*. STEEVENS.

⁸ The meaning is not, I believe,—keep your eye-sight, that you may live (for he might have lived though blind). The words agreeably to a common idiom of our language, mean, I conceive, no more than *live*. MALONE.

See to live means only—*Continue to enjoy the means of life*. STEEVENS.

On further consideration of these words, I believe the author meant, " Well, live, and live with the means of seeing ; that is, with your eyes uninjured." MALONE.

⁹ i. e. secretly, privately. REED.

S C E N E

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of state in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, crowned; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and other Lords. The King takes his state.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous : ² you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off ;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt ;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,³
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pemb. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told ; ⁴

E 4

And,

² This one time more was one time more than enough. JOHNSON.

It should be remembered that King John was at present crowned for the *fourth* time. STEEVENS.

John's second coronation was at Canterbury in the year 1201. He was crowned a third time at the same place, after the murder of his nephew, in April 1202 ; probably with a view of confirming his title to the throne, his competitor no longer standing in his way. MALONE.

³ To guard, is to fringe. JOHNSON.

Rather, to lace. So, in *The Merchant of Venice* :

“ ———give him a livery

“ More guarded than his fellows.” STEEVENS.

⁴ Had Shakspeare been a diligent examiner of his own compositions,
he

And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured :
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about ;
Startles and frights consideration ;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pemb. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness :⁵
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse ;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,⁶
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel : but it pleas'd your highness
To overbear it ; and we are all well pleas'd ;
Since all and every part of what we would,⁷
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong ;
And more, more strong, (when lesser is my fear,)
I shall indue you with :⁸ Mean time, but ask

What

he would not so soon have repeated an idea which he had first put into the mouth of the Dauphin :

“ Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,

“ Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.”

Mr. Malone has a remark to the same tendency. STEEVENS.

⁵ i. e. not by their avarice, but in an eager emulation, an intense desire of excelling. THEOBALD.

⁶ Fault means *blemish*. STEEVENS.

⁷ Since the whole and each particular part of our wishes, &c.

MALONE.

⁸ Mr. Theobald reads—(the *lesser is my fear*) which, in the following note, Dr. Johnson has attempted to explain. STEEVENS.

I have told you some reasons, in my opinion *strong*, and shall tell more *yet stronger* ; for the stronger my reasons are, the *less is my fear* of your disapprobation. This seems to be the meaning. JOHNSON.

The first folio reads :

——(then *lesser is my fear*)

The

What you would have reform'd, that is not well;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pemb. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes⁹ of all their hearts,)
Both for myself and them, (but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies,) heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If, what in rest² you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears, (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong,) should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise,³

E 5

That

The true reading is obvious enough:

——(when *lessor* is my fear). TYRWHITT.

I have done this emendation the justice to place it in the text.

STEEVENS.

⁹ To declare, to publish the desires of all those. JOHNSON.

² Perhaps we should read:

If, what in wrest you have, in right you hold,——

i. e. if what you possess by an act of seizure or violence, &c.

So again, in this play:

“The imminent decay of *wrested* pomp.”

Wrest is a substantive used by Spenser, and by our author in *Troilus and Cressida*. STEEVENS.

The emendation proposed by Mr. Steevens is its own voucher. If *then* and *should* change places, and a mark of interrogation be placed after *exercise*, the full sense of the passage will be restored. HENLEY.

Mr. Steevens's reading of *wrest* is better than his explanation. If adopted, the meaning must be—*If what you possess, or have in your hand, or grasp*. RITSON.

It is evident that the words *should* and *then*, have changed their places.

M. MASON.

The construction is—If you have a good title to what you now quietly possess, why then *should* your fears move you, &c. MALONE.

³ In the middle ages the whole education of princes and noble youths consisted in martial exercises, &c. These could not be easily had in a prison, where mental improvements might have been afforded as well as any where else; but this sort of education never entered into the thoughts of our active, warlike, but illiterate nobility. PERCY.

That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

Pemb. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,⁵
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:⁶
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pemb. And, when it breaks,⁷ I fear, will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John.

⁵ Between his *consciousness* of guilt, and his *design* to conceal it by fair professions. JOHNSON.

The *purpose* of the King, which Salisbury alludes to, is that of putting Arthur to death, which he considers as not yet accomplished, and therefore supposes that there might still be a conflict in the King's mind,

“Between his *purpose* and his conscience.”

So when Salisbury sees the dead body of Arthur, he says,

“It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;

“The practise and the *purpose* of the king.” M. MASON.

Rather, between the criminal act that he *planned* and commanded to be executed, and the reproaches of his conscience consequent on the execution of it. MALONE.

⁶ But heralds are not planted, I presume, in the midst betwixt two lines of battle; though they, and trumpets, are often sent over from party to party, to propose terms, demand a parley, &c. I have therefore ventured to read, *sent*. THEOBALD.

Set is not *fixed*, but only *placed*; heralds must be *set* between battles, in order to be *sent* between them. JOHNSON.

⁷ This is but an indelicate metaphor, taken from an imposthumated tumour. JOHNSON.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

Pemb. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it:—
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.

Pemb. Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold; Bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt Lords.*]

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent;
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast; Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England,⁸—Never such a power
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,

E 6

The

⁸ The king asks *how* all goes in France, the messenger catches the word *goes*, and answers, that *whatever* is in France goes now into England.

The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, died
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France!—
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But, if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd^a
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;

Possess'd

^a So, in one of the Paston Letters, Vol. III. p. 99: "The country of Norfolk and Suffolk stand right *wildly*." STEEVENS.

i. e. How ill my affairs *go* in France!—The verb, to *walk*, is used with great license by old writers. It often means to *go*; to *move*.

MALONE.

² i. e. stunned, confounded. STEEVENS.

Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams ;
 Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear :
 And here's a prophet,³ that I brought with me
 From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
 With many hundreds treading on his heels ;
 To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
 That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
 Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so ?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him ; imprison him ;
 And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
 I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd :
 Deliver him to safety,⁴ and return,
 For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,

[*Exit HUBERT, with Peter.*

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd ?

Bast. The French, my lord ; men's mouths are full of it :
 Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
 (With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,)
 And others more, going to seek the grave
 Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
 On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
 And thrust thyself into their companies :
 I have a way to win their loves again ;
 Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste ; the better foot before.—
 O, let me have no subject enemies,
 When adverse foreigners affright my towns
 With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!—
 Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels ;

And

³ This man was a hermit in great repute with the common people. Notwithstanding the event is said to have fallen out as he had prophesied, the poor fellow was inhumanly dragged at horses' tails through the streets of Warham, and together with his son, who appears to have been even more innocent than his father, hanged afterwards upon a gibbet. See Holinshed's *Chronicle*, under the year 1213. DOUCE.

⁴ That is, Give him into safe custody. JOHNSON.

And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. [Exit.

K. John. Spoke like a spriteful noble gentleman,—
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [Exit.

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-night :⁵
Four fixed : and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wond'rous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the
streets

Do prophecy upon it dangerously :
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths :
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear ;
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist ;
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news ;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contráry feet,)⁶

Told

⁵ This incident is mentioned by few of our historians: I have met with it no where but in *Matthew of Westminster* and *Polydore Virgil*, with a small alteration. These kind of appearances were more common about that time than either before or since. GREY.

This incident is likewise mentioned in the old *King John*. STEEVENS.

⁶ I know not how the commentators understand this important passage, which in Dr. Warburton's edition is marked as eminently beautiful, and, on the whole, not without justice. But Shakspeare seems to have confounded the man's shoes with his gloves. He that is frightened or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot. The author seems disturbed by the disorder which he describes, JOHNSON.

Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embatteled and rank'd in Kent :
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him : I had mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord ! why, did you not provoke
me ?

K. John.

Dr. Johnson forgets that ancient *slippers* might possibly be very different from modern ones. Scott in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft* tells us : "He that receiveth a mischance, will consider, whether he put not on his shirt the wrong side outwards, or his *left shoe* on his *right foot*." One of the jests of Scogan, by Andrew Borde, is how he defrauded two shoemakers, one of a *right foot* boot, and the other of a *left foot one*. And Davies in one of his epigrams, compares a man to "a soft-knit *hose* that serves each leg." FARMER.

In *The Fleire*, 1615, is the following passage : "——This fellow is like your *upright shoe*, he will serve either foot." From this we may infer that some shoes could only be worn on the foot for which they were made. And Barratt in his *Alvearie*, 1580, as an instance of the word *wrong*, says : "——to put on his *shoes wrong*." Again, in *Frobisher's second Voyage for the discoverie of Cataia*, 4 o. bl. l. 1578 : "They also beheld (to their great maruile) a dublet of canvas made after the Englishe fashion, a shirt, a girdle, three shoes for *contrarie feet*," &c. p. 21.

STEEVENSON.

See Martin's *Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*, 1703, p. 207 : "The generality now only wear shoes having one thin sole only, and *shaped after the right and left foot*, so that what is for one foot will not serve the other." The meaning seems to be, that the extremities of the shoes were not round or square, but were cut in an oblique angle, or assant from the great toe to the little one. See likewise, *The Philosophical Transactions abridged*, Vol. III. p. 432, and Vol. VII. p. 23, where are exhibited shoes and sandals shaped to the feet, spreading more to the outside than the inside. TOLLET.

So, in Holland's translation of *Suetonius*, 1606 : "——if in a morning his shoes were put one [*r. on*] wrong, and namely *the left for the right*, he held it unlucky." Our author himself also furnishes an authority to the same point. Speed in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, speaks of a *left shoe*. It should be remembered that tailors generally work bare-footed : a circumstance which Shakspeare probably had in his thoughts when he wrote this passage. MALONE.

K. John. It is the curse of kings,⁷ to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life :
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law ; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.⁸

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and
earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation !

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done ! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted,⁹ and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind :
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death ;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,——

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head,² or made a
pause,

When

⁷ This plainly hints at Davison's case, in the affair of Mary Queen of Scots, and so must have been inserted long after the first representation.

WARBURTON.

It is extremely probable that our author meant to pay his court to Elizabeth by this covert apology for her conduct to Mary. The Queen of Scots was beheaded in 1587, some years, I believe, before he had produced any play on the stage. MALONE.

⁸ i. e. deliberate consideration, reflection. STEEVENS.

⁹ Quoted,] i. e. observed, distinguish'd. STEEVENS.

² There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches vented against Hubert are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind swelling with consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another.

This

When I spake darkly what I purposed;
 Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
 As bid me tell my tale in express words;
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
 But thou didst understand me by my signs,
 And didst in signs again parley with sin;
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
 And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
 Out of my sight, and never see me more!
 My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns
 Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
 Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
 Within this bosom never enter'd yet
 The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,³
 And you have slander'd nature in my form;
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
 Throw

This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn *ab ipsis recessibus mentis*, from the intimate knowledge of mankind, particularly that line in which he says, that *to have bid him tell his tale in express words*, would have struck him dumb: nothing is more certain, than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges. JOHNSON.

³ Nothing can be falser than what Hubert here says in his own vindication; for we find, from a preceding scene, *the motion of a murd'rous thought had entered into him*, and that very deeply: and it was with difficulty that the tears, the entreaties, and the innocence of Arthur had diverted and suppressed it. WARBURTON.

Throw this report on their incensed rage,
 And make them tame to their obedience!
 Forgive the comment that my passion made
 Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 O, answer not; but to my closet bring
 The angry lords, with all expedient haste:
 I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast, [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The same. Before the Castle.

Enter ARTHUR, on the Walls.

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down: 4—
 Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
 There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
 This shipboy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
 I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
 If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
 I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
 As good to die, and go, as die, and stay. [Leaps down.
 O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—
 Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [Dies.
Enter

4 Our author has here followed the old play. In what manner Arthur was deprived of his life, is not ascertained. Matthew Paris, relating the event, uses the word *evanuit*; and indeed as King Philip afterwards publicly accused King John of putting his nephew to death, without mentioning either the manner of it or his accomplices, we may conclude that it was conducted with impenetrable secrecy. The French historians however say, that John coming in a boat, during the night-time, to the castle of Rouen, where the young prince was confined, ordered him to be brought forth, and having stabbed him, while supplicating for mercy, the King fastened a stone to the dead body, and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some colour to a report, which he afterwards caused to be spread, that the prince attempting to escape out of a window of the tower of the castle, fell into the river, and was drowned. MALONE.

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at saint Edmund's-Bury ;
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pemb. Who brought that letter from the cardinal ?

Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France ;
Whose private with me,⁵ of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or, rather then set forward : for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.⁶

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd⁷ lords !
The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossest'd himself of us ;
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks :
Return, and tell him so ; we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.⁸

Bast.

⁵ i. e. whose private account of the Dauphin's affection to our cause, is much more ample than the letters. POPE.

⁶ This phrase, so frequent in our old writers, is not well understood. Or is here the same as *ere*, i. e. *before*, and should be written (as it is still pronounced in Shropshire) *ore*. There the common people use it often. Thus, they say, *Ore to-morrow*, for *ere* or *before to-morrow*. The addition of *ever*, or *e'er*, is merely augmentative.

That *er* has the full sense of *before*, and that *e'er* when joined with it is merely augmentative, is proved from innumerable passages in our ancient writers, wherein *or* occurs simply without *e'er*, and must bear that signification. PERCY.

That *or* should be written *ore*, I am by no means convinced. The vulgar pronunciation of a particular county ought not to be received as a general guide. *Ere* is nearer the Saxon primitive *ær*. STEEVENS.

⁷ i. e. ruffled, out of humour. STEEVENS.

⁸ To *reason*, in Shakspeare, is not so often to *argue*, as to *talk*.

JOHNSON.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.

Pemb. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison: What is he lies here?

[Seeing ARTHUR.

Pemb. O death, made proud with pure and princely
beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pemb. All murders past do stand excus'd in this:
And this, so sole, and so unmatched,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sin of times;⁹
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle,

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice and the purpose of the king:—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence

The

⁹ That is, of all future times. MALONE.

"The incense of a vow, a holy vow ;
 Never to taste the pleasures of the world,²
 Never to be infected with delight,
 Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
 Till I have set a glory to this hand,
 By giving it the worship of revenge.³

Pemb. Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you :
 Arthur doth live ; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death :—
 Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law ?

[*Drawing his sword.*

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir ; put it up again.⁴

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say ;
 By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours :

I would

² This is a copy of the vows made in the ages of superstition and chivalry. JOHNSON.

³ The *worship* is the *dignity*, the *honour*. We still say *worshipful* of magistrates. JOHNSON.

I think it should be—a glory to this *head* ;—pointing to the dead prince, and using the word *worship* in its common acceptation. *A glory* is a frequent term :

“ Round a quaker's beaver cast a *glory*,” says Mr. Pope : the solemn confirmation of the other lords seems to require this sense. The late Mr. Gray was much pleased with this correction. FARMER.

The old reading seems right to me, and means,—*till I have famed and renowned my own band by giving it the honour of revenge for so foul a deed.* *Glory* means *splendor* and magnificence in *St. Matthew*, vi. 29. So, in Markham's *Husbandry*, 1631, p. 353 : “ But if it be where the tide is scant, and doth no more but bring the river to a *glory*,” i. e. fills the banks without overflowing. TOLLET.

I believe, at repeating these lines, Salisbury should take hold of the *band* of Arthur, to which he promises to pay the worship of revenge.

M. MASON.

I think the old reading the true one. MALONE.

⁴ i. e. lest it lose its brightness. MALONE.

I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;⁵
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet, I am none:⁶ Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pemb. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,⁷
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse⁸ and innocency.
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly favours of a slaughter-house;

For

⁵ *Honest* defence; defence in a good cause. JOHNSON.

⁶ Do not make me a murderer, by compelling me to kill you; I am hitherto not a murderer. JOHNSON.

⁷ The same thought is found in *King Henry V*: "I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one, but what though? it will toast cheese." STEEVENS.

⁸ *Remorse* here, as almost every where in these plays, and the contemporary books, signifies *pity*. MALONE.

For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Pemb. There, tell the king, he may enquire us out.

[*Exeunt* Lords.]

Bast. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.⁹

Hub. Upon my soul,—

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on; or, would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—

How

⁹ I remember once to have met with a book, printed in the time of Henry VIII. (which Shakspeare possibly might have seen,) where we are told that the deformity of the condemned in the other world, is exactly proportioned to the degrees of their guilt. The author of it observes how difficult it would be, on this account, to distinguish between Belzebub and Judas Iscariot. STEEVENS.

How easy dost thou take all England up!
 From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
 The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
 Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
 To tug, and scramble,² and to part by the teeth
 The unowed interest³ of proud-swelling state.
 Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,
 Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
 And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
 Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
 Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits
 (As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,)
 The imminent decay of wrested pomp.⁴
 Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
 Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
 And follow me with speed; I'll to the king:
 A thousand businesses are brief in hand.
 And heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH with the Crown, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
 The circle of my glory.

Pand.

² *Scamble* and *scramble* have the same meaning. STEEVENS.

³ i. e. the interest which has no proper owner to claim it.

STEEVENS.

That is, the interest which is not at this moment legally possessed by any one, however rightfully entitled to it. On the death of Arthur, the right to the English crown devolved to his sister, Eleanor. MALONE.

⁴ *Wrested pomp* is greatness obtained by violence. JOHNSON.

Rather, greatness wrested from its possessor. MALONE.

Pand.

Take again

[Giving JOHN the Crown.

From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the
French;

And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd,⁵
Our discontented counties⁶ do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified.
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be administer'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope:
But, since you are a gentle convertite,⁷

My

⁵ This cannot be right, for the nation was already as much inflamed as it could be, and so the King himself declares. We should read *for* instead of *'fore*, and then the passages will run thus:

————— use all your power

To stop their marches, for we are inflam'd;

Our discontented counties do revolt, &c. M. MASON.

⁶ Perhaps *counties*, in the present instance, do not mean the divisions of a kingdom, but *lords, nobility*, as in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Much ado*, &c.

STEEVENS.

⁷ A *convertite* is a *convert*. STEEVENS.

The same expression occurs in *As you Like it*, where Jaques, speaking of the young Duke, says:

“There is much matter in these *convertites*.”

In both these places, the word *convertite* means a *repenting sinner*; not, as Steevens says, a *convert*, by which, in the language of the present time, is meant a person who changes from one religion to another; in which sense the word could neither apply to *K. John*, or to Duke Frederick: In the sense I have given it, it will apply to both. M. MASON.

A *convertite* (a word often used by our old writers, where we should now use *convert*,) signified either, one converted to the faith, or one reclaimed from worldly pursuits, and devoted to penitence and religion.

Mr.

My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
 And make fair weather in your blustering land.
 On this Ascension-day, remember well,
 Upon your oath of service to the pope,
 Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [Exit.

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
 Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,
 My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
 I did suppose, it should be on constraint;
 But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out,
 But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,
 Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
 Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
 To offer service to your enemy;
 And wild amazement hurries up and down
 The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
 After they heard young Arthur was alive?

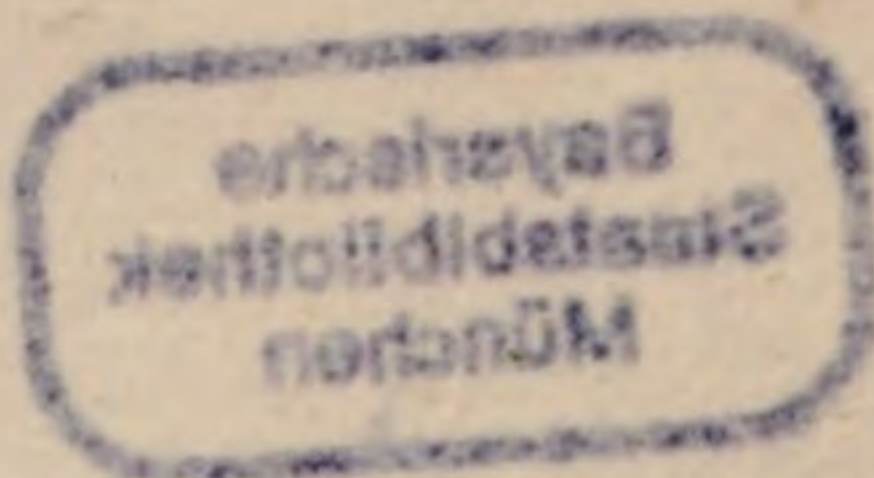
Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets;
 An empty casket, where the jewel of life
 By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John.

Mr. M. Mason says, a *convertite* cannot mean a *convert*, because the latter word "in the language of the present time means a person that changes from one religion to another." But the question is, not what is the language of the present time, but what was the language of Shakspeare's age. Marlowe uses the word *convertite* exactly in the sense now affixed to *convert*. John, who had in the former part of this play asserted in very strong terms the supremacy of the king of England in all ecclesiastical matters, and told Pandulph that he had no reverence for "the Pope or his *usurp'd* authority," having now made his peace with the "*holy church*," and resigned his crown to the Pope's representative, is considered by the legate as one newly converted to the true faith, and very properly styled by him a *convertite*. The same term, in the second sense above mentioned, is applied to the *usurper*, Duke Frederick, in *As you Like it*, on his having "put on a religious life, and thrown into neglect the pompous court":

"———out of these *convertites*

"There is much matter to be heard and learn'd," MALONE.



K. John. That villain Hubert told me, he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away; and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den?
And fright him there; and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said!—Forage, and run⁸
To meet displeasure further from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd filken wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike foil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

F 2

Bast.

⁸ To *forage* is here used in its original sense, for to range abroad.

Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.⁹ [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

*A Plain, near St. Edmund's-Bury.*²

*Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE,
BIGOT, and Soldiers.*

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent³ to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal.

⁹ *Let us then away with courage; yet I so well know the faintness of our party, that I think it may easily happen that they shall encounter enemies who have more spirit than themselves.* JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is, I believe, mistaken. Faulconbridge means—for all their boasting, I know very well that our party is able to cope with one yet prouder and more confident of its strength than theirs. Faulconbridge would otherwise dispirit the King, whom he means to animate.

STEEVENS.

² I have ventured to fix the place of the scene here, which is specified by none of the editors, on the following authorities. In the preceding act, where Salisbury has fixed to go over to the Dauphin; he says:

“Lords, I will meet him at *St. Edmund's-Bury*.”

And Count Melun, in this last act says:

“——and many more with me,

“Upon the altar at *St. Edmund's-Bury*;

“Even on that altar, where we swore to you

“Dear amity, and everlasting love.”

And it appears likewise from *The Troublesome Reign of King John*, in two parts, (the first rough model of this play,) that the interchange of vows betwixt the Dauphin and the English barons, was at *St. Edmund's-Bury*.

THEOBALD.

³ i. e. the rough draft of the original treaty between the Dauphin and the English lords. Thus (adds Mr. M. Mason) in *K. Richard III.* the scrivener employed to engross the indictment of Lord Hastings, says, “that it took him eleven hours to write it, and that the precedent was full as long a doing.” STEEVENS.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
 And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
 A voluntary zeal, and unurg'd faith,
 To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
 I am not glad that such a fore of time
 Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
 And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
 By making many: O, it grieves my soul,
 That I must draw this metal from my side
 To be a widow-maker; O, and there,
 Where honourable rescue, and defence,
 Cries out upon the name of Salisbury:
 But such is the infection of the time,
 That, for the health and physick of our right,
 We cannot deal but with the very hand
 Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
 And is't not pity, O my grieved friends!
 That we, the sons and children of this isle,
 Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
 Wherein we step after a stranger march⁴
 Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
 Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep
 Upon the spot of this enforced cause,)⁵
 To grace the gentry of a land remote,
 And follow unacquainted colours here?
 What, here?—O nation, that thou could'st remove!
 That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,⁶
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
 And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;⁷
 Where these two Christian armies might combine

F 3

The

⁴ Our author often uses *stranger* as an adjective. See the last scene.

MALONE.

⁵ *Spot* probably means, *stain* or *disgrace*. M. MASON.

⁶ i. e. *embraceth*. STEEVENS.

⁷ Our author seems to have been thinking on the wars carried on by Christian princes in the holy land against the Saracens; where the united armies of France and England might have laid their mutual animosities aside, and fought in the cause of Christ, instead of fighting against brethren and countrymen, as Salisbury and the other English noblemen who had joined the Dauphin, were about to do. MALONE.

The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly !⁸

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion, and a brave respect !⁹
Let me wipe of this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks :
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation ;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm :
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant world enrag'd ;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come ; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself :—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

⁸ This is one of many passages, in which Shakspeare concludes a sentence without attending to the manner in which the former part of it is constructed. MALONE.

Shakspeare only employs in the present instance a phraseology which he had used before in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* :

“ And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean-knight.”

To, in composition with verbs, is common enough in ancient language.

STEEVENS.

⁹ This *compulsion* was the necessity of a reformation in the state ; which, according to Salisbury's opinion (who, in his speech preceding, calls it an *enforced cause*,) could only be procured by foreign arms : and the *brave respect* was the love of his country. WARBURTON.

Enter,

Enter PANDULPH, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:²
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this,—king John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chaf'tis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,³

F 4

Yea,

² Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton read here.—*an angel speeds.* I think unnecessarily. The Dauphin does not yet hear the legate indeed, nor pretend to hear him; but seeing him advance, and concluding that he comes to animate and authorize him with the power of the church, he cries out, *at the sight of this holy man, I am encouraged as by the voice of an angel.* JOHNSON.

Rather, *In what I have now said,* an angel spake; for see, the holy legate approaches, to give a warrant from *heaven*, and the name of *right* to our cause. MALONE.

³ This was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. So again, in *King Henry IV. Part II*:

“He hath more worthy interest to the state,
“Than thou the shadow of succession.” MALONE.

Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart;
 And come you now to tell me, John hath made
 His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
 I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
 After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
 And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
 Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
 Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
 What men provided, what munition sent,
 To underprop this action? is't not I,
 That undergo this charge? who else but I,
 And such as to my claim are liable,
 Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns?⁴
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,
 To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
 No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
 Till my attempt so much be glorified
 As to my ample hope was promised
 Before I drew this gallant head of war,⁵
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
 To outlook⁶ conquest, and to win renown
 Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter

⁴ *Bank'd their towns* may mean, throw up entrenchments before them.

The old play of *K. John*, however, leaves this interpretation extremely disputable. It appears from thence that these salutations were given to the Dauphin as he sailed along the banks of the river. This, I suppose, Shakspeare calls *banking* the towns.

We still say to *coast* and to *flank*; and to *bank* has no less of propriety, though it is not reconciled to us by modern usage. STEEVENS.

⁵ i. e. assembled it, drew it out into the field. STEEVENS.

⁶ i. e. face down, bear down by a show of magnanimity.

STEEVENS.

Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:—
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well:—Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reason too, he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,⁷
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;⁸
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;⁹
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;

F 5

To

⁷ The printed copies—*unbeard*; but *unbeard* is an epithet of very little force or meaning here; besides, let us observe how it is coupled. Faulconbridge is sneering at the Dauphin's invasion, as an unadvised enterprise, favouring of youth and indiscretion; the result of childishness, and unthinking rashness; and he seems altogether to dwell on this character of it, by calling his preparation *boyish troops*, *dwarfish war*, *pigmy arms*, &c. which, according to my emendation, sort very well with *unhair'd*, i. e. *unbearded* sauciness. THEOBALD.

⁸ To take the hatch, is to leap the hatch. To take a hedge or a ditch, is the hunter's phrase. STEEVENS.

⁹ I believe our author, with his accustomed licence, used *concealed* for *concealing*; wells that afforded *concealment* and protection to those who took refuge there. MALONE.

Concealed wells are wells in *conceale* or *obscure* situations; viz. in places *secured from public notice*. STEEVENS.

To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
 In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
 Even at the crying of your nation's crow,²
 Thinking his voice and armed Englishman;—
 Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
 No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
 And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,³
 To fouse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
 And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
 You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
 For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
 Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
 Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
 Their needs to launces, and their gentle hearts
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
 We grant, thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;
 We hold our time too precious to be spent
 With such a brabblor.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither:—
 Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
 Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
 And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
 And echo with the clamour of thy drum,
 And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
 That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
 Sound but another, and another shall,
 As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
 And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
 (Not trusting to this halting legate here,
 Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,)
 Is warlike John; and in his forehead fits

A bare

² i. e. at the crowing of a cock; *gallus* meaning both a cock and a Frenchman. *DOUCE.*

³ An *airy* the nest of an eagle. *STEEVENS.*

A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter King JOHN and HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert,

Hub. Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field;
And send him word by me, which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard⁴ but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.—
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁴ *Sir Richard Faulconbridge*;—and yet the King a little before (*Act III. sc. ii.*) calls him by his original name of *Philip*. STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

The same. Another part of the same.

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Others.

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

Pemb. Up once again; put spirit in the French;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pemb. They say, king John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter MELUN wounded, and led by Soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pemb. It is the count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;⁵
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,⁶
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means⁷ to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,

Upon

⁵ The same proverbial phrase, intimating treachery, is used in *K. Richard III.* Act V. sc. iii. in *K. Henry VI.* P. I. Act IV. sc. iv. and in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. sc. i. STEEVENS.

⁶ Though all the copies concur in this reading, how poor is the metaphor of *unthreading the eye of a needle*? And besides, as there is no mention made of a needle, how remote and obscure is the allusion without it? The text, as I have restored it, is easy and natural; and it is the mode of expression, which our author is every where fond of, to *tread* and *untread*, the *way*, *path*, *steps*, &c. THEOBALD.

The metaphor is certainly harsh, but I do not think the passage corrupted. JOHNSON.

⁷ The Frenchman, i. e. Lewis, means, &c. See Melun's next speech: "If Lewis do win the day—." MALONE.

Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury ;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible! may this be true!

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life ;
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire ?⁸
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit ?
Why should I then be false ; since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth ?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east :
But even this night,—whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire ;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,⁹
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king ;
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandfire was an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field ;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal.

⁸ This is said in allusion to the images made by witches. Holinshed observes that it was alledged against dame Eleanor Cobham and her confederates, “that they had devised an image of wax, representing the king, which by their sorcerie by little and little consumed, intending thereby in conclusion to waste and destroy the king's person.”

Resolve and *dissolve*, had anciently the same meaning. STEEVENS.

⁹ It were easy to change *rated* to *bated* for an easier meaning, but *rated* suits better with *fine*. The Dauphin has *rated* your treachery, and set upon it a *fine* which your lives must pay. JOHNSON.

Sal. We do believe thee,—And beshrew my soul
 But I do love the favour and the form
 Of this most fair occasion, by the which
 We will untread the steps of damned flight;
 And, like a bated and retired flood,
 Leaving our rankness and irregular course,²
 Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
 And calmly run on in obedience,
 Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death
 Right in thine eye,³—Away, my friends! New flight;
 And happy newness,⁴ that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off MELUN.*]

SCENE V.

The same. The French Camp.

Enter LEWIS, and his Train.

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loth to set;
 But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
 When the English measur'd⁵ backward their own ground,
 In faint retire: O, bravely came we off,
 When with a volley of our needful shot,
 After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
 And wound our tatter'd⁶ colours clearly up,
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it!—

Enter

² *Rank*, as applied to water, here signifies *exuberant*, ready to overflow: as applied to the actions of the speaker and his party, it signifies *inordinate*. MALONE.

³ This is the old reading. *Right* signifies *immediate*. It is now obsolete. Some commentators would read—*pight*, i. e. pitched as a tent is; others, *fight in thine eye*. STEEVENS.

⁴ Happy innovation, that purposed the restoration of the ancient right-ful government. JOHNSON.

⁵ *When the English measur'd*—] Old copy—*When English measure,* &c. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁶ —*tatter'd*—] For *tatter'd*, the folio reads, *tottering*. JOHNSON.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lew. Here:—What news?

Mess. The count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off:
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter,⁷ and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead-Abbey.

Enter the Bastard, and HUBERT, meeting.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A friend:—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub.

It is remarkable through such old copies of our author as I have hitherto seen, that wherever the modern editors read *tatter'd*, the old editions give us *totter'd* in its room. Perhaps the present broad pronunciation, almost particular to the Scots, was at that time common to both nations.

STEEVENS.

Tattering, which in the spelling of our author's time was *tottering*, is used for *tatter'd*. The active and passive participles are employed by him very indiscriminately. MALONE.

I read—*tatter'd*, an epithet which occurs again in *King Lear* and *Romeo and Juliet*. Of *tattering* (which would obviously mean *tearing to tatters*) our author's works afford no parallel. STEEVENS.

⁷ i. e. keep in your allotted posts or stations. STEEVENS.

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:⁸
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless night,⁹
Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:²
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.³

Bast.

⁸ i. e. a well-informed one. STEEVENS.

⁹ The old copy reads—*endless*. STEEVENS.

We should read *eyeless*. So, Pindar calls the moon, *the eye of night*.

WARBURTON.

² Not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years after the death of King John, mentions this very improbable story. The tale is, that a monk, to revenge himself on the king for a saying at which he took offence, poison'd a cup of ale, and having brought it to his majesty, drank some of it himself to induce the king to taste it, and soon afterwards expired. Thomas Wykes is the first who relates it in his Chronicle, as a report. According to the best accounts John died at Newark, of a fever.

MALONE.

This subject is fully discussed in the *History of Leicestershire*, Vol. II. p. 152. NICHOLS.

³ That you might be able to prepare instantly for the sudden revolution

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company;⁴
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!——
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

The Orchard of Swinstead-Abbey.

Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly;⁵ and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter

tion in affairs which the king's death will occasion, in a better manner than you could have done, if you had not known of it till the event had actually happened, and the kingdom was reduced to a state of composure and quiet. MALONE.

⁴ Perhaps we ought to point thus:

*Why know you not, the lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company?* MALONE.

⁵ i. e. corruptively. Such was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age.

MALONE.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pemb. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Doth he still rage? [Exit BIGOT.]

Pemb. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,
In their continuance,⁶ will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible; and his siege is now
Against the mind,⁷ the which he pricks and wounds

With

⁶ I suspect our author wrote—*In thy continuance*. In his Sonnets the two words are frequently confounded. If the text be right, *continuance* means continuity. Bacon uses the word in that sense. MALONE.

⁷ The old copy reads—*invisible*. STEEVENS.

As the word *invisible* has no sense in this passage, I have no doubt but the modern editors are right in reading *insensible*, which agrees with the two preceding lines:

—fierce extremes,
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible: his siege is now
Against the mind, &c.

The last lines are evidently intended as a paraphrase, and confirmation of the two first. M. MASON.

Invisible is here used adverbially. Death, having glutted himself with the ravage of the almost wasted body, and knowing that the disease with which he has assailed it is mortal, before its dissolution, proceeds from mere satiety, to attack the mind, leaving the body *invisibly*; that is, in such a secret manner that the eye cannot precisely mark his progress, or see when his attack on the vital powers has ended, and that on the mind begins; or in other words, at what particular moment reason ceases to perform its function, and the understanding, in consequence of a corroding and mortal malady, begins to be disturbed. Our poet in his *Venus and Adonis* calls Death, "*invisible commander*."

Henry is here only pursuing the same train of thought which we find in his first speech in the present scene.

Our author has in many other passages in his plays used adjectives adverbially.

Mr. Rowe reads—*her* siege—, an error derived from the corruption of the

With many legions of strange fantasies :
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound

the second folio. I suspect, that this strange mistake was Mr. Gray's authority for making *Death* a female ; in which, I believe, he has neither been preceded or followed by any poet :

“ The painful family of *Death*,
“ More hideous than their *queen*.” MALONE.

Mr. Malone reads :

Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible ; &c.

As often as I am induced to differ from the opinions of a gentleman whose laborious diligence in the cause of Shakspeare is without example, I subject myself to the most unwelcome part of editorial duty. Success, however, is not in every instance proportionable to zeal and effort ; and he who shrinks from controversy, should also have avoided the *vestibulum ipsum, primasque fauces* of the school of Shakspeare.

Sir Thomas Hanmer gives us—*insensible*, which affords a meaning sufficiently commodious. But as *invisible* and *insensible* are not words of exactest consonance, the legitimacy of this emendation has been disputed. It yet remains in the text, for the sake of those who discover no light through the ancient reading.

Perhaps (I speak without confidence) our author wrote—*invincible*, which, in sound, so nearly resembles *invisible*, that an inattentive compositor might have substituted the one for the other.—All our modern editors (Mr. Malone excepted) agree that *invincible* in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act. III. sc. ii. was a misprint for *invisible* ; and so (*vice versa*) *invisible* may here have usurped the place of *invincible*.

If my supposition be admitted, the Prince must design to say, that Death had battered the royal outworks, but, seeing they were *invincible*, quitted them, and directed his force against the mind. In the present instance, the King of Terrors is described as a besieger, who, failing in his attempt to storm the bulwark, proceeded to undermine the citadel. Why else did he change his mode and object of attack ?—The Spanish ordnance sufficiently preyed on the ramparts of Gibraltar, but still left them *impregnable*.—The same metaphor, though not continued so far, occurs again in *Timon of Athens* :

“ ————— Nature,
“ To whom all foreshew lay *siege*.”

Mr. Malone, however, gives a different turn to the passage before us ; and leaving the word *siege* out of his account, appears to represent Death as a gourmand, who had satiated himself with the King's body, and took his intellectual part by way of change of provision.

Neither can a complete acquiescence in the same gentleman's examples of adjectives used adverbially, be well expected ; as they chiefly occur in light and familiar dialogue, or where the regular full-grown adverb was unfavourable to rhyme or metre. Nor indeed are these docked adverbs
(which

Confound themselves.² 'Tis strange, that death should
sing.——

I am

(which perform their office, like the witch's rat, "without a tail,") discoverable in a solemn narrative like that before us. A portion of them also might be no other than typographical imperfections; for this part of speech, shorn of its termination, will necessarily take the form of an adjective. —I may subjoin, that in the beginning of the present scene, the adjective *corruptible* is not offered as a *locum tenens* for the adverb *corruptibly*, though they were alike adapted to our author's measure.

It must, notwithstanding, be allowed that adjectives employed adverbially are sometimes met with in the language of Shakspeare. Yet, surely, we ought not (as Polonius says) to "crack the wind of the poor phrase," by supposing its existence where it must operate equivocally, and provoke a simile, as on the present occasion.

That Death, therefore, "left the outward parts of the King *invisible*," could not, in my judgement, have been an expression hazarded by our poet in his most careless moment of composition. It conveys an idea too like the helmet of Orcus, in the fifth Iliad.* Gadshill's "receipt of fern-feed," Colonel Feignwell's *moros musphonon*, or the consequences of being bit by a *Seps*, as was a Roman soldier, of whom says our excellent translator of Lucan,

"———none was left, no least remains were seen,

"No marks to show that once a man had been."†

Besides, if the outward part (i. e. the body) of the expiring monarch was, in plain, familiar, and unqualified terms, pronounced to be *invisible*, how could those who pretended to have just *seen* it, expect to be believed? and would not an audience, uninitiated in the mystery of adverbial adjectives, on hearing such an account of the royal carcase, have exclaimed, like the Governor of Tilbury Fort in the *Critic*:

"———thou canst not see it,

"Because 'tis *not in sight*."

But I ought not to dismiss the present subject, without a few words in defence of Mr. Gray, who had authority somewhat more decisive than that of the persecuted second folio of Shakspeare, for representing *Death* as a *Woman*. The writer of the *Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College*, was sufficiently intimate with Lucretius, Horace, Ovid, Phædrus, Statius, Petronius, Seneca the dramatist, &c. to know that they *all* concurred in exhibiting *Mors* as a *Goddeß*. Mr. Spence in his *Polymetis*, p. 261, (I refer to a book of easy access,) has produced abundant examples in proof of my assertion, and others may be readily supplied. One comprehensive instance, indeed, will answer my present purpose. Statius, in his eighth Thebaid, describing a troop of ghastly females who surrounded the throne of Pluto, has the following lines:

Stant

* Ἀὖν' Ἀΐδος κυνέην, ΜΗ ΜΙΝ ΙΔΟΙ ὁβριμὸς Ἀρης.

† Rowe; Book IX. l. 1334.

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organpipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants, who bring in King JOHN in a Chair.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John.

*Stant Furiae circum, variaeque ex ordine Mortes,
Sævaque multifonas exercet Pæna catenas.*

From this group of personification, &c. it is evident, that not merely *Death*, as the source or principle of mortality, but each particular kind of *Death* was represented under a feminine shape. For want, therefore, of a corresponding masculine term, Dobson, in his Latin version of the second *Paradise Lost*, was obliged to render the terrific offspring of Satan, by the name of *Hades*; a luckless necessity, because *Hades*, in the 964th line of the same book, exhibits a character completely discriminated from that of *Death*.

Were I inclined to be sportive, (a disposition which commentators should studiously repress,) might I not maintain on the strength of the foregoing circumstances, that the editor of the folio 1632 (far from being an ignorant blunderer,) was well instructed in the niceties of Roman mythology? and might not my ingenious fellow-labourer, on the score of his meditated triumph over Mr. Gray, be saluted with such a remark as reached the ear of Cadmus?—

——— *Quid, Agenore nate, peremptum
Serpentum spectas? et tu spectabere serpens.*

Fashionable as it is to cavil at the productions of our Cambridge Poet, it has not yet been discovered that throughout the fields of classic literature, even in a single instance, he had mistook his way. STEEVENS.

2 In their tumult and hurry of resorting to the last tenable part.

JOHNSON.

K. John. Poison'd,—ill-fare;—dead, forsook, cast off:
 And none of you will bid the winter come,
 To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
 Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
 Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
 To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
 And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you much,
 I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,³
 And so ungrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
 That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
 Within me is a hell; and there the poison
 Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
 On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
 And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
 The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
 And all the shrouds,⁴ wherewith my life should sail,
 Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
 My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
 Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
 And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
 And module of confounded royalty.⁵

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward;
 Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him:

For,

³ i. e. narrow, avaricious; an unusual sense of the word. STEEVENS.

⁴ Shakspeare here uses the word *shrouds* in its true sense. The *shrouds* are the great ropes, which come from each side of the mast. In modern poetry the word frequently signifies the sails of a ship. MALONE.

This latter usage of the word—*shrouds*, has hitherto escaped my notice.

STEEVENS.

⁵ *Module* and *model*, it has been already observed, were in our author's time only different modes of spelling the same word. *Model* signified not an archetype after which something was to be formed, but the thing formed after an archetype; and hence it is used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries for a *representation*. MALONE.

For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.⁶ [The King dies.

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay!

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths;
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be fought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems, you know not then so much as we:
The cardinal Pandolph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well finewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the seaside, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,

Shall

⁶ This untoward accident really happened to King John himself. As he passed from Lynn to Lincolnshire, he lost by an inundation all his treasure, carriages, baggage, and regalia. MALONE.

Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,⁷
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did, (nor never shall,)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.⁸ [Exeunt,

⁷ Let us now indulge in sorrow, since there is abundant cause for it. England has been long in a scene of confusion, and its calamities have anticipated our tears. By those which we now shed, we only *pay* her what is her due. MALONE.

I believe the plain meaning of the passage is this:—As previously we have found sufficient cause for lamentation, let us not waste the present time in superfluous sorrow. STEEVENS.

⁸ *If England to itself do rest but true.*] This sentiment seems borrowed from the conclusion of the old play:

“ If England's peers and people join in one,

“ Nor pope, nor France, nor Spain, can do them wrong.”

STEEVENS.

The tragedy of *King John*, though not written with the utmost power of Shakspeare, is varied with a very pleasing interchange of incidents and characters. The lady's grief is very affecting; and the character of the Bastard contains that mixture of greatness and levity which this author delighted to exhibit. JOHNSON.

KING RICHARD II.

KING JOHN

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD II.] But this history comprises little more than the two last years of this prince. The action of the drama begins with Bolingbroke's appealing the duke of Norfolk, on an accusation of high treason, which fell out in the year 1398; and it closes with the murder of King Richard at Pomfret-castle towards the end of the year 1400, or the beginning of the ensuing year. THEOBALD.

It is evident from a passage in *Camden's Annals*, that there was an old play on the subject of Richard the Second; but I know not in what language. Sir Gillie Merick, who was concerned in the hare-brained business of the Earl of Essex, and was hanged for it, with the ingenious Cusse, in 1601, is accused, amongst other things, "*quod exoletam tragediam de tragica abdicatione regis Ricardi Secundi in publico theatro coram conjuratis datâ pecuniâ agi curasset.*"

I have since met with a passage in my Lord Bacon, which proves this play to have been in English. It is in the arraignments of *Cusse and Merick*, Vol. IV. p. 412. of Mallet's edition: "The afternoon before the rebellion, Merick, with a great company of others, that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before then the play of deposing *King Richard the Second*;—when it was told him by one of the players, that the play was *old*, and they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it, there was forty shillings extraordinary given to play, and so thereupon played it was."

It may be worth enquiry, whether some of the *rhyming* parts of the present play, which Mr. Pope thought of a different hand, might not be borrowed from the old one. Certainly however, the general tendency of it must have been very different, since, as Dr. Johnson observes, there are some expressions in this of Skakspeare, which strongly inculcate the doctrine of *indefeasible right*. FARMER.

It is probable, I think, that the play which Sir Gilly Merick procured to be represented, bore the title of HENRY IV. and not of RICHARD II.

Camden calls it—"exoletam tragediam de tragica abdicatione regis Ricardi secundi;" and (Lord Bacon in his account of *The Effect of that which passed at the arraignment of Merick and others*) says, "That the afternoon before the rebellion, *Merick* had procured to be played before them, the play of *deposing King Richard the Second*." But in a more particular account of the proceeding against *Merick*, which is printed in the *State Trials*, Vol. VII. p. 60, the matter is stated thus: "The story of HENRY IV. being set forth in a play, and in that play there being set forth the killing of the king upon a stage; the Friday before, Sir Gilly *Merick* and some others of the earl's train having an humour to see a play, they must needs have *the play of HENRY IV.* The players told them that was stale; they should get nothing by playing that; but no play else would serve: and Sir Gilly *Merick* gives forty shillings to *Philips* the player to play this, besides whatsoever he could get."

Augustine

Augustine Philipps was one of the patentees of the Globe playhouse with *Shakspeare* in 1603; but the play here described was certainly not *Shakspeare's* HENRY IV. as that commences above a year after the death of Richard. TYRWHITT.

This play of *Shakspeare* was first entered at Stationers' Hall by Andrew Wise, Aug. 29, 1597. STEEVENS.

It was written, I imagine, in the same year. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Richard the Second.

Edmund of Langley, *Duke of York*; } *uncles to the King.*
John of Gaunt, *Duke of Lancaster*;

Henry, surnamed Bolingbroke, *Duke of Hereford*, son to
John of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV.

Duke of Aumerle,² son to the *Duke of York*.

Mowbray, *Duke of Norfolk*.

Duke of Surrey.

Earl of Salisbury. *Earl Berkley*.³

Busby, } *creatures to King Richard.*
Bagot, }
Green, }

Earl of Northumberland:

Henry Percy, *his son*.

Lord Ross.⁴ Lord Willoughby. Lord Fitzwater.

Bishop of Carlisle. *Abbot of Westminster*.

Lord Marshal; and another lord.

Sir Pierce of Exton. Sir Stephen Scroop.

Captain of a band of Welchmen.

Queen to King Richard.

Duchess of Gloster.

Duchess of York.

Lady attending on the Queen.

*Lords, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper,
Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *dispersedly in England and Wales.*

² *Duke of Aumerle*,] *Aumerle*, or *Aumale*, is the French for what we now call *Albemarle*, which is a town in Normandy. The old historians generally use the French title. STEEVENS.

³ *Earl Berkley*.] It ought to be *Lord Berkley*. There was no *Earl Berkley* till some ages after. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Lord Ross*.] Now spelt *Roos*, one of the duke of Rutland's titles.

STEEVENS.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
KING RICHARD II.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King RICHARD, attended; JOHN of GAUNT, and other nobles, with him.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,²
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son;
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,—
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak:—

[Exeunt some Attendants.]

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE and NORFOLK.

Boling. Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Nor.

² When these public challenges were accepted, each combatant found a pledge for his appearance at the time and place appointed. STEEVENS.

Band and *Bend* were formerly synonymous. MALONE.

Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First, (heaven be the record to my speech!)
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn³ sword may prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot, that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd; and nought at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,

Ido

³ Drawn in a right or just cause. JOHNSON.

I do defy him, and I spit at him;
 Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain:
 Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
 And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
 Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
 Or any other ground inhabitable⁴
 Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
 Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—
 By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
 Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;
 And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
 Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
 If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
 As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;
 By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
 What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Nor. I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
 Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my shoulder,
 I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
 Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
 And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
 If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
 It must be great, that can inherit us⁵
 So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak my life shall prove it true;—
 That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
 In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers;
 The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,⁶
 Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
 Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—
 Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge

That

⁴ That is, *not habitable, uninhabitable.* JOHNSON.

⁵ To *inherit* is no more than to *possess*, though such a use of the word may be peculiar to Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Lewd* here signifies *wicked*. It is so used in many of our old statutes. MALONE.

That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
 That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
 Complotted and contrived in this land,
 Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
 Further I say,—and further will maintain
 Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
 That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;⁷
 Suggest his soon-believing adversaries;⁸
 And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
 Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
 Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
 Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
 To me, for justice, and rough chastisement;
 And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
 This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
 Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
 And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
 Till I have told this slander of his blood,⁹
 How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and ears:
 Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
 (As he is but my father's brother's son,)
 Now by my scepter's awe² I make a vow,
 Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
 Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
 The unstooping firmness of my upright soul;
 He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
 Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
 Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
 Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
 Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers:

The

⁷ Thomas of *Woodstock*, the youngest son of Edward III.; who was murdered at Calais, in 1397. MALONE.

⁸ i. e. prompt, set them on by injurious hints. STEEVENS.

⁹ i. e. this reproach to his ancestry. STEEVENS.

² The reverence due to my scepter. JOHNSON.

The other part reserv'd I by consent;
 For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
 Upon remainder of a dear account,
 Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:
 Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's death,—
 I slew him not; but, to my own disgrace,
 Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
 For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
 The honourable father to my foe,
 Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
 A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul:
 But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
 I did confess it; and exactly begg'd
 Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
 This is my fault: As for the rest appeal'd,
 It issues from the rancour of a villain,
 A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
 Which in myself I boldly will defend;
 And interchangeably hurl down my gage
 Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman
 Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom:
 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
 Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
 Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
 This we prescribe, though no physician;³

Deep

³ I must make one remark in general on the *rhymes* throughout this whole play; they are so much inferior to the rest of the writing, that they appear to me of a different hand. What confirms this, is, that the context does every where exactly (and frequently much better) connect, without the inserted rhymes, except in a very few places; and just there too, the rhyming verses are of a much better taste than all the others, which rather strengthens my conjecture. POPE.

“ This observation of Mr. Pope's, (says Mr. Edwards,) happens to be very unluckily placed here, because the context, without the inserted rhymes, will not *connect* at all. Read this passage as it would stand corrected by this rule, and we shall find, when the rhyming part of the dialogue is left out, King Richard begins with dissuading them from the duel,

Deep malice makes too deep incision :

Forget, forgive ; conclude, and be agreed ;

Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.—

Good uncle, let this end where it begun ;

We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a makepeace shall become my age:—

Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt.

When, Harry ? when ?

Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down ; we bid ; there is no boot.⁴

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot :

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame :

The one my duty owes ; but my fair name,

(Despite of death, that lives upon my grave,) ⁵

To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.

I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here ;⁶

Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear ;

The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood

Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich.

Rage must be withstood ;

Give me his gage :—Lions make leopards tame.

Nor. Yea, but not change their spots : take but my shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,

The purest treasure mortal times afford,

Is—spotless reputation ; that away,

Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest

Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine.

duel, and, in the very next sentence, appoints the time and place of their combat.”

Mr. Edwards's censure is rather hasty ; for in the note, to which it refers, it is allowed that some rhymes must be retained to make out the connection. STEEVENS.

⁴ That is, *no advantage, no use*, in delay or refusal. JOHNSON.

⁵ That is, *my name that lives on my grave, in despite of death*. This easy passage most of the editors seem to have mistaken. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Baffled* in this place means treated with the greatest ignominy imaginable. TOLLET.

Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
 Take honour from me, and my life is done:
 Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
 In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin,

Boling. O, God defend my soul from such foul sin!
 Shall I seem crestfallen in my father's fight?
 Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
 Before this outdar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
 Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
 Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
 The slavish motive⁷ of recanting fear;
 And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,
 Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[Exit GAUNT.]

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command:
 Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
 Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
 At Coventry, upon saint Lambert's day;
 There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
 The swelling difference of your settled hate;
 Since we cannot atone you,⁸ we shall see
 Justice design⁹ the victor's chivalry.—
 Marshal, command² our officers at arms
 Be ready to direct these home-alarms.

[Exeunt.]

⁷ *Motive*, for instrument. WARBURTON.

Rather that which fear puts in motion. JOHNSON.

⁸ i. e. reconcile you. STEEVENS.

⁹ To *design* in our author's time signified to *mark out*.—The word is still used with this signification in Scotland. MALONE.

² The old copies—*Lord Marshall*; but (as Mr. Ritson observes) the metre requires the omission I have made. It is also justified by his Majesty's repeated address to the same officer, in scene iii. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Duke of Lancaster's Palace.

Enter GAUNT, and Duchess of Gloster.³

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had ⁴ in Gloster's blood
Doth more solicit me, than your exclams,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who when he sees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches, springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,—
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st, and breath'st,
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent ⁵
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,

Who

³ The Duchess of Gloster was Eleanor Bohun, widow to Duke Thomas, son of Edward III. WALPOLE.

⁴ That is, my relation of consanguinity to Gloster. HANMER.

⁵ i. e. assent. So, in *St. Luke's Gospel*, xxiii. 51: "The same had not consented to the counsel and deed of them." STEEVENS.

Who was the model of thy father's life.
 Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair :
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
 Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee :
 That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
 What shall I say ? to safeguard thine own life,
 The best way is—to 'venge my Glotter's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's substitute,
 His deputy anointed in his sight,
 Hath caus'd his death: the which if wrongfully,
 Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
 An angry arm against his minister.

Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain myself? ⁶

Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion and defence,

Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
 Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
 Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight :
 O, fit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
 That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast !
 O, if misfortune miss the first career,
 Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
 That they may break his foaming courser's back,
 And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
 A caitiff recreant ⁷ to my cousin Hereford!

Farewell,

⁶ To *complain* is commonly a verb neuter, but it is here used as a verb active. *Complain myself* (as Mr. M. Mason observes) is a literal translation of the French phrase, *me plaindre*. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Caitiff* originally signified a *prisoner*; next a *slave*, from the condition of prisoners; then a *scoundrel*, from the qualities of a slave.

Ἡμισυ τῆς ἀρετῆς ἀποαίνυται δ' ἄλιον ἡμᾶρ.

In this passage it partakes of all these significations. JOHNSON.

This just sentiment is in Homer; but the learned commentator quoting, I suppose from memory, has compressed a couplet into a single line;

Ἡμισυ γὰρ τ' ἀρετῆς ἀποαίνυται εὐρυοπα Ζεὺς
 Ἄνερος, εὐτ' ἂν μιν κατὰ δούλιον ἡμᾶρ ἐλησιν.

Odyss. Lib. XVII. v. 322. HOLT WHITE.

I do not believe that *caitiff* in our language ever signified a *prisoner*. I take it to be derived, not from *captif*, but from *chetif*, Fr. poor, miserable.

TYRWHITT.

Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometimes brother's wife,
With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

Duch. Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth where it
falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun;
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.

Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.

Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not so;

Though this be all, do not so quickly go;

I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—

With all good speed at Plashy visit me.

Alack, and what shall good old York there see,

But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walls,⁸

Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?

And what cheer there for welcome, but my groans?

Therefore commend me; let him not come there,

To seek out sorrow that dwells every where;⁹

Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die:

The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Gosford-Green near Coventry.

Lists set out, and a throne. Herald, &c. attending.

Enter the Lord Marshal,² and AUMERLE.³

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

Aum.

⁸ In our ancient castles the naked stone walls were only covered with tapestry, or arras, hung upon tenter hooks, from which it was easily taken down on every removal of the family. See the preface to *The Household Book of the Fifth Earl of Northumberland*, begun in 1512.

STEEVENS.

⁹ Perhaps the pointing might be reformed without injury to the sense:

—let him not come there

To seek out sorrow:—that dwells every where. WHALLEY.

² Shakspeare has here committed a slight mistake. The office of Lord

Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why then, the champion's are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, who takes his seat on his throne; GAUNT, and several noblemen, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter NORFOLK in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms:
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel:
Speak truly, on the knighthood, and thy oath;
And so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

4 Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, heaven defend, a knight should violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,

To

Lord Marshal was executed on this occasion by Thomas Holland, Duke of Surrey. Our author has inadvertently introduced that nobleman as a distinct person from the Marshal, in the present drama.

Mowbray Duke of Norfolk was Earl Marshal of England; but being himself one of the combatants, the Duke of Surrey officiated as Earl Marshal for the day. MALONE.

3 Edward Duke of Aumerle, so created by his cousin german, King Richard II. in 1397. He was the eldest son of Edward of Langley Duke of York, fifth son of King Edward the Third, and was killed in 1415, at the battle of Agincourt. He officiated at the lists of Coventry as High Constable of England. MALONE.

4 Mr. Edwards, in his MS. notes, observes, from Holinshed, that the Duke of Hereford, appellant, entered the lists first; and this, indeed must have been the regular method of the combat; for the natural order of things requires, that the accuser or challenger should be at the place of appointment first. STEEVENS.

To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,⁵
 Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
 And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
 To prove him, in defending of myself,
 A traitor to my God, my king and me:
 And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven! [*He takes his seat.*]

*Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE, in armour;
 preceded by a Herald.*

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
 Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
 Thus plated in habiliments of war;
 And formally according to our law
 Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou
 hither,
 Before King Richard, in his royal lists?
 Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
 Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
 Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
 To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,
 In lists, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk,
 That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
 To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;
 And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
 Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists;
 Except the marshal, and such officers
 Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
 And

⁵ *His* is the reading of the first folio; other editions read—*my* issue. Mowbray's issue, was by this accusation, in danger of an attainder, and therefore he might come, among other reasons, for their sake: but the reading of the folio is more just and grammatical. JOHNSON.

The three oldest quartos read *my*, which Mr. M. Mason prefers, because, says he, Mowbray subjoins—

“To prove him, in defending of myself,

“A traitor to my God, my king, and *me*.” STEEVENS.

And bow my knee before his majesty :
 For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men
 That vow a long and weary pilgrimage ;
 Then let us take a ceremonies leave,
 And loving farewell, of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
 And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
 Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
 So be thy fortune in this royal fight !
 Farewell, my blood ; which if to-day thou shed,
 Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
 For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear :
 As confident, as is the falcon's flight
 Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
 My loving lord, [*To LORD MARSHAL.*] I take my leave
 of you ;—

Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle ;—
 Not sick, although I have to do with death ;
 But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.—
 Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret
 The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet :
 O thou the earthly author of my blood,—[*To GAUNT.*]
 Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
 Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
 To reach at victory above my head,—
 Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers ;
 And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
 That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,³
 And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,
 Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son,

Gaunt.

³ *Waxen* may mean *soft*, and consequently *penetrable*, or *flexible*. The brigandines or coats of mail, then in use, were composed of small pieces of steel quilted over one another, and yet so flexible as to accommodate the dress they form, to every motion of the body. Of these many are still to be seen in the Tower of London. STEEVENS.

The object of Bolingbroke's request is, that the temper of his lance's point might as much exceed the mail of his adversary, as the iron of that mail was harder than wax. HENLEY.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosperous !
Be swift like lightning in the execution ;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse peniculous enemy :
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocency, and saint George to thrive !
[He takes his seat.]

Nor. [Rising.] However heaven, or fortune, cast my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman :
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle ⁴ with mine adversary.—
Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years :
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,⁵
Go I to fight ; Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord : securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[The King and the Lords return to their seats.]

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance ; and God defend the right !

Boling. [Rising.] Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—
amen.

Mar.

⁴ “ War is death's feast,” is a proverbial saying. See Ray's *Collection*.
STEEVENS.

⁵ Not so neither. We should read to *just* ; i. e. to tilt or tourney,
which was a kind of sport too. WARBURTON.

The sense would perhaps have been better if the author had written
what his commentator substitutes ; but the rhyme, to which sense is too
often enslaved, obliged Shakspeare to write *jest*, and obliges us to read
it. JOHNSON.

The commentators forget that to *jest* sometimes signifies in old language
to play a part in a mask. Thus, in *Hieronymo* :

“ He promised us in honour of our guest,

“ To grace our banquet with some pompous *jest*.”

and accordingly a mask is performed. FARMER.

Dr. Farmer has well explained the force of this word. TOLLET.

Mar. Go bear this lance [*To an Officer.*] to Thomas duke of Norfolk.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound trumpets; and set forward, combatants.

[*A charge sounded.*]

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.⁶

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again;—
Withdraw with us:—and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.—

[*A long flourish.*]

Draw near,

[*To the Combatants.*]

And list, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be foil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;

7 And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rivil-hating envy, set you on
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;]

Which

⁶ A *warder* appears to have been a kind of truncheon carried by the person who presided at these single combats. STEEVENS.

⁷ These five verses are omitted in the other editions, and restored from the first of 1598. POPE.

Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
 With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
 And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
 Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,⁸
 And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;—
 Therefore, we banish you our territories;—
 You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,

Till

⁸ *To wake our peace,———*

Which so rous'd up———

Might——fright fair peace,] Thus the sentence stands in the common reading absurdly enough; which made the Oxford editor, instead of *fright fair peace*, read, *be affrighted*; as if these latter words could ever, possibly, have been blundered into the former by transcribers. But his business is to alter as his fancy leads him, not to reform errors, as the text and rules of criticism direct. In a word then, the true original of the blunder was this: the editors, before Mr. Pope, had taken their editions from the folios, in which the text stood thus:

———the dire effect

Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour swords;

Which so rous'd up———

———fright fair peace.

This is sense. But Mr. Pope, who carefully examined the first printed plays in quarto (very much to the advantage of his edition) coming to this place, found five lines, in the first edition of this play printed in 1598, omitted in the first general collection of the poet's works; and, not enough attending to their agreement with the common text, put them into their place. Whereas, in truth, the five lines were omitted by Shakspeare himself, as not agreeing to the rest of the context; which, on revise, he thought fit to alter. On this account I have put them into hooks, not as spurious, but as rejected on the author's revise; and, indeed, with great judgement: for,

To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep,

as pretty as it is in the image, is absurd in the sense: for peace awake is still peace, as well as when asleep. The difference is, that peace asleep gives one the notion of a happy people sunk in sloth and luxury, which is not the idea the speaker would raise, and from which state the sooner it was awaked the better. WARBURTON.

To this note written with such an appearance of taste and judgement, I am afraid every reader will not subscribe. It is true, that *peace awake is still peace, as well as when asleep*; but peace-awakened by the tumults of these jarring nobles, and peace indulging in profound tranquillity, convey images sufficiently opposed to each other for the poet's purpose. *To wake peace is to introduce discord.* *Peace asleep*, is peace exerting its natural influence, from which it would be frightened by the clamours of war.

STEEVENS.

Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done: This must my comfort be,—
That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The fly-flow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;—
The hopeless word of—never to return
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved⁹ at your highness' hand.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engao'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich.

⁹ To *deserve* a *merit* is a phrase of which I know not any example. I wish some copy would exhibit:

A dearer meed, and not so deep a maim.

To *deserve* a *meed* or *reward*, is regular and easy. JOHNSON.

As Shakspeare uses *merit* in this place, in the sense of reward, he frequently uses the word *meed*, which properly signifies reward, to express *merit*. M. MASON.

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate; ²
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. [*Retiring.*]

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves,) ³
To keep the oath that we administer:—
You never shall (so help you truth and heaven!)
Embrace each other other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised ⁴ purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy;—⁵

By

² ——— *compassionate*;] for *plaintive*. WARBURTON.

³ It is a question much debated amongst the writers of the law of nations, whether a banished man may be still tied in his allegiance to the state which sent him into exile. Tully and Lord Chancellor Clarendon declare for the affirmative; Hobbes and Puffendorf hold the negative. Our author, by this line, seems to be of the same opinion.

WARBURTON.

⁴ i. e. concerted, deliberated. STEEVENS.

⁵ I do not clearly see what is the sense of this abrupt line; but suppose the meaning to be this. Hereford immediately after his oath of perpetual enmity addresses Norfolk, and, fearing some misconstruction, turns to the king and says—*so far as to mine enemy*——that is, *I should say nothing to him but what enemies may say to each other.*

Reviewing this passage, I rather think it should be understood thus. *Norfolk, so far* I have addressed myself to thee *as to mine enemy*, I now utter my last words with kindness and tenderness, *Confess thy treasons.*

JOHNSON.

He only wishes him to *fare* like his enemy, and he disdains to say *fare* well, as Aumerle does in the next scene. TOLLET.

Bolingbroke only uses the phrase by way of caution, lest Mowbray should think he was about to address him *as a friend*. Norfolk, says he, so far as a man may speak to his enemy, &c. RITSON.

Perhaps the author intended that Hereford in speaking this line should

By this time, had the king permitted us,
 One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
 Banish'd this frail sepulcher of our flesh,
 As now our flesh is banish'd from this land :
 Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm ;
 Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
 The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke ; if ever I were traitor,
 My name be blotted from the book of life,
 And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence !
 But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know :
 And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
 Farewell, my liege :—Now no way can I stray ;
 Save back to England, all the world's my way.⁶ [Exit.

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
 I see thy grieved heart : thy sad aspect
 Hath from the number of his banish'd years
 Pluck'd four away ;—Six frozen winters spent,
 Return [*To BOLING.*] with welcome home from banish-
 ment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word !
 Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
 End in a word ; Such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
 He shortens four years of my son's exile :
 But little vantage shall I reap thereby ;
 For, ere the fix years, that he hath to spend,

Can

should show some courtesy to Mowbray ;—and the meaning may be, So
 much civility as an enemy has a right to, I am willing to offer to thee.

MALONE.

⁶ Perhaps Milton had this in his mind when he wrote these lines :

“ The world was all before them, where to choose

“ Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.”

JOHNSON.

The Duke of Norfolk after his banishment went to Venice, where,
 says Holinshed, “ for thought and melancholy he deceased.” MALONE.

I should point the passage thus :

——*Now no way can I stray,*

Save back to England :—all the world's my way.

There's no way for me to go wrong, except back to England.

M. MASON.

Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:⁷
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,⁸
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;⁹
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion sour.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father:—
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:
A partial slander² fought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,
I was too strict, to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell:—and, uncle, bid him so;
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt K. RICHARD and Train.*]

Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,
From where you do remain, let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt.

⁷ It is matter of very melancholy consideration, that all human advantages confer more power of doing evil than good. JOHNSON.

⁸ Upon great consideration. MALONE.

⁹ i. e. you had yourself a part or share in the verdict that I pronounced. MALONE.

² That is, the reproach of partiality. This is a just picture of the struggle between principle and affection. JOHNSON.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is fix winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The fullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make³
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a journeyman to grief?⁴

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits,⁵

Are

³ This, and the six verses which follow, I have ventured to supply from the old quarto. The allusion, it is true, to an *apprenticeship*, and becoming a *journeyman*, is not in the sublime taste; nor, as Horace has expressed it, "*spirat tragicum satis*:" however, as there is no doubt of the passage being genuine, the lines are not so despicable as to deserve being quite lost. THEOBALD.

⁴ I am afraid our author in this place designed a very poor quibble, as *journey* signifies both *travel* and a *day's work*. However, he is not to be censured for what he himself rejected. JOHNSON.

The quarto, in which these lines are found, is said in its title-page to have been corrected by the author; and the play is indeed more accurately printed than most of the other single copies. There is now, however, no certain method of knowing by whom the rejection was made.

STEEVENS.

⁵ The fourteen verses that follow are found in the first edition.

POPE.

I am inclined to believe that what Mr. Theobald and Mr. Pope have restored were expunged in the revision by the author: If these lines are omitted,

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens :
 Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;
 There is no virtue like necessity.
 Think not, the king did banish thee ; ⁶
 But thou the king : Woe doth the heavier sit,
 Where it preceives it is but faintly borne.
 Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
 And not—the king exil'd thee : or suppose,
 Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
 Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
 To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st :
 Suppose the singing birds, musicians ;
 The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd ; ⁷
 The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more
 Than a delightful measure, ⁸ or a dance :
 For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
 The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
 By bare imagination of a feast ?
 Or wallow naked in December snow,
 By thinking on fantastick summer's heat ?
 O, no ! the apprehension of the good,
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
 Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way :
 Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell ; sweet soil,
 adieu ;

My

omitted, the sense is more coherent. Nothing is more frequent among dramatic writers, than to shorten their dialogues for the stage. JOHNSON.

⁶ ———did banish thee ;] Read :

Therefore, *think not, the king did banish thee.* RITSON.

⁷ Shakspeare has other allusions to the ancient practice of strewing rushes over the floor of the *presence chamber*. HENLEY.

See Hentzner's account of the presence chamber, in the palace at Greenwich, 1598. *Itinerar.* p. 135. MALONE.

⁸ A *measure* was a formal court dance. STEEVENS.

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,——
Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.⁹

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the King's Castle.

Enter King RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN; AUMERLE following.

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum. 'Faith, none by me: except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleeping rheum; and so, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted with
him?

Aum. Farewell:

And for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich.

⁹ Here the first act ought to end, that between the first and second acts there may be time for John of Gaunt to accompany his son, return, and fall sick. Then the first scene of the second act begins with a natural conversation, interrupted by a message from John of Gaunt, by which the king is called to visit him, which visit is paid in the following scene. As the play is now divided, more time passes between the two last scenes of the first act, than between the first act and the second.

JOHNSON.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
 When time shall call him home from banishment,
 Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
 Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
 Observ'd his courtship to the common people:—
 How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
 With humble and familiar courtesy;
 What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
 Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,
 And patient underbearing of his fortune,
 As 'twere, to banish their effects with him.
 Off goes his bonnet to an oysterwench;
 A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,
 And had the tribute of his supple knee,²
 With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends*;—
 As were our England in reversion his,
 And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
 Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland;—
 Expedient³ manage must be made, my liege;
 Ere further leisure yield them further means,
 For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war.
 And, for our coffers⁵—with too great a court,
 And liberal largesse,—are grown somewhat light,
 We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us
 For our affairs in hand: If that come short,
 Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
 Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
 And send them after to supply our wants;
 For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter

² To illustrate this phrase, it should be remembered that *courtesying*, (the act of reverence now confined to women) was anciently practised by men. STEEVENS.

³ i. e. *expeditious*. STEEVENS:

⁴ i. e. *because*. So, in *Othello*:

“——Haply, *for I am black*;——.” STEEVENS.

Enter Bushy.

K. Rich. Bushy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord;
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post haste,
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely-house.

K. Rich. Now put it, heaven, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in Ely-house.*

*GAUNT on a Couch; the Duke of YORK,^s and Others
standing by him.*

Gaunt. Will the king come? that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstay'd youth.

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but, they say, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He, that no more must say, is listen'd more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd, then their lives before:

The

^s Edmund, son of Edward III. WALPOLE.

The setting sun, and musick at the close,⁶
 As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
 Writ in remembrance, more than things long past:
 'Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
 My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
 As, praises of his state: then, there are found
 Lascivious metres;⁷ to whose venom sound
 The open ear of youth doth always listen:
 Report of fashions in proud Italy;⁸
 Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
 Limp after, in base imitation.
 Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
 (So it be new, there's no respect how vile,)
 That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
 Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
 Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.⁹
 Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;²
 'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd;
 And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:—
 His rash³ fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves:
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
 He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
 With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

This

⁶ This I suppose to be a musical term. STEEVENS.

⁷ The old copies have—*meeters*; but I believe we should read *metres*, for *verses*. *Venom sound* agrees well with *lascivious ditties*, but not so commodiously with *one who meets another*; in which sense the word appears to have been generally received. STEEVENS.

⁸ Our author, who gives to all nations the customs of England, and to all ages the manners of his own, has charged the times of Richard with a folly not perhaps known then, but very frequent in Shakspeare's time, and much lamented by the wisest and best of our ancestors. JOHNSON.

⁹ Where the will rebels against the notice of the understanding.

JOHNSON.

² Do not attempt to *guide him, who, whatever thou shalt say, will take his own course*. JOHNSON.

³ That is, *hasty, violent*. JOHNSON.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
 This earth of majesty, the seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-paradise;
 This fortress, built by nature for herself,
 Against infection,⁴ and the hand of war;
 This happy breed of men, this little world;
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands;⁵
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Fear'd⁶ by their breed, and famous by their birth,⁷
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
 (For Christian service, and true chivalry,)
 As the sepulcher in stubborn Jewry,
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son:
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it,)
 Like to a tenement, or pelting farm:⁸

England,

⁴ I once suspected that for *infection* we might read *invasion*; but the copies all agree, and I suppose Shakspeare meant to say, that islanders are secured by their situation both from *war* and *pestilence*. JOHNSON.

In Allot's *England's Parnassus*, 1600, this passage is quoted—"Against *intestion*," &c. perhaps the word might be *infestation*, if such a word was in use. FARMER.

⁵ So read all the editions, except Sir T. Hanmer's, which has *less happy*. I believe, Shakspeare, from the habit of saying *more happier*, according to the custom of his time, inadvertently writ *less happier*.

JOHNSON.

⁶ i. e. by means of their breed. MALONE.

⁷ Perhaps the passage, which appears a little disordered, may be regulated thus:

—————royal kings,
 Fear'd for their breed, and famous for their birth,
 For Christian service, and true chivalry;
 Renowned for their deed, as far from home
 As is the sepulcher————. JOHNSON.

⁸ "In this 22d yeare of King Richard (says Fabian) the common fame ranne, that the kinge had letten to farm the realme unto Sir William Scrope,

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots,⁹ and rotten parchment bonds,²
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:
 O, would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death!

*Enter King RICHARD, and QUEEN; ³AUMERLE, ⁴BUSHY,
 GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, ⁵and WILLOUGHBY. ⁶*

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
 For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.⁷

Queen.

Scrope, earl of Wiltshire, and then treasurer of England, to Syr John Bushey, Sir John Bagot, and Sir Henry Grene, knightes." MALONE.

⁹ I suspect that our author wrote—*inky bolts*. How can *blots* bind in any thing? and do not *bolts* correspond better with *bonds*? *Inky bolts* are *written restrictions*. So, in *The Honest Man's Fortune*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Act IV. sc. i:

"—manacling itself

"In gyves of parchment" STEEVENS.

² Alluding to the great sums raised by loans and other exactions, in this reign, upon the English subjects. GREY.

Gaunt does not allude, as Grey supposes, to any loans or exactions extorted by Richard, but to the circumstances of his having actually *farmed* out his royal realm, as he himself styles it. In the last scene of the first act he says:

"And, for our coffers are grown somewhat light,

"We are enforc'd to *farm* our royal realm."

And it afterwards appears that the person who farmed the realm was the Earl of Wiltshire, one of his own favourites. M. MASON.

³ Shakspeare, as Mr. Walpole suggests to me, has deviated from historical truth in the introduction of Richard's queen as a woman in the present piece; for Anne, his first wife, was dead before the play commences, and Isabella, his second wife, was a child at the time of his death. MALONE.

⁴ Was Edward, eldest son of Edmund Duke of York, whom he succeeded in the title. He was killed at Agincourt. WALPOLE.

⁵ Was William Lord Ross, (and so should be printed,) of Hamlake, afterwards Lord Treasurer to Henry IV. WALPOLE.

It rather should be printed *Ros*, for so it was then spelt. NICHOLS.

⁶ William Lord Willoughby of Eresby, who afterwards married Joan, widow of Edmund Duke of York. WALPOLE.

⁷ Read,—*being rein'd do rage the more.*" RITSON.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition!

Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old;

Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;

And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?

For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;

Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:

The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,

Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks;

And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:

Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,

Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:

Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,

I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. Oh! no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I see thee ill;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure

Of those physicians that first wounded thee:

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

O, had thy grandfire, with a prophet's eye,

Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame;

Deposing thee before thou wert possessed,

Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,

It were a shame, to let this land by lease:
 But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,
 Is it not more than shame, to shame it so?
 Landlord of England art thou now, not king:
 'Thy state of law is bondslave to the law ;⁸
 And thou——

K. Rich. ——a lunatick lean-witted fool,⁹
 Presuming on an ague's privilege,
 Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
 Make pale our cheek ; chasing the royal blood,

With

⁸ *State of law*, i. e. *legal sovereignty*. But the Oxford editor alters it to *state o'er law*, i. e. *absolute sovereignty*. A doctrine, which, if ever our poet learnt at all, he learnt not in the reign when this play was written, Queen Elizabeth's, but in the reign after it, King James's. By *bondslave to the law*, the poet means his being enslaved to his *favourite subjects*. WARBURTON.

This sentiment, whatever it be, is obscurely expressed. I understand it differently from the learned commentator, being perhaps not quite so zealous for Shakspeare's political reputation. The reasoning of Gaunt, I think, is this: *By setting the royalties to farm thou hast reduced thyself to a state below sovereignty, thou art now no longer king but landlord of England, subject to the same restraint and limitations as other landlords: by making thy condition a state of law, a condition upon which the common rules of law can operate, thou art become a bondslave to the law; thou hast made thyself amenable to laws from which thou wert originally exempt.*

Whether this explanation be true or no, it is plain that Dr. Warburton's explanation of *bondslave to the law*, is not true. JOHNSON.

Warburton's explanation of this passage is too absurd to require confutation; and his political observation is equally ill-founded. The doctrine of absolute sovereignty might as well have been learned in the reign of Elizabeth, as in that of her successor. She was, in fact, as absolute as he wished to be.

Johnson's explanation is in general just; but I think that the words, *of law*, must mean, *by law*, or according to law, as we say, *of course*, and *of right*, instead of *by right*, or *by course*.—Gaunt's reasoning is this—“Having let your kingdom by lease, you are no longer the king of England, but the landlord only; and your state is by law, subject to the law.” M. MASON.

Mr. Heath explains the words *state of law* somewhat differently: “Thy royal estate, which is established by the law, is now in virtue of thy having leased it out, subjected,” &c. MALONE.

⁹ Dr. Farmer observes to me that the same expression occurs in the 106th Psalm:

——and sent leanness withal into their soul.” STEEVENS.

With fury, from his native residence.
 Now by my feat's right royal majesty,
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
 Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
 For that I was his father Edward's son;
 That blood already, like the pelican,
 Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd:
 My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
 (Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)
 May be a precedent and witness good,
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
 Join with the present sickness that I have;
 And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
 To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.²
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!—
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:—
 Love they³ to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants.*]

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and fullness have;
 For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. 'Beseech your majesty, impute his words

To

² Thus stands these lines in all the copies, but I think there is an error. Why should Gaunt, already *old*, call on any thing like *age* to end him? How can age be said to *crop at once*? How is the idea of *crookedness* connected with that of *cropping*? I suppose the poet dictated thus:

And thy unkindness be time's crooked edge

To crop at once—

That is, *let thy unkindness be time's scythe to crop.*

Edge was easily confounded by the ear with *age*, and one mistake once admitted made way for another. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare, I believe, took this idea from the figure of Time, who was represented as carrying a *sickle* as well as a *scythe*. A *sickle* was anciently called a *crook*, and sometimes, as in the following instances, *crooked* may mean armed with a *crook*. MALONE.

Shakspeare had probably two different but kindred ideas in his mind; the bend of age, and the sickle of time, which he confounded together.

M. MASON.

³ That is, *let them love.* JOHNSON.

To wayward fickleness and age in him :
 He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
 As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right ; you say true : as Hereford's love, so his :
 As theirs, so mine ; and all be as it is.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*⁴

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

K. Rich. What says he now ?

North. Nay, nothing ; all is said :
 His tongue is now a stringless instrument ;
 Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so !
 Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he ;
 His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be :⁵

So much for that.——Now for our Irish wars :

We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns ;

Which live like venom, where no venom else,⁶

But only they, hath privilege to live.

And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,

Towards our assistance, we do seize to us

The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,

Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient ? Ah, how long
 Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong ?

Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,

Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke

About his marriage,⁷ nor my own disgrace,

Have

⁴ Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland. WALPOLE.

⁵ That is, our pilgrimage is yet to come. M. MASON.

⁶ This alludes to a tradition that St. Patrick freed the kingdom of Ireland from venomous reptiles of every kind. STEEVENS.

⁷ When the duke of Hereford, after his banishment, went into France, he was honourably entertained at that court, and would have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the duke of Berry, uncle to the French king, had not Richard prevented the match. STEEVENS.

Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
 Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.—
 I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
 Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;
 In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
 In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
 Than was that young and princely gentleman:
 His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
 Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;⁸
 But, when he frown'd, it was against the French,
 And not against his friends: his noble hand
 Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
 Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
 His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
 But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
 O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
 Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York.

O, my liege,

Pardon me, if you please; if not, I pleas'd
 Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
 Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
 The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
 Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
 Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
 Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
 Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
 Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
 His charters, and his customary rights;
 Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
 Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,
 But by fair sequence and succession?
 Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)
 If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
 Call in the letters patents that he hath
 By his attornies-general to sue
 His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,⁹

You

⁸ i. e. when he was of thy age. MALONE.

⁹ That is, *refuse* to admit the *homage*, by which he is to hold his lands. JOHNSON.

You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
 You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
 Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will; we seize into our hands
 His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by, the while: My liege, farewell:
 What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
 But by bad courses may be understood,
 That their events can never fall out good. [Exit]

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight;
 Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,
 To see this business: To-morrow next
 We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;
 And we create, in absence of ourself,
 Our uncle York lord governor of England,
 For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—
 Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
 Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [Flourish]

[Exeunt King, Queen, BUSHY, AUMERLE,
 GREEN, and BAGOT.]

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.

Will. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
 Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak
 more,

That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm!

Will. Tends that thou'dst speak, to the duke of Here-
 ford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;

Quick is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all, that I can do for him,
 Unless you call it good, to pity him,
 Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame, such wrongs are
 borne,
 In him a royal prince, and many more

Of noble blood in this declining land.
 The king is not himself, but basely led
 By flatterers ; and what they will inform,
 Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
 That will the king severely prosecute
 'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
 And lost their hearts : the nobles hath he fin'd
 For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd ;
 As—blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what :
 But what, o'God's name, doth become of this ?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
 But basely yielded upon compromise
 That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows :
 More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
 His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
 But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

North. His noble kinsman :—Most degenerate king !
 But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
 Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm :
 We see the wind sit fore upon our sails,
 And yet we strike not,² but securely perish.³

Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer ;
 And unavoided is the danger⁴ now,
 For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so ; even through the hollow eyes of death,
 I spy life peering ; but I dare not say
 How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland ;
 We three are but thyself ; and, speaking so,

Thy

² To strike the sails, is, to contract them when there is too much wind.
 JOHNSON.

³ We perish by too great confidence in our security. MALONE.

⁴ Unavoided is, I believe, here used for unavoidable. MALONE.

Thy words are but as thoughts ; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus :—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Britany, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,
[The son of Richard Earl of Arundel,]
That late broke from the duke of Exeter,⁵

His

⁵ [*The son of Richard earl of Arundel,*]

That late broke from the duke of Exeter,] I suspect that some of these lines are transposed, as well as that the poet has made a blunder in his enumeration of persons. No copy that I have seen, will authorize me to make an alteration, though according to Holinshed, whom Shakspeare followed in great measure, more than one is necessary.

All the persons enumerated in Holinshed's account of those who embark'd with Bolingbroke, are here mentioned with great exactness, except "Thomas Arundell, sonne and heire to the late earle of Arundell, beheaded at the Tower-hill." See Holinshed. And yet this nobleman, who appears to have been thus omitted by the poet, is the person to whom alone that circumstance relates of having *broke from the duke of Exeter*, and to whom alone, of all mentioned in the list, the archbishop was related, he being *uncle* to the lord, though Shakspeare by mistake calls him his *brother*. See Holinshed, p. 496.

From these circumstances here taken notice of, which are applicable only to this lord in particular, and from the improbability that Shakspeare would omit so principal a personage in his historian's list, I think it can scarce be doubted but that a line is lost in which the name of this Thomas Arundell had originally a place.

Mr. Ritson, with some probability, supposes Shakspeare could not have neglected so fair an opportunity of availing himself of a rough ready-made verse which offers itself in Holinshed :

[*The son and heir to the late earl of Arundel,*] STEEVENS.

For the insertion of the line included within crotchets, I am answerable ; it not being found in the old copies.

The passages in Holinshed relative to this matter run thus : "About the same time the Earl of Arundell's sonne, named Thomas, *which was kept in the Duke of Exeter's house*, escaped out of the realme, by meanes of one William Scot," &c. "Duke Henry,—chiefly through the earnest persuation of Thomas Arundell, late Archbishoppe of Canterburie, (who, as before you have heard, had been removed from his sea, and banished the realme by King Richardes means,) got him downe to Britaine :—and when all his provision was made ready, he tooke the sea, together with the said Archbishop of Canterburie, and his nephew Thomas Arundell, sonne and heyre to the late Earle of Arundell, beheaded on Tower-hill. There were also with him Reginalde Lord Cobham, Sir Thomas Erpingham," &c.

There cannot, therefore, I think, be the smallest doubt, that a line
was.

His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,⁶
 Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,
 Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis
 Quoint,——

All these, well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
 With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
 Are making hither with all due expedience,
 And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
 Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they stay
 'The first departing of the king for Ireland.
 If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
 Imp out⁷ our drooping country's broken wing,
 Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
 Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt,⁸
 And make high majesty look like itself,
 Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurg:
 But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
 Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear,

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen, BUSHY, and BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:

You

was omitted in the copy of 1597, by the negligence of the transcriber or compositor, in which not only Thomas Arundell, but his father, was mentioned; for *his* in a subsequent line (*His brother*) must refer to the old Earl of Arundel. MALONE.

⁶ Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, brother to the Earl of Arundel who was beheaded in this reign, had been banished by the parliament, and was afterwards deprived by the Pope of his see, at the request of the king; where he is here called, *late* of Canterbury. STEEVENS.

⁷ As this expression frequently occurs in our author it may not be amiss to explain the original meaning of it. When the wing-feathers of a hawk were dropped, or forced out by any accident, it was usual to supply as many as were deficient. This operation was called, *to imp a hawk*. Turberville has a whole chapter on *The Way and Manner howe to ympe a Hawke's Feather, how-soever it be broken or broosed*. STEEVENS.

⁸ i. e. gilding, superficial display of gold. STEEVENS.

You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did ; to please myself,
I cannot do it ; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard : Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me ; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles ; at something it grieves,⁹
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so :
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects ;
Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion ; ey'd awry,

Distinguish

⁹ The following line requires that this should be read just the contrary way :

With something trembles, yet at nothing grieves. WARBURTON.

All the old editions read :

— *my inward soul*

With nothing trembles ; at something it grieves.

The reading, which Dr. Warburton corrects, is itself an innovation. His conjectures give indeed a better sense than that of any copy, but copies must not be needlessly forsaken. JOHNSON.

I suppose it is the *unborn sorrow* which she calls *nothing*, because it is not yet brought into existence. STEEVENS.

Warburton does not appear to have understood this passage, nor Johnson either. Through the whole of this scene, till the arrival of Green, the Queen is describing to Bushy, a certain unaccountable despondency of mind, and a foreboding apprehension which she felt of some unforeseen calamity. She says, “that her inward soul trembles without any apparent cause, and grieves at something more than the King's departure, though she knows not what.” He endeavours to persuade her that it is merely the consequence of her sorrow for the King's absence. She says it may be so, but her soul tells her otherwise. He then tells her it is only conceit ; but she is not satisfied with that way of accounting for it, as she says that conceit is still derived from some fore-father grief, but what she feels was begot by nothing ; that is, had no preceding cause. *Conceit* is here used in the same sense that it is in *Hamlet*, when the King says that Ophelia's madness was occasioned by “*conceit upon her father.*”

M. MASON.

Distinguish form :² so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,

Find

² This is a fine similitude, and the thing meant is this. Amongst *mathematical* recreations, there is one in *optics*, in which a figure is drawn, wherein all the rules of *perspective* are *inverted*: so that, if held in the same position with those pictures which are drawn according to the rules of *perspective*, it can present nothing but confusion: and to be seen in form, and under a regular appearance, it must be looked upon from a contrary station; or, as Shakspeare says, *ey'd awry*. WARBURTON.

Dr. Plot's *History of Staffordshire*, p. 391, explains this perspective, or odd kind of "pictures upon an indented board, which, if beheld directly, you only perceive a confused piece of work; but, if obliquely, you see the intended person's picture;" which, he was told, was made thus: "The board being indented, [or furrowed with a plough-plane,] the print or painting was cut into parallel pieces equal to the depth and number of the indentures on the board, and they were pasted on the flats that strike the eye holding it obliquely, so that the edges of the parallel pieces of the print or painting exactly joining on the edges of the indentures, the work was done." TOLLET,

The following short poem would almost persuade one that the words *rightly* and *awry* [perhaps originally written—*aright* and *wryly*] had exchanged places in the text of our author.

Lines prefixed to "*Melancholike Humours, in Verses of Diverse Natures, set down by N. b. Breton, Gent. 1600.*"

In Authorem.

Thou that wouldst finde the habit of true passion,
" And see a minde attir'd in perfect straines;
" Not wearing moodes, as gallant's doe a fashion
" In these pide times, only to shewe their braines;
" Looke here on Breton's worke, the master print,
" Where such perfections to the life doe rise:
" If they seeme *wry*, to such as looke asquint,
" The fault's not in the object, but their eyes.
" For, as one comming with a *laterall* viewe
" Unto a cunning piece-wrought *perspective*,
" Wants facultie to make a censure true:
" So with this author's readers will it thrive:
" Which, being eyed *directly*, I divine,
" His prooffe their praise will meete, as in this line."

Ben Jonson. STEEVENS.

So, in *Hentzner*, 1598, Royal Palace, Whitehall. "Edwardi VI. Angliæ regis effigies, primo intuitu monstrosum quid repræsentans, sed si quis—effigiem rectâ intueatur, tum vera depræhenditur." FARMER.

The:

Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not; more's not seen:
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me, it is otherwise: Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As,—though, in thinking, on no thought I think,³—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit,⁴ my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some fore-father grief; mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve;⁵

'Tis

The *perspectives* here mentioned, were not pictures, but round chrysal glasses, the convex surface of which was cut into faces, like those of the rose-diamond; the concave left uniformly smooth. These chrystals—which were sometimes mounted on tortoise-shell box-lids, and sometimes fixed into ivory cases—if placed as here represented, would exhibit the different appearances described by the poet.

The word *shadows* is here used, in opposition to substance, for reflected images, and not as the dark forms of bodies, occasioned by their interception of the light that falls upon them. HENLEY.

³ Old copy—*on thinking*; but we should read—*As though in thinking*; that is, *though, musing, I have no distinct idea of calamity*. The involuntary and unaccountable depression of the mind, which every one has sometime felt, is here very forcibly described. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Conceit* is here, as in *K. Henry VIII.* and many other places, used for a *fanciful conception*. MALONE.

⁵ With these lines I know not well what can be done. The queen's reasoning as it now stands, is this: my trouble is not conceit, for conceit is still derived from some antecedent cause, some fore-father grief; but with me the case is, that either my real grief hath no real cause, or some real cause has produced a fancied grief. That is, my grief is not conceit, because it either has not a cause like conceit, or it has a cause like conceit. This can hardly stand. Let us try again, and read thus:

For nothing hath begot my something grief;

Not something hath the nothing that I grieve:

That is, my grief is not conceit; conceit is an imaginary uneasiness from some past occurrence. But, on the contrary, here is real grief without a real cause; not a real cause with a fanciful sorrow. This, I think, must be the

'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known;⁶ what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your majesty!—and well met gentlemen:—

I hope, the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope, he is;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;
Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not shipp'd?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,⁷
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!

Green. O, madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse,—
The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry Percy,
The lords of Rofs, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Busby. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,
And

the meaning; harsh at the best, yet better than contradiction or absurdity. JOHNSON.

⁶ I am about to propose an interpretation which many will think harsh, and which I do not offer for certain. To *possess a man*, in Shakspeare, is to *inform him fully, to make him comprehend*. To *be possessed*, is to *be fully informed*. Of this sense the examples are numerous.

I therefore imagine the queen says thus:

'Tis in reversion—that I do possess;—

The event is yet in futurity—that I know with full conviction—but what it is, that is not yet known. In any other interpretation she must say that *she possesses* what is not yet come, which, though it may be allowed to be poetical and figurative language, is yet, I think, less natural than my explanation. JOHNSON.

As the grief the Queen felt, was for some event which had not yet come to pass, or at least yet come to her knowledge, she expresses this by saying that the grief which she then actually possessed, was still in *reversion*, as she had no right to feel the grief until the event should happen which was to occasion it. M. MASON.

⁷ *Might have drawn it back.* A French sense. JOHNSON.

And all the rest of the revolting faction
Traitors?

Green. We have: whereon the earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:⁸
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Busby. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck;
O, full of careful business are his looks!—
Uncle,

For heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives, but crosses, care, and grief.

Your

⁸ The author seems to have used *heir* in an improper sense, an *heir* being one that *inherits by succession*, is here put for one that *succeeds*, though he succeeds but in order of time, not in order of descent. JOHNSON.

Johnson has mistaken the meaning of this passage also. The Queen does not in any way allude to Bolingbroke's succession to the crown, an event, of which she could at that time have had no idea. She had said before, that "some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb, was coming towards her." She talks afterwards of her unknown griefs "being begotten;" she calls Green "the midwife of her woe;" and then means to say, in the same metaphorical jargon, that the arrival of Bolingbroke was the dismal offspring that her foreboding sorrow was big of; which she expresses by calling him her "sorrow's dismal heir," and explains more fully and intelligibly in the following line:

Now bath my soul brought forth her prodigy. M. MASON.

Your husband he is gone to save far off,
 Whilst others come to make him lose at home :
 Here am I left to underprop his land ;
 Who, weak with age, cannot support myself :——
 Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made ;
 Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was ?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!——
 The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,
 And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.——
 Sirrah,
 Get thee to Plasby,⁹ to my sister Gloster ;
 Bid her send me presently a thousand pound :—
 Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship :
 To-day, as I came by, I called there ;—
 But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is it, knave ?

Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.

York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
 Comes rushing on this woeful land at once !
 I know not what to do :—I would to God,
 (So my untruth² had not provok'd him to it,)
 The king had cut off my head with my brother's.³—
 What, are there posts despatch'd for Ireland ?
 How shall we do for money for these wars ?—
 Come, sister,—cousin, I would say :⁴ pray, pardon me.—
 Go, fellow, [*To the Servant.*] get thee home, provide some
 carts,

And

⁹ The lordship of *Plasby*, was a town of the duchess of Gloster's in Essex. See *Hall's Chronicle*, p. 13. THEOBALD.

² That is, *disloyalty, treachery*. JOHNSON.

³ None of York's brothers had his head cut off, either by the King or any one else. The Duke of Gloster, to whose death he probably alludes, was secretly murdered at Calais, being smothered between two beds. RITSON.

⁴ This is one of Shakspeare's touches of nature. York is talking to the queen his cousin, but the recent death of his sister is uppermost in his mind. STEEVENS.

And bring away the armour that is there.—[*Exit* Servant.
 Gentlemen, will you go muster men? if I know
 How, or which way, to order these affairs,
 Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,
 Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;
 The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath
 And duty bids defend; the other again,
 Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd;
 Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
 Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll
 Dispose of you:—Go, muster up your men,
 And meet me presently at Berkley-castle.
 I should to Plashy too;—
 But time will not permit:—All is uneven,
 And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt* YORK and Queen.

Busby. The wind fits fair for news to go to Ireland,
 But none returns. For us to levy power,
 Proportionable to the enemy,
 Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love,
 Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their love
 Lies in their purses; and who so empties them,
 By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Busby. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgement lie in them, then so do we,
 Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle;
 The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Busby. Thither will I with you: for little office
 The hateful commons will perform for us;
 Except, like curs, to tear us all to pieces.—
 Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I'll to Ireland to his majesty.
 Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
 We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Busby. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes

Is—

Is—numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Bushy. Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Wilds in Glostershire.

Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Glostershire.

These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold, will be found
In Rofs and Willoughby, wanting your company;
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess:
And hope to joy,⁵ is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter HARRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—
Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health
of you.

⁵ To joy is, I believe, here used as a verb. MALONE.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy. No, my lord; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?

He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levied there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;
None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords: I wot, your love pursues
A banish'd traitor; all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,

Shall

Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter BERKLEY.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.⁶

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster;⁷
And I am come to seek that name in England:
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning.
To raze one title of your honour out:⁸—
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)
From the most glorious regent of this land,
The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,⁹
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter YORK, attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you;
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle! [*Kneels.*

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false,

Boling. My gracious uncle!—

York. Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word—grace,

⁶ I suspect that our author designed this for a speech rendered abrupt by the impatience of Bolingbroke's reply; and therefore wrote:

My lord of Hereford, my message is—

The words to you only serve to destroy the metre. STEEVENS.

⁷ Your message, you say, is to my lord of Hereford. My answer is, It is not to him; it is to the Duke of Lancaster. MALONE.

⁸ "How the names of them which for capital crimes against majestie were erased out of the publicke records, tables, and registers, or forbidden to be borne by their posteritie, when their memorie was damned, I could show at large." Camden's Remains, p. 136, edit. 1605. MALONE.

⁹ i. e. time of the king's absence. JOHNSON.

In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
 Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
 Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
 But then more why;²——Why have they dar'd to march
 So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;
 Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
 And ostentation of despised arms?³
 Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
 Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
 And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
 Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
 As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
 Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
 From forth the ranks of many thousand French;
 O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
 Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
 And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
 On what condition⁴ stands it, and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—
 In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
 Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
 Before the expiration of thy time,
 In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;
 But as I come, I come for Lancaster.

And,

² This seems to be wrong. We might read:

But more than this; why, &c. TYRWHITT.

The expression of the text, though a singular one, was, I have no doubt the author's. It is of a colour with those immediately preceding:

“*Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.*” MALONE.

³ But sure the ostentation of despised arms would not fright any one. We should read:

——disposed *arms*, i. e. forces in battle array. WARBURTON.

This alteration is harsh. Sir T. Hanmer reads *despiteful*. Mr. Upton gives this passage as a proof that our author uses the passive participle in an active sense. The copies all agree. Perhaps the old duke means to treat him with contempt as well as with severity, and to insinuate that he despises his power, as being able to master it. In this sense all is right. JOHNSON.

⁴ It should be, *in what condition*, i. e. *in what degree of guilt*. The particles in the old editions are of little credit. JOHNSON.

And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
 Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye :⁵
 You are my father, for, methinks, in you
 I see old Gaunt alive ; O, then, my father !
 Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
 A wand'ring vagabond ; my rights and royalties
 Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
 To upstart unthrifths ? Wherefore was I born ?⁶
 If that my cousin king be king of England,
 It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.
 You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman ;
 Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
 He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
 To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.⁷
 I am denied to sue my livery here,⁸
 And yet my letters-patent give me leave :
 My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold ;
 And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd,
 What would you have me do ? I am a subject,
 And challenge law : Attornies are denied me ;
 And therefore personally I lay my claim
 To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

Ross. It stands your grace upon, to do him right.⁹

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this,—
 I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
 And labour'd all I could to do him right :
 But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
 Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
 To find out right with wrong,—it my not be ;

And

⁵ i. e. with an *impartial* eye. "Every juryman (says Sir Edward Coke) ought to be impartial and *indifferent*." MALONE.

⁶ To what purpose serves birth and lineal succession ? I am duke of Lancaster by the same right of birth as the king is king of England.

JOHNSON.

⁷ By *his wrongs* are meant *the persons who wrong him*. M. MASON.

⁸ A law phrase belonging to the feudal tenures. STEEVENS.

⁹ i. e. it is your interest, it is matter of consequence to you.

STEEVENS.

And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is
But for his own: and, for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left:
But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept,
But we must win your grace, to go with us
To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you:—but yet I'll pause;
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress, are now with me past care. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.²

A Camp in Wales.

Enter SALISBURY,³ and a Captain.

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,

And

² Here is a scene so unartfully and irregularly thrust into an improper place, that I cannot but suspect it accidentally transposed; which, when the scenes were written on single pages, might easily happen in the wildness of Shakspeare's drama. This dialogue was, in the author's draught, probably the second scene in the ensuing act, and there I would advise the reader to insert it, though I have not ventured on so bold a change.

My

And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman;
The king reposeth all his confidence
In thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead; we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,⁴
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.—
Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd, Richard their king is dead. [Exit.

Sal. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [Exit.

My conjecture is not so presumptuous as may be thought. The play was not, in Shakspeare's time, broken into acts; the editions published before his death, exhibit only a sequence of scenes from the beginning to the end, without any hint of a pause of action. In a drama so desultory and erratic, left in such a state, transpositions might easily be made.

JOHNSON.

³ John Montacute, Earl of Salisbury. WALPOLE.

⁴ This enumeration of prodigies is in the highest degree poetical and striking. JOHNSON.

Some of these prodigies are found in Holinshed: "In this yeare in a manner throughout all the realme of England, old baie trees withered," &c. This was esteemed a bad omen. STEEVENS.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol.

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND,
PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS: *Officers behind with*
BUSHY and GREEN, *prisoners.*

Boling. Bring forth these men.—

Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies,)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity: yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your death.
You have mislaid a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean.⁵
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,⁶
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs,
Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth;
Near to the king in blood; and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment:
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks,⁷ and fell'd my forest woods;
From my own windows torn my household coat,⁸

Raz'd

⁵ i. e. quite, completely. REED.

⁶ There is, I believe, no authority for this. Isabel, the queen of the present play, was but nine years old. Richard's first queen, Anne, died in 1392, and the king was extremely fond of her. MALONE.

⁷ To *dispark* is to throw down the hedges of an enclosure.

STEEVENS.

⁸ It was the practice when coloured glass was in use, of which there are still some remains in old seats and churches, to anneal the arms of the family in the windows of the house. JOHNSON.

Raz'd out my imprefs, leaving me no fign,⁹
 Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
 To fhow the world I am a gentleman.
 This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
 Condemns you to the death:—See them deliver'd over
 To execution and the hand of death.

Busby. More welcome is the ftroke of death to me,
 Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is,—that heaven will take our fouls,
 And plague injuftice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, fee them defpatch'd.

[*Exeunt NORTHUMBERLAND and Others, with prifoners.*
 Uncle, you fay, the queen is at your houfe;
 For heaven's fake, fairly let her be entreated:
 Tell her, I fend to her my kind commends;
 Take fpecial care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have defpatch'd
 With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away;
 To fight with Glendower and his complices;
 Awhile to work, and, after, holiday.²

[*Exeunt.*
 SCENE

⁹ The *imprefs* was a device or motto. STEEVENS.

² Though the intermediate line has taken poffeffion of all the old copies, I have great fufpicion of its being an interpolation; and have therefore ventured to throw it out. The firft and third lines rhyme to each other; nor do I imagine this was cafual, but intended by the poet. Were we to acknowledge the line genuine, it muft argue the poet of forgetfulnefs and inattention to hiftory. Bolingbroke is, as it were, but juft arrived; he is now at Brijtol, weak in his numbers; has had no meeting with a parliament; nor is fo far affured of the fucceffion, as to think of going to fuppreff infurrections before he is planted in the throne. Befides, we find the oppofition of Glendower begins *The Firft Part of K. Henry IV.* and Mortimer's defeat by that hardy Welchman is the tidings of the firft fcene of that play. Again, though Glendower, in the very firft year of K. Henry IV. began to be troublefome, put in for the fupremacy of Wales, and imprifoned Mortimer; yet it was not till the fucceeding year that the King employed any force againft him. THEOBALD.

This emendation, which I think is juft, has been followed by Sir T. Hanmer, but is neglected by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

It is evident from the preceding fcene, that there was a force in Wales, which Bolingbroke might think it neceffary to fuppreff; and
 why,

SCENE II.⁵

The coast of Wales. A castle in view.

Flourish: drums and trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, Bishop of Carlisle, AUMERLE, and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my lord: How brooks your grace the air,
After late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again, —
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;⁶
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous sense:
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,

And

why might not Shakspeare call it Glendower's? When we next see Bolingbroke, he is in Wales, and mentions his having received intelligence that the Welchmen are dispersed. REED.

Mr. Heath observes, that Bolingbroke marched to Chester, probably with a view to attack the Welsh army headed by Lord Salisbury. He thinks therefore the line is genuine. See sc. iii. Stowe expressly says that "Owen Glendower served King Richard at Flint-Castle."

MALONE.

⁵ Here may be properly inserted the last scene of the second act.

JOHNSON.

⁶ It has been proposed to read—in *weeping*; and this change the repetition in the next line seems plainly to point out. STEEVENS.

Perhaps *smiles* is here used as a substantive. As a mother plays fondly with her child from whom she has been a long time parted, crying, and at the same time smiling, at meeting him.

It has been proposed to read—*smiles in weeping*; and I once thought the emendation very plausible. But I am now persuaded the text is right. If we read *weeping*, the *long parted* mother and her child do not meet, and there is no particular cause assigned for either her smiles or her tears. MALONE.

From the actual smiles and tears of the long parted mother, &c. we may, I think, sufficiently infer that she had met with her child.

STEEVENS.

And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way ;
 Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
 Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
 Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies :
 And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
 Guard it, I pray thee,⁷ with a lurking adder ;
 Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
 Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—
 Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords ;
 This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
 Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
 Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my lord :⁸ that Power that made you
 king,

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
 The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
 And not neglected ; else, if heaven would,
 And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse ;
 The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss ;
 Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
 Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

K. Rich Discomfortable cousin ! know'st thou not,
 That, when the searching eye of heaven is hid
 Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,⁹

Then

⁷ *Guard it*, signifies here, as in many other places, *border it*.

MALONE.

⁸ Of this speech, the four last lines were restored from the first edition by Mr. Pope. They were, I suppose, omitted by the players only to shorten the scene, for they are worthy of the author and suitable to the personage. JOHNSON.

⁹ The old copies read—*that lights*. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnson. Sense might be obtained by a slight transposition, without changing the words of the original text :

That when the searching eye of heaven, that lights

The lower world, is hid behind the globe ;—

By *the lower world*, as the passage is amended by Dr. Johnson, we must understand, *a world lower than this of ours* ; I suppose, our *Antipodes*.

That this is the sense of the passage, is obvious from the King's application of the simile :

“ So, when this thief, this traitor Bolingbroke,—

“ Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,

“ Whilst

Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
 In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
 But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
 He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,²
 And darts his light through every guilty hole,
 Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
 The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
 Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
 So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
 Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
 Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—
 Shall see us rising in our throne the east,
 His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
 Not able to endure the sight of day,
 But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
 Not all the water in the rough-rude sea
 Can wash the balm from an anointed king:
 The breath of worldly men cannot depose
 The deputy elected by the Lord:³
 For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,
 To lift shrew'd steel against our golden crown,
 God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
 A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
 Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards the right.

Enter

“ Whilst we were wand'ring with the *antipodes*,—

“ Shall see us rising in our throne the east,” &c. HENLEY.

The lower world may signify *our world*. MALONE.

² It is not easy to point out an image more striking and beautiful than this, in any poet, whether ancient or modern. STEEVENS.

³ Here is the doctrine of indefeasible right expressed in the strongest terms; but our poet did not learn it in the reign of K. James, to which it is now the practice of all writers, whose opinions are regulated by fashion or interest, to impute the original of every tenet which they have been taught to think false or foolish. JOHNSON.

Far be it from me to palliate the conduct of the wretched James; but the truth is that the inherent rights of the people had been ill understood, or rather were not acknowledged, by his predecessors. The doctrine of the divine right of kings, and of the passive obedience of subjects, have never been carried further in any country than in this island, while the House of Tudor sat on the throne. Of this fact, the Homilies, composed during the reign of young Edward, and appointed in the Thirty-nine Articles to be read in churches, furnish striking and abundant proof. HOLT WHITE.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord; How far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege: Why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: Am I not king?
Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleep'st.
Is not the king's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king; Are we not high?
High be our thoughts; I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
Comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. Mine ear is open,⁴ and my heart prepar'd;

The

⁴ It seems to be the design of the poet to raise Richard to esteem in his fall, and consequently to interest the reader in his favour. He gives him only passive fortitude, the virtue of a confessor, rather than of a king. In his prosperity we saw him imperious and oppressive; but in his distress he is wise, patient, and pious. JOHNSON.

The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.
 Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
 And what loss is it, to be rid of care?
 Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
 Greater he shall not be: if he serve God,
 We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:
 Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
 They break their faith to God, as well as us:
 Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
 The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd
 To bear the tidings of calamity.
 Like an unseasonable stormy day,
 Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
 As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
 So high above his limits swells the rage
 Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
 With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
 White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
 Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,
 Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
 In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:
 Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows⁵
 Of double-fatal yew⁶ against thy state;

Yea,

⁵ Such is the reading of all the copies; yet I doubt whether *beadsmen* be right, for the *bow* seems to be mentioned here as the proper weapon of a *beadsmen*. The king's *beadsmen* were his chaplains. Treviſa calls himself the *beadsmen* of his patron. *Beadsmen* might likewise be any man maintained by charity to pray for his benefactor. Hanmer reads—the very beadsmen, but *thy* is better. JOHNSON.

The reading of the text is right enough: “As boys strive to speak big, and clasp their effeminate joints in stiff unwieldy arms,” &c. “so his very *beadsmen* learn to bend their bows against him.” *Their* does not absolutely denote that the *bow* was their usual or proper weapon; but only taken up and appropriated by them on this occasion. PERCY.

⁶ Called so, because the leaves of the yew are poison, and the wood is employed for instruments of death. WARBURTON.

From some of the ancient statutes it appears that every Englishman, while archery was practised, was obliged to keep in his house either a bow of *yew* or some other wood. It should seem therefore that *yews* were not only planted in church-yards to defend the churches from the wind, but on account of their use in making *bows*; while by the benefit

Yea, distaff women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant, they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich.

of being secured in enclosed places, their poisonous quality was kept from doing mischief to cattle. STEEVENS.

Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?

What is become of Bushy? where is Green?] Here are four of them named; and, within a very few lines, the king hearing they had made their peace with Bolingbroke, calls them three Judasses. But how was their peace made? Why, with the loss of their heads. This being explained, Aumerle says:

“Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire dead?”

So that Bagot ought to be left out of the question: and, indeed he had made the best of his way for Chester, and from thence had escaped into Ireland.

The poet could not be guilty of so much forgetfulness and absurdity. The transcribers must have blundered. It seems probable to me that he wrote, as I have conjecturally altered the text:

Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is he got?

i. e. into what corner of my dominions is he *slunk* and *absconded*.

THEOBALD.

This emendation Dr. Warburton adopts. Hanmer leaves a blank after Wiltshire. I believe the author, rather than transcriber, made a mistake. *Where is he got*, does not sound in my ear like an expression of Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

I agree with Johnson in thinking that this was a mistake of the author's, because we find a mistake of the same nature in the second act, where Bolingbroke says, that Bristol castle was held by Bushy and Bagot; yet it is certain that Bagot was not taken at Bristol, for we find him afterwards accusing Aumerle of treason; and in the parting scene between him, Green, and Bushy, he declares his intention of flying to the King in Ireland. M. MASON.

Perhaps Shakspeare intended to mark more strongly the perturbation of the king by making him inquire at first for Bagot, whose loyalty, on further collection, might show him the impropriety of his question.

MALONE.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Judasses, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the fourest and most deadly hate:—
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse,
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my farther with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that small model of the barren earth,⁸
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.⁹
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;

ALL

⁸ He uses *model* for *mould*. That earth, which closing upon the body, takes its form. This interpretation the next line seems to authorize.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps, all that *model*, in the present instance, means, is the sepulchral hillock of earth which ascertains the length and breadth of the body beneath it. In this sense it may be termed its *model*. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare generally uses *model*, not for an *exemplar*, but for a thing made after a pattern. MALONE.

⁹ A metaphor, not of the most sublime kind, taken from a *pie*.

All murder'd :—For within the hollow crown,
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
 Keeps death his court : and there the antick sits,²
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp ;
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene
 To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
 Were brass impregnable ; and, humour'd thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king !
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence ; throw away respect,
 Tradition,³ form, and ceremonious duty,
 For you have but mistook me all this while :
 I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
 Need friends :—Subjected thus,
 How can you say to me—I am a king ?

Car. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
 But presently prevent the ways to wail.
 To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
 Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
 And so your follies fight against yourself.
 Fear, and be slain ; no worse can come, to fight :
 And fight and die, is death destroying death ; +
 Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him ;
 And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well :—Proud Bolingbroke,
 I come
 To change blows with thee for our day of doom.

This

² Here is an allusion to the *antick* or *fool* of old farces, whose chief part is to deride and disturb the graver and more splendid personages.

JOHNSON.

If there be any such allusion intended, it is to the *old Vice*, who, indeed, appears to have been such a character as Dr. Johnson describes. The *Fool* was rather introduced to be laughed at. RITSON.

³ This word seems here used for *traditional practices* : that is, *established* or *customary homage*. JOHNSON.

⁴ That is, to *die fighting*, is to return the evil that we suffer, to destroy the destroyers. I once read *death* defying *death* ; but *destroying* is as well.

JOHNSON.

This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
 An easy task it is, to win our own.—
 Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
 Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
 The state and inclination of the day:
 So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
 My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
 I play the torturer, by small and small,
 To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—
 Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke;
 And all your northern castles yielded up,
 And all your southern gentlemen in arms
 Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—
 Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth

[*To AUMERLE.*

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
 What say you now? What comfort have we now?
 By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,
 That bids me be of comfort⁵ any more.
 Go, to Flint castle; there I'll pine away;
 A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
 That power I have discharge; and let them go
 To ear the land⁶ that hath some hope to grow,
 For I have none:—Let no man speak again
 To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
 That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
 Discharge my followers, let them hence;—Away,
 From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day. [*Exeunt.*

⁵ This sentiment is drawn from nature. Nothing is more offensive to a mind convinced that its distress is without a remedy, and preparing to submit quietly to irresistible calamity, than these petty and conjectured comforts which unskilful officiousness thinks it virtue to administer.

JOHNSON.

⁶ i. e. to plough it. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Wales. *Before Flint Castle.*⁷*Enter with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE and Forces;
YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Others.**Boling.* So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd ; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends, upon this coast.*North.* The news is very fair and good, my lord ;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.*York.* It would beseem the lord Northumberland,
To say—king Richard:—Alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head!*North.* Your grace mistakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.*York.* The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head,⁸ your whole head's length.*Boling.* Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.*York.* Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Left you mis-take: The heavens are o'er your head.*Boling.* I know it, uncle; and oppose not
Myself against their will.—But who comes here?*Enter PERCY.*

Well, Harry ; what, will not this castle yield ?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.*Boling.*

⁷ In our former edition I had called this scene *the same* with the preceding. That was at Barkloughly castle, on the coast where Richard landed ; but Bolingbroke never marched further in Wales than to Flint. The interview between him and Richard was at the castle of Flint, where this scene should be said to lie, or rather in the camp of Bolingbroke before that castle.—“Go to Flint castle.” See above. STEEVENS.

⁸ To take the *head* is, to act without restraint ; to take undue liberties. We now say, *we give the horse his head*, when we relax the reins. JOHNSON.

Boling. Royally!

Why, it contains no king?

Percy.

Yes, my good lord,

It doth contain a king; king Richard lies

Within the limits of yon lime and stone:

And with him are lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,

Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman

Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

North. Belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lord,

[*To North.*

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;

Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle

Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.

Harry Bolingbroke

On both his knees, doth kiss king Richard's hand;

And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,

To his most royal person: hither come

~~Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;~~

Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,

And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:

If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,

And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,

Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:

The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke

It is, such crimson tempest should be drench

The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,

My stooping duty tenderly shall show.

Go, signify as much; while here we march

Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—

[*NORTHUMBERLAND advances to the Castle, with
a Trumpet.*

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,

That from the castle's totter'd battlements

Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.

Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet

With no less terror than the elements

Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock

At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.

Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:

The rage be his, while on the earth I rain

My

My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

*A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet within.
Flourish. Enter on the walls King RICHARD, the
Bishop of Carlisle,⁹ AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALIS-
BURY.*

York. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,²
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east;
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty: Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
[To NORTHUMBERLAND.

Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our scepter,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;—
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike

Your

⁹ Thomas Merkes. WALPOLE.

² The following six lines are absurdly given to Bolingbroke, who is made to condemn his own conduct and disculp the king's. It is plain these six and the four following all belong to York. WARBURTON.

It should be observed that the four last of these lines are in all the copies given to York. STEEVENS.

Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
 That lift your vassal hands against my head,
 And threat the glory of my precious crown.
 Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is,)
 That every stride he makes upon my land,
 Is dangerous treason: He is come to ope
 The purple testament of bleeding war;³
 But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
 Shall ill become the flower of England's face;⁴
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
 To scarlet indignation, and bedew
 Her pastures' grafs with faithful English blood.

North. The king of heaven forbid, our lord the king
 Should so with civil and uncivil arms
 Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
 Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kifs thy hand,
 And by the honourable tomb he swears,
 That stands upon thy royal grandfire's bones;
 And by the royalties of both your bloods,

Currents

³ I once thought that Shakspeare might have had the sacred book (which is frequently covered with purple leather) in his thoughts; but the following note renders such a supposition extremely doubtful.

MALONE.

I believe our author uses the word *testament* in its legal sense. Bolingbroke is come to open the testament of war, that he may peruse what is decreed there in his favour. *Purple* is an epithet referring to the future effusion of blood. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens is certainly right in his interpretation of this passage.

MALONE.

⁴ By *the flower of England's face* is meant the choicest youths of England, who shall be slaughtered in this quarrel, or have *bloody crowns*. *The flower of England's face*, to design her choicest youth, is a fine and noble expression. Pericles, by a similar thought, said "that the destruction of the Athenian youth was a fatality like cutting off the spring from the year." WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton reads—*light in peace*, but *live in peace* is more suitable to Richard's intention, which is to tell him, that though he should get the crown by rebellion, it will be long before it will live in peace, be so settled as to be firm. *The flower of England's face*, is very happily explained. JOHNSON.

The flower of England's face, I believe, means *England's flowery face*, the *flowery surface of England's soil*. STEEVENS.

Currents that spring from one most gracious head ;
 And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt ;⁵
 And by the worth and honour of himself,
 Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—
 His coming hither hath no further scope,
 Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
 Enfranchisement immediate on his knees :
 Which on thy royal party granted once,
 His glittering arms he will commend⁶ to rust,
 His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
 To faithful service of your majesty.
 This swears he, as he is a prince, is just ;
 And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king re-
 turns ;—

His noble cousin is right welcome hither ;
 And all the number of his fair demands
 Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction :
 With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
 Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
 We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not. [*To AUMERLE.*
 To look so poorly, and to speak so fair ?
 Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
 Defiance to the traitor, and so die ?

Aum. No, my good lord ; let's fight with gentle words,
 Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. O God ! o God ! that e'er this tongue of mine,
 That laid the sentence of dread banishment
 On yon proud man, should take it off again
 With words of sooth !⁷ O, that I were as great
 As is my grief, or lesser than my name !
 Or that I could forget what I have been !
 Or not remember what I must be now !

Swell't

⁵ Dr. Warburton would read—

And by the warlike band of buried Gaunt :
 and this, no doubt, was Shakspeare's meaning, though he has affectedly
 misplaced the epithet. RITSON.

⁶ i. e. commit. See Minshew's dict. in v. MALONE.

⁷ *Sooth* is *sweet* as well as *true*. In this place *sooth* means *sweetness* or
 softness, a signification yet retained in the verb *to sooth*. JOHNSON.

Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented: Must he lose
The name of king? o'God's name, let it go;
I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel,⁸ for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;
My scepter, for a palmer's walking-staff;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave:—
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade,⁹ where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:²
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;
And, buried once, why not upon my head?—
Aumerle, thou weep'st; My tender-hearted cousin!—
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus;—To drop them still upon one place,

Till

⁸ Dr. Grey observes, "that King Richard's expence in regard to dress, was very extraordinary." Holinshed has the same remark; and adds, that he had "one cote which he caused to be made for him of gold and stone, valued at 30,000 marks. STEEVENS.

Stowe, in his *Survey*, says, "to the value of three thousand markes." So also, in *Vita Richardi Secundi*, published by T. Hearne, p. 156.

MALONE.

⁹ The phrase is still used by common people. When they speak of a road much frequented, they say, "it is a road of much traffic."

STEEVENS.

² Shakspeare is very apt to deviate from the pathetic to the ridiculous. Had the speech of Richard ended at this line, it had exhibited the natural language of submissive misery, conforming its intention to the present fortune, and calmly ending its purposes in death. JOHNSON.

Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
 Within the earth; and, therein laid,—*Their lies*
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?
 Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
 I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
 Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
 What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
 You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay.⁹

North. My lord, in the base court² he doth attend
 To speak with you; may't please you to come down.

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistering Phaeton,
 Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

NORTH. retires to BOLING.

In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
 To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
 In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down king!
 For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing,
[*Exeunt, from above.*]

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
 Makes him speak fondly, like a frantick man:
 Yet he is come.

Enter King RICHARD, and his Attendants, below,

Boling. Stand all apart,
 And show fair duty to his majesty.—
 My gracious lord,—

[*Kneeling.*]

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
 To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
 Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,

Than

⁹ Here is another instance of injury done to the poet's metre by changing his orthography. *I*, which was Shakspeare's word, rhymed very well with *die*; but *ay* has quite a different sound. TYRWHITT.

In some counties *ay* is at this day pronounced with a sound very little differing from that of *I*. MALONE.

² *Bas cour*, Fr. So, in Hinde's *Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606: "—they were, for a public observation, brought into the *base court* of the palace."

STEEVENS.

Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, [*Touching his own head.*] although your
knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve:—They well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must, what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London:—Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say, no.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Langley. *The Duke of York's Garden.*

Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think,
The world is full of rubs, and that my fortune
Runs 'gainst the bias.

1 *Lady.* Madam, we will dance.

Queen.

3 “The duke with a high sharpe voyce bade bring forth the kings
horses, and then two little naggcs, not worth forty franks, were brought
forth; the king was set on the one, and the earle of Salisburie on the
other; and thus the duke brought the king from Flint to Chester, where
he was delivered to the duke of Glocesters sonne and to the earle of
Arundels sonne, (that loved him but little, for he had put their fathers to
death,) who led him straight to the castle.” Stowe, (p. 521, edit, 1605,)
from a manuscript account written by a person who was present.

MALONE.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief :
Therefore, no dancing, girl ; some other sport.

1 Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy ?

1 Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl :

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow ;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy :
For what I have, I need not to repeat ;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

1 Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause ;
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.

1 Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardeners :
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state ; for every one doth so
Against a change : † Woe is forerun with woe.

[*Queen and Ladies retire.*]

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their fire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight ;
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut of the heads of too fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth :

All

† The poet, according to the common doctrine of prognostication, supposes dejection to forerun calamity, and a kingdom to be filled with rumours of sorrow when any great disaster is impending. The sense is, that publick evils are always presignified by publick peniveness, and plaintive conversation. JOHNSON.

All must be even in our government.—

You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

I Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate?⁵
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd,⁶ and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard.

Hold thy peace:—

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

I Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard.

They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—Oh! What pity is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste

Their

⁵ How could he say *ours* when he immediately subjoins, that it was infirm? we should read:

—a *firm state*. WARBURTON.

The servant says *our*, meaning the state of the garden in which they are at work. The state of the metaphorical garden was indeed *unfirm*, and therefore his reasoning is very naturally induced. Why (says he) should we be careful to preserve order in the narrow cincture of this *our state*, when the *great state of the kingdom* is in disorder? I have replaced the old reading which Dr. Warburton would have discontinued in favour of his own conjecture. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Knots* are figures planted in box, the lines of which frequently intersect each other. STEEVENS.

Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live :
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

I Serv. What, think you then, the king shall be depos'd ?

Gard. Depress'd he is already ; and depos'd,
'Tis doubt, he will be : Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death,
Through want of speaking ! ⁷—Thou, old Adam's likeness,
[*Coming from her concealment.*

Set to dress this garden,⁸ how dares
Thy harsh-rude tongue sound this unpleasing news ?
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of curst man ?
Why dost thou say, king Richard is depos'd ?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall ? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings ? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam : little joy have I,
To breathe this news ; yet what I say, is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke ; their fortunes both are weigh'd :
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light ;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.
Post you to London, and you'll find it so ;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,

Doth

⁷ The poet alludes to the ancient legal punishment called *peine forte et dure*, which was inflicted on those persons, who, being arraigned, refused to plead, remaining obstinately silent. They were *pressed to death* by a heavy weight laid upon their stomach. MALONE.

⁸ This was the technical language of Shakspeare's time. So, in Holy Writ : "——and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it, and to keep it." Gen. ii. 15. MALONE.

What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
 Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
 The bloody office of his timeless end.⁵

Bagot. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know, your daring tongue
 Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.

In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,

I heard you say,—*Is not my arm of length,*

That reacheth from the restful English court

As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?

Amongst much other talk, that very time,

I heard you say, that you had rather refuse

The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,

Than Bolingbroke's return to England;

Adding withal, how blest this land would be,

In this your cousin's death.

Aum.

Princes, and noble lords,

What answer shall I make to this base man?

Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,⁶

On equal terms to give him chastisement?

Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd

With the attainder of his slanderous lips.——

There is my gage, the manual seal of death,

That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,

And will maintain, what thou hast said, is false,

In
 duke of Exeter, and was created duke of Surrey in the 21st year of
 King Richard the Second, 1397. The dukes of Surrey and Exeter
 were half brothers to the king, being sons of his mother Joan, (daughter
 of Edmond earle of Kent) who after the death of her second husband,
 Lord Thomas Holland, married Edward the Black Prince. MALONE.

⁴ The christian name of this nobleman was Walter. WALPOLE.

⁵ *Timeless* for *untimely*. WARBURTON.

⁶ I rather think it should be *stem*, being of the royal blood.

WARBURTON.

I think the present reading unexceptionable. The *birth* is supposed
 to be influenced by the *stars*, therefore our author, with his usual license
 takes *stars* for *birth*. JOHNSON.

We learn from Pliny's *Natural History*, that the vulgar error assigned
 the bright and fair stars to the rich and great: "*Sidera singulis attributa
 nobis, et clara divitibus, minora pauperibus,*" &c. Lib. I. cap. viii.

ANONYMOUS.

In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,⁷
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun that shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
'That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.'⁸

Aum.

⁷ Here is a translated sense much harsher than that of stars explained in the foregoing note. Aumerle has challenged Bagot with some hesitation, as not being his equal, and therefore one whom, according to the rules of chivalry, he was not obliged to fight, as a nobler life was not to be staked in a duel against a baser. Fitzwater then throws down his gage, a pledge of battle; and tells him that if he stands upon *sympathies*, that is, upon equality of blood, the combat is now offered him by a man of rank not inferior to his own. *Sympathy* is an affection incident at once to two subjects. This community of affection implies a likeness or equality of nature, and thence our poet transferred the term to equality of blood. JOHNSON.

⁸ Shakspeare deserts the manners of the age in which his drama was placed, very often without necessity or advantage. The edge of a sword had served his purpose as well as the *point of a rapier*, and he had then escaped the impropriety of giving the English nobles a weapon which was not seen in England till two centuries afterwards. JOHNSON.

Mr. Ritson censures this note in the following terms: "It would be well however, though not quite so easy for some learned critic to bring some proof in support of this and such like assertions. Without which the authority of Shakspeare is at least equal to that of Dr. Johnson." It is probable that Dr. Johnson did not see the necessity of citing any authority for a fact so well known, or suspect that any person would demand one. If an authority however only is wanted, perhaps, the following may be deemed sufficient to justify the Doctor's observation: "—at that time two other Englishmen, Sir W. Stanley, and Rowland Yorke, got an ignominious name of traytors. This Yorke, borne in London, was a man most negligent and lazy, but desperately hardy; he was in his time most famous among those who respected fencing, having been *the first* that brought into England *that wicked and pernicious fashion* to fight in the fields in duels *with a rapier called a tucke, onely for the thrust: the English having till that very time used to fight with backe swords, slashing* and

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Lord. I take the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;⁹
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun:² there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all:
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surry. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. My lord, 'tis true: you were in presence then;

And

and cutting one the other, armed with targets or bucklers, with very broad weapons, accounting it not to be a manly action to fight by thrusting and stabbing, and chiefly under the waste." Darcie's *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, 4to. 1623, p. 223, sub anno, 1587. REED.

⁹ This speech I have restored from the first edition in humble imitation of former editors, though, I believe, against the mind of the author. For *the earth* I suppose we should read, *thy oath*. JOHNSON.

To *take the earth* is, at present, a fox-hunter's phrase. But I know not how it can be applied here. It should seem, however, from the following passage in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602. B. III. c. xvi. that the expression is yet capable of another meaning:

"Lo here my gage, (he terr'd his glove) thou know'st the victor's meed."

To *terre* the glove was, I suppose, to dash it on the *earth*.

Let me add, however, in support of Dr. Johnson's conjecture, that the word *oath*, in *Troilus and Cressida*, quarto 1609, is corrupted in the same manner. Instead of the "——untraded *oath*;" it gives "——untraded *earth*." We might read, only changing the place of one letter, and altering another:

I task thy heart to the like,——

i. e. I put thy valour to the same trial. STEEVENS.

² i. e. as I think, from sun-rise to sun-set. MALONE.

And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surry. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

Fitz. Surry, thou liest.

Surry. Dishonourable boy!

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's scull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surry in a wilderness,³
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.—
As I intend to thrive in this new world,⁴
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,⁵
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his land and signories; when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.—
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought

For

³ I dare meet him where no help can be had by me against him. So, in *Macbeth*:

“—or be alive again,

“And dare me to the desert with thy sword.” JOHNSON.

⁴ In this world where I have just begun to be an actor. Surry has, a few lines above, called him *boy*. JOHNSON.

⁵ Holinshed says, that on this occasion “he threw down a hood that he had borrowed.” STEEVENS.

He had before thrown down his own hood, when accused by Bagot.

MALONE.

For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Car. As sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Car. Marry, God forbid!—

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best befitting me to speak the truth.⁶
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true nobles⁷ would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them:

And

⁶ It might be read more grammatically:

Yet best befits me to speak the truth.

But I do not think it is printed otherwise than as Shakspeare wrote it.

JOHNSON.

⁷ i. e. nobleness; a word now obsolete, but used both by Spenser and Ben Jonson. STEEVENS.

And shall the figure of God's majesty,⁸
 His captain, steward, deputy elect,
 Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
 Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
 And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God,
 That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
 Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
 I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
 Stirr'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.
 My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
 Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
 And if you crown him, let me prophecy,—
 The blood of English shall manure the ground,
 And future ages groan for this foul act;
 Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
 And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
 Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
 Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
 The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.

O, if

⁸ Here is another proof that our author did not learn in King James's court his elevated notions of the right of kings. I know not any flatterer of the Stuarts, who has expressed this doctrine in much stronger terms. It must be observed that the poet intends, from the beginning to the end, to exhibit this bishop as brave, pious, and venerable. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare has represented the character of the bishop as he found it in Holinshed, where this famous speech, (which contains in the most express terms, the doctrine of passive obedience,) is preserved. The politicks of the historian were the politicks of the poet. STEEVENS.

The chief argument urged by the bishop in Holinshed, is, that it was unjust to proceed against the king "without calling him openly to his answer and defence." He says, that "none of them were worthie or meete to give judgement to so noble a prince;" but does not expressly assert that he could not be lawfully deposed. Our author, however, undoubtedly had Holinshed before him. MALONE.

It does not appear from any better authority than Holinshed that Bishop Merkes made this famous speech, or any speech at all upon this occasion, or even that he was present at the time. His sentiments, however, whether right or wrong, would have been regarded neither as novel nor unconstitutional. And it is observable that usurpers are as ready to avail themselves of the doctrine of *divine right*, as lawful sovereigns; to dwell upon the *sacredness* of their *persons* and the *sanctity* of their *character*.

O, if you rear this house against this house,
It will the wofullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth :
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you—woe!

North. Well have you argu'd, sir ; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here :—
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.⁹—

May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit ?

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender ; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct.² [Exit.

Boling. Lords, you that are here under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer :—
Little are we beholden to your love, [To CARLISLE.
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter YORK, with King RICHARD, and Officers bearing
the crown, &c.*

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reigned ? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee :—
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember

The

⁹ After this line, whatever follows, almost to the end of the act, containing the whole process of dethroning and debasing King Richard, was added after the first edition, of 1598, and before the second of 1615. Part of the addition is proper, and part might have been forborn without much loss. The author, I suppose, intended to make a very moving scene. JOHNSON.

The addition was first made in the quarto 1608. STEEVENS.

The first edition was in 1597, not in 1598. When it is said that this scene was added, the reader must understand that it was added by the printer, or that a more perfect copy fell into the hands of the later editor than was published by a former. There is no proof that the whole scene was not written by Shakspeare at the same time with the rest of the play, though for political reasons it might not have been exhibited or printed during the life of Queen Elizabeth. MALONE.

² i. e. conductor. STEEVENS.

The favour of these men : ³ Were they not mine ?
 Did they not sometime cry, all hail ! to me ?
 So Judas did to Christ : but he, in twelve,
 Found truth in all, but one ; I, in twelve thousand, none.
 God save the king !—Will no man say, amen ?
 Am I both priest and clerk ? well then, amen.
 God save the king ! although I be not he ;
 And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
 To do what service am I sent for hither ?

York. To do that office, of thine own good will,
 Which tired majesty did make thee offer,——
 The resignation of thy state and crown
 To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown :—Here, cousin, seize the
 crown ;

Here, on this side, my hand ; on that side, thine.
 Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
 That owes two buckets filling one another ;
 The emptier ever dancing ⁴ in the air,
 The other down, unseen, and full of water :
 That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
 Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought, you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am ; but still my griefs are mine :
 You may my glories and my state depose,
 But not my griefs ; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares down.
 My care is—loss of care, by old care done ; ⁵
 Your care is—gain of care, by new care won :
 The cares I give, I have, though given away ;
 They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling.

³ The countenances ; the features. JOHNSON.

⁴ This is a comparison not easily accommodated to the subject, nor very naturally introduced. The best part is this line, in which he makes the usurper the empty bucket. JOHNSON.

⁵ Shakspeare often obscures his meaning by playing with sounds. Richard seems to say here, that his cares are not made less by the increase of Bolingbroke's cares ; for this reason, that his care is the loss of care,—his grief is, that his regal cares are at an end, by the cessation of the care to which he had been accustomed. JOHNSON.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me how I will undo myself:—

I give this heavy weight from off my head,

And this unwieldly scepter from my hand,

The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;

With mine own tears I wash away my balm,⁶

With mine own hands I give away my crown,

With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,

With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:

All pomp and majesty I do forswear;

My manors, rents, revenues, I forgo;

My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:

God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!

God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!

Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;

And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!

Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,

And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!

God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,

And send him many years of sunshine days!—

What more remains?

North.

No more, but that you read

[Offering a paper,

These accusations, and these grievous crimes,

Committed by your person, and your followers,

Against the state and profit of this land;

That, by confessing them, the souls of men

May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out

My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,

If thy offences were upon record,

Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,

To read a lecture of them? If thou would'st,⁷

There should'st thou find one heinous article,—

Containing the deposing of a king,

And

⁶ The oil of consecration. He has mentioned it before. JOHNSON.

⁷ That is, if thou would'st read over a list of thy own deeds.

JOHNSON.

And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—
 Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:—
 Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
 Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—
 Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
 Showing an outward pity: yet you Pilates
 Have here deliver'd me to my four crosses,
 And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, despatch; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
 And yet salt water blinds them not so much
 But they can see a sort⁸ of traitors here.
 Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
 I find myself a traitor with the rest:
 For I have given here my soul's consent,
 To undeck the pompous body of a king;
 Make glory base; and sovereignty, a slave;
 Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

North. My lord,——

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught,⁹ insulting man,
 Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—
 No, not that name was given me at the font,²—
 But 'tis usurp'd:—Alack the heavy day,
 That I have worn so many winters out,
 And know not now what name to call myself!
 O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
 Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
 To melt myself away in water-drops!—
 Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly good,)
 And if my word be sterling yet in England,
 Let it command a mirror hither straight;
 That it may show me what a face I have,
 Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

North.

⁸ A pack, a company. WARBURTON.

⁹ —haught,] i. e. haughty. STEEVENS.

² How that name which was given him at the font could be usurped, I do not understand. Perhaps Shakspeare meant to shew that imagination, dwelling long on its own misfortunes, represents them as greater than they really are. ANONYMOUS.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ,³ and that's—myself.

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.—
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face,
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men?⁴ Was this the face,
That like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face, that faced so many follies,
And was at last outfaced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;

[Dashes the glass against the ground.]

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.—
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st

Me

³ This phrase is from the 139th Psalm, v. 15: —and in thy book were all my members written." STEEVENS.

⁴ Shakspeare is here not quite accurate. Our old chronicles only say "that to his household came every day, to meate, ten thousand men."

MALONE.

Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin? Why, I am greater than a king:
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers are you all,⁵
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt K. RICHARD, some Lords, and a guard.*]

Boling. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all but the Abbot, bishop of Carlisle, and
AUMERLE.*]

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.⁶

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury⁷ mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise:—

I see,

⁵ To *convey* is a term often used in an ill sense, and so Richard understands it here. Pistol says of *stealing*, convey the wife it call, and to *convey* is the word for sleight of hand, which seems to be alluded to here. *Ye are all*, says the deposed prince, *jugglers*, who rise with this nimble dexterity by the fall of a good king. JOHNSON.

⁶ This pathetic denunciation shows that Shakspeare intended to impress his auditors with dislike of the deposal of Richard. JOHNSON.

⁷ To *conceal*, to keep secret. JOHNSON.

I see, your brows are full of discontent,
 Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;
 Come home with me to supper; I will lay
 A plot, shall show us all a merry day.⁸

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

London. *A Street leading to the Tower.*

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
 To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,⁹
 To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
 Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
 Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
 Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter King RICHARD, and guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
 My fair rose wither: Yet look up; behold;
 That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
 And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—
 Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;²

Thou

⁸ In the first edition there is no personal appearance of King Richard, so that all to the line at which he leaves the stage was inserted afterwards. JOHNSON.

⁹ The Tower of London is traditionally said to have been the work of Julius Cæsar. JOHNSON.

By—*ill-erected*, I suppose, is meant—erected for bad purposes.

STEEVENS.

² The queen uses comparative terms absolutely. Instead of saying, *Thou who appearest* as the ground on which the magnificence of Troy was once erected, she says—

Ah, thou the model, &c.

Thou map of honour;—

Thou picture of greatness. JOHNSON.

Model, it has already been observed, is used by our author, for a thing made after a pattern. He is, I believe, singular in this use of the word. *Thou ruined majesty*, says the queen, that *resemblest* the desolated waste where Troy once stood. MALONE.

Thou map of honour ; thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard ; thou most beauteous inn,³
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest ?

K. Rich. Join not with grief,⁴ fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden : learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream ;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this : I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim necessity ;⁵ and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house :
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd, and weakened ? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect ? hath he been in thy heart ?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd ; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly ? kiss the rod ;
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts ?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed ; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.⁶
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France :

Think,

³ *Inn* does not here signify a house of publick entertainment ; but a dignified habitation. Lord Howard's magnificent seat in Essex is still called Audley-Inn. STEEVENS

I cannot agree with Steevens. *Inn* means a house of entertainment, and is opposed to *alehouse* in the following line. M. MASON.

⁴ Do not thou unite with grief against me ; do not, by thy additional sorrows, enable grief to strike me down at once. My own part of sorrow I can bear, but thy affliction will immediately destroy me. JOHNSON.

⁵ I have reconciled myself to necessity, I am in a state of amity with the constraint which I have sustained. JOHNSON.

The expression—*sworn brother*, alludes to the *fratres jurati*, who, in the ages of adventure, bound themselves by mutual oaths, to share fortunes together. STEEVENS.

⁶ 'Tis marvellous, that Mr. Upton did not quote this passage as an evidence of our author's learning, and observe, that a more faithful translation of Homer's ἀνάξ ἀνδρῶν could not have been made.

STEEVENS.

Think, I am dead ; and that even here thou tak'st,
 As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
 In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
 With good old folks ; and let them tell thee tales
 Of woful ages, long ago betid :
 And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,⁷
 Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
 And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
 For why,⁸ the senseless brands will sympathize
 The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
 And, in compassion, weep the fire out :
 And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
 For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, attended.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd ;
 You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
 And, madam, there is order ta'en for you ;
 With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder where-withal
 The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—
 The time shall not be many hours of age
 More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
 Shall break into corruption : thou shalt think,
 Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
 It is too little, helping him to all ;
 And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way
 To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
 Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
 To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
 The love of wicked friends converts to fear ;
 That fear, to hate ; and hate turns one, or both,
 To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.

Take

⁷ To retaliate their mournful stories. JOHNSON.

⁸ The poet should have ended this speech with the foregoing line, and have spared his childish prattle about the fire. JOHNSON.

This is certainly childish prattle, as Johnson calls it ; but it is of the same stamp with the other speeches of Richard, after the landing of Bolingbroke, which are a strange medley of sense and puerility.

M. MASON.

Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd—Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
And then, betwixt me and my married wife.—
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made,⁹—
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas,² or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.

North. That were some love, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near'.³
Go, count thy way with sighs: I, mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being
short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,

Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;

Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart. [*They kiss.*

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [*Kiss again.*

So, now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich.

⁹ A kiss appears to have been an established circumstance in our ancient nuptial ceremony. STEEVENS.

² *Ail-ballows*, or *all-ballowtide*; the first of November. STEEVENS.

³ To be *never the nigher*, or, as it is commonly spoken in the midland counties, *ne'er the ne'er*, is, to make no advance towards the good desired. JOHNSON.

The meaning is, it is better to be at a great distance, than being near each other, to find that we yet are not likely to be peaceably and happily united. MALONE.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay :
Once more, adieu ; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.

Enter YORK, and his Duchefs.

Duch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two coufins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave ?

Duch. At that sad ftop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops
Threw duft and rubbish on king Richard's head.

York. Then, as I faid, the duke, great Bolingbroke,—
Mounted upon a hot and fiery fteed,
Which his aspiring rider feem'd to know,—
With flow, but ftately pace, kept on his courfe,
While all tongues cried—God fave thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very window fpake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through cafements darted their defiring eyes
Upon his viſage ; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had faid at once,⁴—
Jefu preferve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one fide to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud fteed's neck,
Befpake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen :
And thus ftill doing, thus he pafs'd along.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard ! where rides he the while ?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the ftage,
Are idly bent,⁵ on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious :

Even fo, or with much more contempt, men's eyes

Did

⁴ Our author probably was thinking of the painted clothes that were hung in the ftreets, in the pageants that were exhibited in his own time ; in which the figures fometimes had labels iffuing from their mouths, containing fentences of gratulation. MALONE.

⁵ That is, *carelefsly* turned, thrown without attention. This the poet learned by his attendance and practice on the ftage. JOHNSON.

Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save him?
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 The badges of his grief and patience,—
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
 And barbarism itself have pitied him.
 But heaven hath a hand in these events;
 To whose high will we bound our calm contents,
 To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was;⁶

But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,
 And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:
 I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
 And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Duch. Welcome, my son: Who are the violets now,
 That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:
 God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well⁷ in this new spring of time,
 Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
 What news from Oxford? hold those jousts and triumphs?⁸

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent it not; I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?⁹

Yea,

⁶ The Dukes of *Aumerle*, Surrey, and Exeter, were by an act of Henry's first parliament deprived of their dukedoms, but were allowed to retain their earldoms of *Rutland*, Kent, and Huntingdon. *Holinshed*, p. 513, 514. STEEVENS.

⁷ That is, conduct yourself with prudence. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Triumphs* are *Showes*, such as *Masks*, *Revels*, &c. STEEVENS.

⁹ The seals of deeds were formerly impressed on slips or labels of parchment, appendant to them. MALONE.

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.²

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it:
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,——

Duch. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day.

York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.

York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.

[Snatches it, and reads.]

Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!

Duch. What is the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who is within there? [Enter a Servant.]
Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy! what treachery is here!

Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse:—
Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain. [Exit Servant.]

Duch. What's the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Duch. I will not peace:—What is the matter, son?

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Duch.

Thy life answer!

Re-enter

² Such harsh and defective lines as this, are probably corrupt, and might be easily supplied, but that it would be dangerous to let conjecture loose on such slight occasions. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—Boy, let me see the writing. York uses these words a little lower. MALONE.

Re-enter Servant, with boots.

York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd:³—

Hence, villain; never more come in my sight.—

[*To the Servant.*

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespasss of thine own?

Have we more sons? or are we like to have?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name?

Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,

And interchangeably set down their hands,

To kill the king at Oxford.⁴

Duch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here: Then what is that to him?

York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times my son,
I would appeach him.

Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou'dst he more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect,
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,

Not

³ i. e. perplexed, confounded. STEEVENS.

⁴ That the dukes of Exeter and Surry, and the Earl of Salisbury entered into a conspiracy for this purpose is unquestionable; but Hall's narrative, copied by Holinshed and Sir John Hayward, is by no means to be depended upon. Aumerle, in particular, is not charged by any contemporary writer, unless it be the writer of a romance, as having the least concern in it. See a "Requiem to the Conspirators," in *A Collection of Ancient Songs*, lately published, where may be found an authentic account of the plot from writers of authority. RITSON.

KING RICHARD II.

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Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York.

Make way, unruly woman. *[Exit.]*

Duch. After, Aumerle; mount thee upon his horse;
Spur, post; and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
'Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away;
Begone.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Windfor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE as King; PERCY, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months, since I did see him last:—
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Enquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there.⁵
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions;
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince;
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stews;

And

⁵ This is a very proper introduction to the future character of Henry the Fifth, to his debaucheries in his youth, and his greatness in his manhood. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare seldom attended to chronology. The prince was at this time but twelve years old, for he was born in 1388, and the conspiracy on which the present scene is formed, was discovered in the beginning of the year 1400.—He scarcely frequented taverns or stews at so early an age. MALONE.

And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute, as desperate: yet, through both
I see some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE, hastily.

Aum.

Where is the king?

Boling.

What means

Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.—

[*Exeunt PERCY and Lords.*]

What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, [*Kneels.*]
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If but the first, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire. [*AUMERLE locks the door.*]

York. [*Within.*] My liege, beware; look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*Drawing.*]

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand;
Thou hast no cause to fear.

York. [*Within.*] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king:
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[*BOLINGBROKE opens the door.*]

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past :
I do repent me ; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king ;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence :
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy !—
O loyal father of a treacherous son !
Thou sheer, immaculate,⁶ and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages,
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself !
Thy overflow of good converts to bad ;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd ;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies :
Thou kill'st me in his life ; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [*Within.*] What ho, my liege ! for God's sake,
let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry ?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king ; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door ;
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd,—from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to *The Beggar and the King*.⁷—

My

⁶ *Sheer* is pellucid, transparent. STEEVENS.

⁷ *The King and the Beggar* seems to have been an interlude well known in the time of our author, who has alluded to it more than once. I cannot now find that any copy of it is left. JOHNSON.

The King and Beggar was perhaps once an interlude ; it was certainly a song. The reader will find it in the first volume of Dr. Percy's collection. It is there entitled, *King Copbetua and the Beggar Maid*.

STEEVENS.

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;
I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Duchefs.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantick woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient: Hear me, gentle liege.

[*Kneels.*

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch.

Not yet, I thee beseech:

For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*

York. Against them both, my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*
Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest:
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.

Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch.

Nay, do not say—stand up;

But, pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.

And if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,

Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.

I never

I never long'd to hear a word till now ;
 Say—pardon, king ; let pity teach thee how :
 The word is short, but not so short as sweet ;
 No word like, pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king ; say, *pardonnez moy.*⁸

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy ?
 Ah, my four husband, my hard hearted lord,
 That set'st the word itself against the word !—
 Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land ;
 The chopping French⁹ we do not understand.
 Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there :
 Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear ;
 That hearing how our complaints and prayers do pierce,
 Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand,
 Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee !
 Yet am I sick for fear : speak it again ;
 Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
 But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart
 I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law,²—and the
 abbot,³
 With all the rest of that consoorted crew,—
 Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—

Good

⁸ That is *excuse me*, a phrase used when any thing is civilly denied. The whole passage is such as I could well wish away. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Chopping*, I suppose, here means *jabbering*, talking flippantly a language unintelligible to Englishmen ; or perhaps it may mean,—the French, who *clip* and *mutilate* their words. I do not remember to have met the word, in this sense, in any other place. In the universities they talk of *chopping* logick. MALONE.

² The brother-in-law meant, was John duke of Exeter and Earl of Huntingdon (own brother to King Richard II.) and who had married with the lady Elizabeth, sister of Henry Bolingbroke. THEOBALD.

³ i. e. the Abbot of Westminster. THEOBALD.

Good uncle, help to order several powers
 To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
 They shall not live within this world, I swear,
 But I will have them, if I once know where.
 Uncle, farewell,—and cousin too, adieu:
 Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son;—I pray God make thee new.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter EXTON, and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?

Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?

Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. *Have I no friend?* quoth he: he spake it twice,
 And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wistly look'd on me;
 As who should say,—I would, thou wert the man
 That would divorce this terror from my heart;
 Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;
 I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle.

Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
 This prison, where I live, unto the world:
 And, for because the world is populous,
 And here is not a creature but myself,
 I cannot do it:—Yet I'll hammer it out.
 My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
 My soul, the father: and these two beget
 A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
 And these same thoughts people this little world;⁴
 In humours, like the people of this world,

For

⁴ i. e. his own frame;—"the state of man;" which in our author's *Julius Cæsar* is said to be "like to a little kingdom." MALONE.

For no thought is contented. The better fort,—
 As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
 With scruples, and do set the word itself
 Against the word : ⁵
 As thus, *Come,—little ones* ; and then again,—
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.
 Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
 Unlikely wonders : how these vain weak nails
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls ;
 And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
 Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,—
 That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
 Nor shall not be the last ; like silly beggars,
 Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,—
 That many have, and others must sit there :
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
 Bearing their own misfortune on the back
 Of such as have before endur'd the like.
 Thus play I, in one person, ⁶ many people,
 And none contented : Sometimes am I king ;
 Then treason makes me with myself a beggar,
 And so I am : Then crushing penury
 Persuades me I was better when a king ;
 Then am I king'd again : and, by-and-by,
 Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
 And straight am nothing :—But, whate'er I am,
 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
 With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
 With being nothing.—Musick do I hear ? [Musick.
 Ha, ha ! keep time :—How four sweet musick is,
 When time is broke, and no proportion kept !
 So is it in the musick of men's lives.
 And here have I the daintiness of ear,

To

⁵ By the *word*, I suppose, is meant the *holy word*. STEEVENS.

⁶ Alluding, perhaps, to the necessities of our early theatres. The title-pages of some of our *Moralities* show, that three or four characters were frequently represented by one person. STEEVENS.

To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
 But, for the concord of my state and time,
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
 For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:
 My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar
 Their watches on to mine eyes, the outward watch,⁷

Whereto

⁷ I think this passage must be corrupt, but I know not well how to make it better. The first quarto reads:

*My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar,
 Their watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch.*

The quarto 1615:

*My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar,
 There watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch.*

The first folio agrees with the second quarto.

Perhaps out of these two readings the right may be made. *Watch* seems to be used in a double sense, for a quantity of time, and for the instrument that measures time. I read, but with no great confidence, thus:

*My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar
 Their watches on; mine eyes the outward watch,
 Whereto, &c. JOHNSON.*

I am unable to throw any certain light on this passage. A few hints, however, which may tend to its illustration, are left for the service of future commentators.

The *outward watch*, as I am informed, was the moveable figure of a man habited like a watchman, with a pole and lantern in his hand. The figure had the word—*watch* written on its forehead; and was placed above the dial-plate. This information was derived from an artist *after the operation of a second cup*: therefore neither Mr. Tollet, who communicated it, or myself, can vouch for its authenticity, or with any degree of confidence apply it to the passage before us. Such a figure, however, appears to have been alluded to in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*: "——he looks like one of these *motions* in a great antique clock," &c. A *motion* anciently signified a puppet.

To *jar* is, I believe, to make that noise which is called *ticking*.

STEEVENS.

There appears to be no reason for supposing with Dr. Johnson, that this passage is corrupt. It should be recollected, that there are three ways in which a clock notices the progress of time; viz. by the libration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the striking of the hour. To these, the king, in his comparison, severally alludes; his sighs corresponding to the jarring of the pendulum, which, at the same time that it watches or numbers the seconds, marks also their progress in minutes

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
 Now, fir, the sound, that tells what hour it is,⁸
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
 Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and groans,
 Show minutes, times, and hours:—but my time
 Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
 While I stand fooling here, his Jack o'the clock,⁹
 This musick mads me, let it sound no more;
 For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,²
 In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
 Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me!
 For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
 Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.³

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich.

Thanks, noble peer;

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.

What art thou? and how comest thou hither,

Where no man never comes, but that sad dog⁴

That

on the dial or outward watch, to which the king compares his eyes; and their want of figures is supplied by a succession of tears, or (to use an expression of Milton) *minute drops*: his finger, by as regularly wiping these away, performs the office of the dial's point:—his clamorous groans are the sounds that tell the hour. HENLEY.

⁸ Should we not read thus:

Now, fir, the sounds that tell what hour it is,

Are clamorous groans," &c. RITSON.

⁹ That is, I strike for him. MALONE.

² In what degree musick was supposed to be useful in curing madness, the reader may receive information from *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part II. Sect. ii. REED.

The allusion is perhaps, to the persons bit by the tarantula, who are said to be cured by musick. MALONE.

³ i. e. is as strange and uncommon as a *brooch* which is now no longer worn. MALONE.

I believe the meaning is, this world in which I am universally hated.

JOHNSON.

⁴ It should be remembered that the word *sad* was in the time of our author used for *grave*. The expression will then be the same as if he had said, *that grave, that gloomy villain*. STEEVENS.

That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes⁵ master's face.
O, how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid;
That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing Bolingbroke.⁶

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

[*To the Groom.*

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall
say. [Exit.

Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not; sir Pierce of Exton, who
Lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [Beats the Keeper.

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter

⁵ Sometimes was used for formerly, as well as sometime, which the modern editors have substituted. MALONE.

⁶ Jaunce and jaunt were synonymous words. STEEVENS.

Enter EXTON, and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this rude assault?

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[Snatching a weapon, and killing one.]

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[He kills another; then EXTON strikes him down.]

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,

That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.⁷

*[Dies.
Exton.]*

⁷ —*here to die.*] Shakspeare in this scene has followed Holinshed, who took his account of Richard's death from Hall, as Hall did from Fabian, in whose Chronicle, I believe, this story of Sir Piers of Exton first appeared. Froisart, who had been in England in 1396, and who appears to have finished his Chronicle soon after the death of the king, says, "how he died, and by what meanes, I could not tell whanne I wrote this Chronicle." Had he been murdered by eight armed men, (for such is Fabian's story,) "four of whom he slew with his own hand," and from whom he must have received many wounds, surely such an event must have reached the ears of Froisart, who had a great regard for the king, having received from him at his departure from England "a goblet of silver and gilt, waying two marke of silver, and within it a C. nobles; by the whych (he adds) I am as yet the better, and shal be, as longe as I live; wherefore I am bounde to praye to God for his soule, and wyth mucche sorrowe I wryte of his deathe."

Nor is this story of his murder consistent with the account (which is not controverted) of his body being brought to London and exposed in Cheapside for two hours, ("his heade on a blacke quishen, and his *vysage open*,") where it was viewed, says Froisart, by twenty thousand persons. The account given by Stowe, who seems to have had before him a Manuscript History of the latter part of Richard's life, written by a person who was with him in Wales, appears much more probable. He says, "he was imprisoned in Pomfrait Castle, where xv dayes and nightes they vexed him with continuall hunger, thirst, and cold, and finally bereft him of his life, with such a kind of death as never before that time was knowen in England, saith Sir John Fortescute," probably in his *Declaration touching the title of the House of Yorke*, a work yet, I believe, somewhere existing in MS. Sir John Fortescue was called to the bar a few years after the death of Richard: living therefore so near the time, his testimony is of the highest weight. And with him Harding,

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood :
 Both have I spilt ; O, would the deed were good !
 For now the devil, that told me—I did well,
 Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
 This dead king to the living king I'll bear ;—
 Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. [Exeunt.]

who is supposed to have been at the battle of Shrewsbury in 1403, concurs, “Men sayd *for-hungered* he was.” Chron. 1543, fol. 199. So also Walsingham, who wrote in the time of Henry V. and Polydore Vergil.

The Percies in the Manifesto which they published against King Henry IV. in the third yeare of his reign, the day before the battle of Shrewsbury, expressly charge him with having “carried his sovereign lord traiterously within the castell of Pomfret, without the consent or the judgement of the lordes of the realm, by the space of fiftene daies and so many nightes, (which is horrible among Christian people to be heard,) *with hunger, thirst, and cold to perishe.*” Had the story of Sir Pierce of Exton been true, it undoubtedly must have reached them. Their not mentioning it is decisive.

If, however, we are to give credit to Sir John Hayward, this controverted point will not admit of dispute ; for in *The First part of the Life and Reign of King Henry IV.* 4to. 1599, after relating the story of King Richard's assassination, he very gravely tells us, that “after being felled to the ground, he with a faint and feeble voice *groaned forth* these words : “My great grandfather Edward II.” &c. Mr. Hume in his entertaining, but often superficial, History of England, has not been weak enough to insert this fictitious dying speech. He might, however, have inserted it with as much propriety as an abridgement of the oration of the Bishop of Carlisle, on the deposition of the king being propounded in parliament, which Hayward feigned in imitation of Livy, grounding himself on a few sentences preserved in our old Chronicles, which he has expanded into *thirteen quarto pages.* The writers of the *Parliamentary History* have in this matter been as careless as Mr. Hume. MALONE.

The representation here given of the King's death is perfectly agreeable to Hall and Holinshed. But the fact was otherwise. He refused food for several days, and died of abstinence and a broken heart. See Walsingham, Otterbourne, the Monk of Evesham, the continuator of the History of Croyland, and the anonymous Godstow Chronicle.

RITSON.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Windfor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE, and YORK, with Lords
and Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear,
Is—that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord : What is the news ?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is,—I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent :⁸
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here. [*Presenting a paper.*]

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains ;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seely ;
Two of the dangerous consofited traitors,
That fought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot ;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, with the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience, and four melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave ;⁹

But

⁸ So the folio. The quarto reads—of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt, and Kent. It appears from the histories of this reign that the reading of the folio is right. MALONE.

⁹ This Abbot of Westminster was William de Colchester. The relation here given of his death, after Holinshed's Chronicle, is untrue, as he survived the King many years ; and though called "the grand conspirator," it is very doubtful whether he had any concern in the conspiracy ; at least nothing was proved against him. RITSON.

But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom :²—
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife :
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, *with Attendants bearing a coffin.*

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear : herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not ; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee ; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour :
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.—
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow :
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent ;
I'll make a voyage to the holy land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand :—
March sadly after ; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier.

[*Exeunt.*³

² This prelate was committed to the Tower, but on the intercession of his friends, obtained leave to change his prison for Westminster-Abbey. In order to deprive him of his see, the Pope, at the King's instance, translated him to a bishoprick *in partibus infidelium* ; and the only preferment he could ever after obtain, was a rectory in Gloucestershire. He died in 1409. RITSON.

³ This play is extracted from the *Chronicle of Holinshed*, in which many passages

passages may be found which Shakspeare has, with very little alteration, transplanted into his scenes; particularly a speech of the Bishop of Carlisle, in defence of King Richard's unalienable right, and immunity from human jurisdiction.

Jonson who, in his *Catiline* and *Sejanus*, has inserted many speeches from the Roman historians, was perhaps induced to that practice by the example of Shakspeare, who had condescended sometimes to copy more ignoble writers. But Shakspeare had more of his own than Jonson; and, if he sometimes was willing to spare his labour, showed by what he performed at other times, that his extracts were made by choice or idleness rather than necessity.

This play is one of those which Shakspeare has apparently revised; but as success in works of invention is not always proportionate to labour, it is not finished at last with the happy force of some other of his tragedies, nor can be said much to affect the passions, or enlarge the understanding.

JOHNSON.

The notion that Shakspeare revised this play, though it has long prevailed, appears to me extremely doubtful; or, to speak more plainly, I do not believe it. See further on this subject in *An Attempt to ascertain the order of his plays*. MALONE.

passages may be found which Shakespeare has, with very little alteration, transcribed into his scenes; particularly a speech of the Bishop of Cotenham, in defence of King Richard's unpopularity, right, and immutability from human infirmity.

London who, in his *Character and Humour*, has inserted many speeches from the Roman history, was perhaps induced to do so by the example of Shakespeare, who had copied numerous passages of copy more ignoble writers. But Shakespeare had more of his own than London; and, if he sometimes was willing to take his hints, shown by what he performed at other times, that his extracts were made by choice of noble words rather than necessity.

This play is one of those which Shakespeare has apparently revised; but as success in works of invention is not always proportionate to labour, it is not finished as last with the happy force of some of his tragedies, nor can he find much to affect the passions, or enlarge the understanding.

The notion that Shakespeare revised this play, though it has long prevailed, appears to me extremely doubtful; or, to speak more plainly, I do not believe it. See further on this subject in the attempt to ascertain the date of his plays. *Marston*.

From context of this notice we may see that it is a play of the same kind as the others, and that it is a play of the same kind as the others.

And this is the first of the plays which I have seen, and which I have seen.

And this is the first of the plays which I have seen, and which I have seen.

And this is the first of the plays which I have seen, and which I have seen.

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KING HENRY IV.

PART I.

KING HENRY IV.

PART I.

*** The transactions contained in this historical drama are comprised within the period of about ten months; for the action commences with the news brought of Hotspur having defeated the Scots under Archibald earl of Douglas at Holmedon, (or Halidown-hill,) which battle was fought on Holyrood-day, (the 14th of September,) 1402; and it closes with the defeat and death of Hotspur at Shrewsbury; which engagement happened on Saturday the 21st of July, (the eve of Saint Mary Magdalen,) in the year 1403. THEOBALD.

This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Feb. 25, 1597, by Andrew Wise. Again, by M. Woolff, Jan. 9, 1598. For the piece supposed to have been its original, see *Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. published for S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare has apparently designed a regular connection of these dramatic histories from Richard the Second to Henry the Fifth. King Henry, at the end of Richard the Second, declares his purpose to visit the Holy Land, which he resumes in the first speech of this play. The complaint made by King Henry in the last act of Richard the Second, of the wildness of his son, prepares the reader for the frolics which are here to be recounted, and the characters which are now to be exhibited.

JOHNSON.

This comedy was written, I believe, in the year 1597. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*. MALONE.

PERSONS

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry *the Fourth.*

Henry, *Prince of Wales,*
*Prince John of Lancaster,*² } *sons to the King.*

Earl of Westmoreland,
 Sir Walter Blunt, } *friends to the King.*

Thomas Percy, *Earl of Worcester.*

Henry Percy, *Earl of Northumberland :*

Henry Percy, *surnamed Hotspur, his son.*

Edmund Mortimer, *Earl of March.*

Scroop, *Archbishop of York.*

Archibald, *Earl of Douglas.*

Owen Glendower.

Sir Richard Vernon.

Sir John Falstaff.

Poins.

Gadshill.

Peto.

Bardolph.

Lady Percy, *wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.*

Lady Mortimer, *daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.*

Mrs. Quickly, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.*

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two
 Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

S C E N E, England.

² The persons of the drama were originally collected by Mr. Rowe, who has given the title of *Duke of Lancaster* to *Prince John*, a mistake which Shakspeare has been no where guilty of in the *first* part of this play, though in the *second* he has fallen into the same error. *King Henry IV.* was himself the last person that ever bore the title of *Duke of Lancaster*. But all his sons (till they had peerages, as *Clarence*, *Bedford*, *Gloucester*,) were distinguished by the name of the royal house, as *John of Lancaster*, *Humphrey of Lancaster*, &c. and in that proper style, the present *John* (who became afterwards so illustrious by the title of *Duke of Bedford*,) is always mentioned in the play before us. STEEVENS. 3

FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King HENRY, WESTMORELAND, Sir WALTER
BLUNT, and Others.*

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils²
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty Erinnyes of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;³

No

² That is, let us soften peace to rest a while without disturbance, that she may recover breath to propose new wars. JOHNSON.

³ By *her lips* Shakspeare may mean *the lips of peace*, who is mentioned in the second line; or may use the *thirsty entrance* of the soil, for the *porous surface* of the earth, through which all moisture enters, and is thirstily drank, or soaked up. STEEVENS.

If there be no corruption in the text, I believe Shakspeare meant, however licentiously, to say, *No more shall this soil have the lips of her thirsty entrance, or mouth, daubed with the blood of her own children.*

Her lips, in my apprehension, refers to *soil* in the preceding line, and not to *peace*, as has been suggested. Shakspeare seldom attends to the integrity of his metaphors. MALONE.

The *thirsty entrance* of the soil is nothing more or less, than the face of the earth parch'd and crack'd as it always appears in a dry summer. As to its being personified, it is certainly no such unusual practice with Shakspeare. Every one talks familiarly of *Mother Earth*; and they who live upon her face, may without much impropriety be called her children. Our author only confines the image to his own country. The allusion is to the Barons' wars. RITSON.

The emendment which I should propose, is to read *Erinnys*, instead of *entrance*.—By *Erinnys* is meant the fury of discord.

It is evident that the words, *her own children, her fields, her flowrets*, must all necessarily refer to *this soil*; and that Shakspeare in this place, as in many others, uses the personal pronoun instead of the impersonal;
her

No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
 Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
 Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
 Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,⁴
 All of one nature, of one substance bred,—
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock
 And furious close of civil butchery,
 Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
 March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
 Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
 The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
 No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
 As far as to the sepulcher of Christ,⁵

(Whose

ber instead of *its*; unless we suppose he means to personify the soil, as he does in *Richard II.* where Bolingbroke departing on his exile says:

“ —————sweet soil, adieu!

“ My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet.”

M. MASON.

I prefer Mr. M. Mason's conjecture to any explanation hitherto offered respecting this difficult passage. Amidst these uncertainties of opinion, however, let me present our readers with a single fact on which they may implicitly rely; viz. that Shakspeare could not have designed to open his play with a speech, the fifth line of which is obscure enough to demand a series of comments thrice as long as the dialogue to which it is appended. All that is wanted, on this emergency, seems to be—a just and striking personification, or, rather, a proper name. The former of these is not discoverable in the old reading—*entrance*; but the latter, furnished by Mr. M. Mason, may, I think, be safely admitted, as it affords a natural unembarrassed introduction to the train of imagery that succeeds.

Being nevertheless aware that Mr. M. Mason's gallant effort to produce an easy sense, will provoke the slight objections and petty cavils of such as restrain themselves within the bounds of timid conjecture, it is necessary I should subjoin, that his present emendation was not inserted in our text on merely my own judgement, but with the deliberate approbation of Dr. Farmer.—Having now prepared for controversy—*signa canant!* STEEVENS.

⁴ Namely, long streaks of red, which represent the lines of armies; the appearance of which, and their likeness to such lines, gave occasion to all the superstition of the common people concerning armies in the air, &c. WARBURTON.

⁵ The lawfulness and justice of the holy wars have been much disputed; but perhaps there is a principle on which the question may be easily determined. If it be part of the religion of the Mahometans to extirpate by the sword all other religions, it is, by the laws of self-defence, lawful

(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
 We are impressed and engaged to fight,)
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;⁶
 Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
 To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
 Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
 For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
 But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go;
 Therefore we meet not now:⁷—Then let me hear
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
 What yesternight our council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear expedience.⁸

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits⁹ of the charge set down
 But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
 A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
 Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower,

Was

lawful for men of every other religion, and for Christians among others, to make war upon Mahometans, simply as Mahometans, as men obliged by their own principles to make war upon Christians, and only lying in wait till opportunity shall promise them success. JOHNSON.

⁶ To *levy* a power of English *as far* as to the sepulcher of Christ, is an expression quite unexampled, if not corrupt. We might propose *lead*, without violence to the sense, or too wide a deviation from the traces of the letters. In *Pericles*, however, the same verb is used in a mode as uncommon:

“Never did thought of mine *levy* offence.” STEEVENS.

The expression—“*As far as* to the sepulcher,” &c. does not, as I conceive, signify—to the distance of, &c. but—so far only as regards the sepulcher, &c. DOUCE.

⁷ i. e. not on that account do we now meet;—we are not now assembled, to acquaint you with our intended expedition. MALONE.

⁸ For *expedition*. WARBURTON.

⁹ *Limits* for *estimates*. WARBURTON.

Limits, as Mr. Heath observes, may mean, *outlines*, *rough sketches* or *calculations*. STEEVENS.

Limits may mean the regulated and appointed times for the conduct of the business in hand. MALONE.

Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
 And a thousand of his people butchered:
 Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,
 By those Welshwomen done,² as may not be,
 Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems then the tidings of this broil
 Brake off our business for the holy land.

West. This match'd with other, did, my gracious lord;
 For more uneven and unwelcome news
 Came from the north, and thus it did import.
 On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
 Young Harry Percy,³ and brave Archibald,⁴
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
 At Holmedon met,
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
 As by discharge of their artillery,
 And shape of likelihood the news was told;
 For he that brought them, in the very heat
 And pride of their contention did take horse,
 Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
 Stain'd with the variation of each foil;
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
 The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,

Balk'd

² *By those Welshwomen done,*] Thus Holinshed, p. 528: "—such shameful villanie executed upon the carcasses of the dead men by the *Welshwomen*; as the like (I doo beleieve) hath never or sildome beene practised." STEEVENS.

³ Holinshed's *History of Scotland*, p. 240, says: "This *Harry Percy* was surnamed, for his *often pricking*, *Henry Hotspur*, as one that seldom times rested, if there were anie service to be done abroad." TOLLET.

⁴ *Archibald Douglas*, earl Douglas. STEEVENS.

⁵ No circumstance could have been better chosen to mark the expedition of Sir Walter. It is used by Falstaff in a similar manner, "As it were to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me, but to *stand stained with travel*."

HENLEY.

Balk'd in their own blood,⁶ did sir Walter see
 On Holmedon's plains : Of prisoners, Hotspur took
 Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son
 To beaten Douglas ; and the earl of Athol
 Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.

And is not this an honourable spoil ?

A gallant prize ? ha, cousin, is it not ?

West. In faith,

It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me
 fin

In envy that my lord Northumberland

Should be the father of so blest a son :

A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue ;

Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant ;

Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride :

Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,

See riot and dishonour stain the brow

Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,

That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd

In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,

And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet !

Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.

But let him from my thoughts :—What think you coz',

Of

⁶ I should suppose, that the author might have written either *balk'd*, or *bak'd*, i. e. encrusted over with blood dried upon them. STEEVENS.

Balk is a ridge ; and particularly, a ridge of land : here is therefore a metaphor ; and perhaps the poet means, in his bold and careless manner of expression : “ Ten thousand bloody carcasses piled up together in a long heap.”——“ A ridge of dead bodies piled up in blood.” If this be the meaning of *balked*, for the greater exactness of construction, we might add to the pointing, viz.

Balk'd, in their own blood, &c.

“ Piled up in a ridge, and in their own blood,” &c. But without this punctuation, as at present, the context is more poetical, and presents a stronger image.

A *balk*, in the sense here mentioned, is a common expression in Warwickshire, and the northern counties. WARTON.

Balk'd in their own blood, I believe, means, lay'd in *beaps* or *hillocks*, in their own blood. TOLLET.

Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,⁷
Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;⁸
Which makes him prune himself,⁹ and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.

Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords;
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.²

West. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁷ Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly for himself, either to acquit or ransom, at his pleasure. It seems from Camden's *Britannia*, that Pounouny castle in Scotland was built out of the ransom of this very Henry Percy, when taken prisoner at the battle of Otterbourne by an ancestor of the present earl of Eglington. TOLLET.

Percy could not refuse the Earl of Fife to the King; for being a prince of the blood royal, (Son to the Duke of Albany, brother to King Robert III.) Henry might justly claim him by his acknowledged military prerogative. STEEVENS.

⁸ An astrological allusion. Worcester is represented as a malignant star that influenced the conduct of Hotspur. HANLEY.

⁹ The metaphor is taken from a cock, who in his pride *prunes himself*; that is, picks off the loose feathers to smooth the rest. To *prune* and to *plume*, spoken of a bird, is the same. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right in his choice of the reading. But I am not certain that the verb to *prune* is justly interpreted. In *The Booke of Haukynges*, &c. (commonly called *The Booke of St. Albans*) is the following account of it: "The hauke *proineth* when she fetcheth oyle with her beake over the taile, and anointeth her feet and her fethers. She *plumeth* when she pulleth fethers of anie foule and casteth them from her." STEEVENS.

² That is, "More is to be said than anger will suffer me to say: more than can issue from a mind disturbed like mine." JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The same. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter HENRY, Prince of Wales, and FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know.³ What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata; I see no reason, why thou should'st be superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me, now Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wandering knight so fair*.⁴ And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none,)——

P. Hen. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal.

³ The Prince's objection to the question seems to be, that Falstaff had asked in the *night* what was the time of the *day*. JOHNSON.

This cannot be well received as the objection of the Prince; for presently after, the Prince himself says: "Good morrow, Ned," and Poins replies: "Good morrow, sweet lad." The truth may be, that when Shakspeare makes the Prince with Poins a good morrow, he had forgot that the scene commenced at night. STEEVENS.

⁴ Falstaff starts the idea of *Phœbus*, i. e. the sun; but deviates into an allusion to *El Donzel del Febo*, the knight of the sun in a Spanish romance translated (under the title of *The Mirror of Knighthood*, &c.) during the age of Shakspeare. This illustrious personage was "most excellently faire," and a great *wanderer*, as those who travel after him throughout three thick volumes in 4to. will discover. Perhaps the words "that wandering knight so fair," are part of some forgotten ballad on the subject of this marvellous hero's adventures. STEEVENS.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's beauty; ⁵ let us be—Diana's foresters, ⁶ gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: And let men say, we be men of good government; being govern'd as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; been govern'd as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by; ⁷ and spent with crying—

⁵ This conveys no manner of idea to me. How could they be called thieves of the day's beauty? They robbed by moonshine; they could not steal the fair day-light. I have ventured to substitute *booty*: and this I take to be the meaning. Let us not be called *thieves*, the purloiners of that *booty*, which, to the proprietors, was the purchase of honest labour and industry by day. THEOBALD.

It is true, as Mr. Theobald has observed, that they could not steal the *fair day-light*; but I believe our poet by the expression, *thieves of the day's beauty*, meant only, *let not us who are body squires to the night*, i. e. adorn the night, *be called a disgrace to the day*. To take away the beauty of the day, may probab'y mean, to disgrace it. A *squire of the body* signified originally, the attendant on a knight; the person who bore his head-piece, spear, and shield. It became afterwards the cant term for a pimp. Falstaff however puns on the word *knight*. See *Pegge's Curialia*, Part I. p. 100. STEEVENS.

There is also, I have no doubt, a pun on the word *beauty*, which in the western counties is pronounced nearly in the same manner as *booty*.

MALONE.

- ⁶ “Exile and slander are justly mee awarded,
 “My wife and heire lacke lands and lawful right;
 “And me their lord made *dame Diana's knight*.”

So lamenteth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, in *The Mirror for Magistrates*. HENDERSON.

We learn from Hall, that certain persons who appeared as *foresters* in a pageant exhibited in the reign of King Henry VIII. were called *Diana's knights*. MALONE.

i. e. swearing at the passengers they robbed, *lay by your arms*; or rather, *lay by* was a phrase that then signified *stand still*, addressed to those who were preparing to rush forward. But the Oxford editor kindly accommodates these old thieves with a new cant phrase, taken from Bagshot-heath or Finchley-common, of *lug out*. WARBURTON.

To

crying—bring in: ⁸ now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench? ⁹

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. ²
And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance? ³

Fal.

To *lay by*, is a phrase adopted from navigation, and signifies, by slackening sail to become stationary. STEEVENS.

⁸ i. e. more wine. MALONE.

⁹ We meet with the same kind of humour as is contained in this and the three following speeches, in *The Mostellaria of Plautus*.

In the want of connection to what went before, probably consists the humour of the Prince's question. STEEVENS.

This kind of humour is often met with in old plays.

Ben Johnson calls it *a game at vapours*. FARMER.

² Mr. Rowe took notice of a tradition, that this part of Falstaff was written originally under the name of Oldcastle. An ingenious correspondent hints to me, that the passage above quoted from our author, proves what Mr. Rowe tells us was a tradition. *Old lad of the castle* seems to have a reference to Oldcastle. Besides, if this had not been the fact, why, in the epilogue to *The Second Part of Henry IV.* where our author promises to continue his story with Sir John in it, should he say, "Where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions: for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man." This looks like declining a point that had been made an objection to him. I'll give a farther matter in proof, which seems almost to fix the charge. I have read an old play, called, *The famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, containing the honourable battle of Agincourt*.—The action of this piece commences about the 14th year of K. Henry the Fourth's reign, and ends with Henry the Fifth's marrying Princess Catharine of France. The scene opens with Prince Henry's robberies. Sir John Oldcastle is one of the gang, and called Jockie; and Ned and Gadshill are two other comrades.—From this old imperfect sketch, I have a suspicion, Shakspeare might form his two parts of *Henry IV.* and his history of *Henry V.*; and consequently it is not improbable, that he might continue the mention of Sir John Oldcastle, till some descendant of that family moved Queen Elizabeth to command him to change the name. THEOBALD.

This alludes to the name Shakspeare first gave to this buffoon character, which was Sir John Oldcastle; and when he changed the name he forgot to strike out this expression that alluded to it. The reason of the change was this; one Sir John Oldcastle having suffered in the time of Henry the Fifth for the opinions of Wickliffe, it gave offence, and therefore

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen.

therefore the poet altered it to Falstaff, and endeavours to remove the scandal in the epilogue to *The Second Part of Henry IV.* Fuller takes notice of this matter in his *Church History*:—"Stage poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at the memory of sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot. The best is, sir John Falstaff hath relieved the memory of sir John Oldcastle, and of late is substituted buffoon in his place." Book IV. p. 168. But, to be candid, I believe there was no malice in the matter. Shakspeare wanted a droll name to his character, and never considered whom it belonged to. We have a like instance in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, where he calls his French quack, Caius, a name at that time very respectable, as belonging to an eminent and learned physician, one of the founders of Caius College in Cambridge. WARBURTON.

The propriety of this note the reader will find contested at the beginning of *K. Henry V.* Sir John Oldcastle was not a character ever introduced by Shakspeare, nor did he ever occupy the place of Falstaff. The play in which Oldcastle's name occurs, was not the work of our poet. *Old lad* is likewise a familiar compellation to be found in some of our most ancient dramattick pieces. STEEVENS.

Old lad of the castle, is the same with *Old lad of Castile*, a *Castilian*.—Meres reckons *Oliver of the castle* amongst his romances: and Gabriel Harvey tells us of "*Old lads of the castell* with their rapping babble."—roaring boys.—This is therefore no argument for Falstaff's appearing first under the name of *Oldcastle*. There is however a passage in a play called *Amends for Ladies*, by Field the player, 1618, which may seem to prove it, unless he confounded the different performances:

"——Did you never see

"The play where the fat knight, hight *Oldcastle*,

"Did tell you truly what this *honour* was?" FARMER.

Fuller, besides the words cited in the note, has in his *Worthies*, p. 253, the following passage: "Sir John Oldcastle was first made a *thrafonical puff*, an emblem of *mock valour*, a make-sport in all plays, for a coward."

RITSON.

From a passage in *The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinaire*, or the *Walkes in Powles*, quarto, 1604, it appears that Sir John Oldcastle was represented on the stage as a very fat man.

The cause of all the confusion relative to these two characters, and of the tradition mentioned by Mr. Rowe, that our author changed the name from Oldcastle to Falstaff, (to which I do not give the smallest credit,) seems to have been this. Shakspeare appears evidently to have caught the idea of the character of Falstaff from a wretched play entitled *The famous Victories of King Henry V.* (which had been exhibited before 1589,) in which Henry Prince of Wales is a principal character. He is accom-

panied

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal.

panied in his revels and his robberies by Sir John *Oldcastle*, ("a pamper'd glutton, and a debauchee," as he is called in a piece of that age,) who appears to be the character alluded to in the passage above quoted from *The meeting of Gallants*, &c. To this character undoubtedly it is that Fuller alludes in his *Church History*, 1656, when he says, "Stage poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John *Oldcastle*, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot." Speed in his *History*, which was first published in 1611, alludes both to this "boon companion" of the anonymous *K. Henry V.* and to the Sir John *Oldcastle* exhibited in a play of the same name, which was printed in 1600: "The author of *The Three Conversions* hath made *Oldcastle* a ruffian, a robber, and a rebel, and and his authority taken from the *stage players*." *Oldcastle* is represented as a *rebel* in the play last mentioned alone; in the former play as "a ruffian and a robber."

Shakspeare probably never intended to ridicule the real Sir John *Oldcastle*, Lord Cobham, in any respect; but thought proper to make *Falstaff*, in imitation of his proto-type, the *Oldcastle* of the old *K. Henry V.* a mad round knave also. From the first appearance of our author's *King Henry IV.* the old play in which Sir John *Oldcastle* had been exhibited, (which was printed in 1598,) was probably never performed. Hence, I conceive, it is, that Fuller says, "Sir John *Falstaff* has relieved the memory of Sir John *Oldcastle*, and of late is substituted buffoon in his place;" which being misunderstood, probably gave rise to the story, that Shakspeare changed the name of his character.

Falstaff having grown out of, and immediately succeeding, the other character, (the *Oldcastle* of the old *K. Henry V.*) having one or two features in common with him, and being probably represented in the same dress, and with the same fictitious belly, as his predecessor, the two names might have been indiscriminately used by Field and others, without any mistake, or intention to deceive. Perhaps, behind the scenes, in consequence of the circumstances already mentioned, *Oldcastle* might have been a cant appellation for *Falstaff*, for a long time. Hence the name might have been prefixed inadvertently, in some play-house copy, to one of the speeches in *The Second Part of King IV.*

If the verses be examined, in which the name of *Falstaff* occurs, it will be found, that *Oldcastle* could not have stood in those places. The only answer that can be given to this, is, that Shakspeare new-wrote each verse in which *Falstaff*'s name occurred;—a labour which those only who are entirely unacquainted with our author's history and works, can suppose him to have undergone. MALONE.

³ To understand the propriety of the Prince's answer, it must be remarked that the sheriff's officers were formerly clad in buff. So that when *Falstaff* asks, whether *his hostess is not a sweet wench*, the Prince asks

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits? ⁴

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits: whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat,⁵ or a lugg'd bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.⁶

P. Hen.

asks in return whether it will not be a sweet thing to go to prison by running in debt to this sweet wench. JOHNSON.

Durance, however, might also have signified some lasting kind of stuff, such as we call at present, *everlasting*. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Suit*, spoken of one that attends at court, means a *petition*; used with respect to the hangman, means the clothes of the offender.

JOHNSON.

⁵ A *gib cat* means, I know not why, an old cat. JOHNSON.

A *gib cat* is the common term in Northamptonshire, and all adjacent counties, to express a *be cat*. PERCY.

“As melancholy as *gib'd cat*” is a proverb enumerated among others in *Ray's Collection*. TOLLET.

⁶ “Lincolnshire bagpipes” is a proverbial saying. Fuller has not attempted to explain it; and Ray only conjectures that the Lincolnshire people may be fonder of this instrument than others. DOUCE.

I suspect,

P. Hen. What say'st thou to a hare,⁷ or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?⁸

Fal. Thou hast the most unfavoury similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative,⁹ rascalliest,—sweet young prince,—But, Hal, I pry'thee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I mark'd him not: and yet he talk'd very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou did'st well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.²

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration;³ and art, indeed, able

I suspect, that by the *drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe*, is meant the *dull croak of a frog*, one of the native musicians of that waterish county.

STEEVENS.

⁷ A *bare* may be considered as melancholy, because she is upon her form always solitary; and, according to the physick of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy. JOHNSON.

The Egyptians in their Hieroglyphics expressed a melancholy man by a *bare* sitting in her form. STEEVENS.

⁸ It appears from Stowe's *Survey*, that a broad ditch, called Deep-ditch, formerly parted the hospital from Moor-fields; and what has a more melancholy appearance than stagnant water? STEEVENS.

Moor-ditch, a part of the ditch surrounding the city of London, between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate, opened to an unwholesome and impassable morass, and consequently not frequented by the citizens, like other suburban fields which were remarkably pleasant, and the fashionable places of resort. T. WARTON.

⁹ Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton after him, read—*incomparative*, I suppose for *incomparable*, or *peerless*; but *comparative* here means *quick at comparisons*, or *fruitful in similes*, and is properly introduced. JOHNSON.

² This is a scriptural expression: “*Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets.*—I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded.” *Proverbs*, i. 20, and 24. HOLT WHITE.

³ For *iteration* Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read *attraction*, of which the meaning is certainly more apparent; but an editor is not always to change what he does not understand. In the last speech a text is very indecently and abusively applied, to which Falstaff answers, *thou hast damnable iteration*, or a wicked trick of repeating and applying holy texts. This I think is the meaning. JOHNSON.

Iteration is right, for it also signified simply *citation* or *recitation*.

MALONE.

able to corrupt a faint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.⁴ Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be fav'd by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand, to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Remorse? What says sir John Sack-and-Sugar?⁵ Jack, how

⁴ This (as Dr. Farmer observes to me) is undoubtedly a sneer on Agremont Radcliffe's *Politique Discourses*, 1578. From the beginning to the end of this work, the word *vocation* occurs in almost every paragraph. STEEVENS.

⁵ Hentzner, p. 88, edit. 1757, speaking of the manners of the English, says, "*in potum copiosè immittunt saccarum*," they put a great deal of sugar in their drink. REED.

Much inquiry has been made about Falstaff's sack, and great surprise has been expressed that he should have mixed sugar with it. As they are here mentioned for the first time in this play, it may not be improper to observe that it is probable that Falstaff's wine was Sherry, a Spanish wine, originally made at Xeres. He frequently himself calls it *Sberis-sack*. Nor will his mixing sugar with sack appear extraordinary, when it is known that it was a very common practice in our author's time to put sugar into *all* wines. "Clownes and vulgar men (says Fynes Moryson) only use large drinking of beere or ale,—but gentlemen garrawse only in wine, with which they mix sugar, which I never observed in any other place or kingdom to be used for that purpose. And because the taste of the English is thus delighted with sweetness, the
wines

how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou foldest him on Good-friday last, for a cup of Maderia, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, he will give his devil his due.

Poins.

wines in taverns (for I speak not of merchant's or gentlemen's cellars) are commonly mixed at the filling thereof, to make them pleasant." ITIN. 1617. P. III. p. 152. See also Mr. Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, Vol. IV. p. 308: "Among the orders of the royal household in 1604 is the following: [Mss. Harl. 293, fol. 162.] 'And whereas in tymes past, *Spanisb* wines, called *Sacke*, were little or no whitt used in our courte,—we now understanding that is now used in common drink," &c. *Sack* was, I believe, often mulled in our author's time. See a note, *post*, on the words, "If sack and sugar be a fin," &c. See also Blount's GLOSSOGRAPHY: "*Mulled Sack*, (*Vinum mollitum*) because softened and made mild by burning, and a mixture of *sugar*."

Since this note was written, I have found reason to believe that Falstaff's *Sack* was the dry Spanish wine which we call *Mountain Malaga*. A passage in *Via Recta ad vitam longam*, by Thomas Venner, Dr. of Physicke in Bathe, 4to. 1622, seems to ascertain this:

"*Sacke* is completely hot in the third degree, and of *thin parts*, and therefore it doth vehemently and quickly heat the body.—Some affect to drink sack with sugar, and some without, and upon no other grounds, as I thinke, put as it is best pleasing to their palates. I will speake what I deeme thereof.—Sack, taken by itself is very hot and very penetrative; being taken with sugar, the heat is both somewhat allayed, and the penetrative quality thereof also retarded."

The author afterwards thus speaks of the wine which we now denominate Sack, and which was then called *Canary*: Canarie-wine, which beareth the name of the islands from whence it is brought, is of some termed *a sacke*, with this adjunct, *sweete*; but yet very improperly, for it differeth not only from *sacke* in *sweetness and pleasantness of taste*, but also in colour and consistence, for it is not so white in colour as sack, nor so thin in substance; wherefore it is more nutritive than sack, and less penetrative.—White wine, Rhenish wine, &c.—do in six or seven moneths, or within, according to the smallness of them, attaine unto the height of their goodness, especially the smaller sort of them. But the *stronger* sort of wines, as *sack*, muskadell, malmsey, are best when they are two or three years old."

Hence, therefore, it is clear, that the wine usually called sack in that age was thinner than canary, and was a strong light-coloured dry wine; *vin sec*; and that it was a Spanish wine is ascertained by the order quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt, and by several ancient books. Cole in his Dict. 1679, renders *sack* by *Vinum Hispanicum*; and Sherwood in his English and French Dict. 1650, by *Vin d'Espagne*. MALONE.

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear me, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.⁶

P. Hen. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake,) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of
of

⁶ The modern reading [*cry stand*] may perhaps be right; but I think it necessary to remark, that all the old editions read:—*if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.* JOHNSON.

Falstaff is quibbling on the word *royal*. The *real* or *royal* was of the value of *ten shillings*. Almost the same jest occurs in a subsequent scene. The quibble, however, is lost, except the old reading be preserved. *Cry, stand, will not support it.* STEEVENS.

of the time want countenance. Farewell: You shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell All-hallow summer! ⁷ [Exit FALSTAFF.]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill,⁸ shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself, and I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the

⁷ *All-hallows*, is *All-hallow-tide*, or *All-saints'* day, which is the first of November. We have still a church in London, which is absurdly styled *St. All-hallows*, as if a word which was formed to express the community of saints, could be appropriated to any particular one of the number.

Shakspeare's allusion is designed to ridicule an old man with youthful passions. STEEVENS.

⁸ In former editions—*Falstaff*, *Harvey*, *Rossil*, and *Gadshill*. Thus have we two persons named, as characters in this play, that were never among the *dramatis Personæ*. But let us see who they were that committed this robbery. In the second Act we come to a scene of the highway. Falstaff, wanting his horse, calls out on Hal, Poins, Bardolph, and Peto. Presently Gadshill joins them, with intelligence of travellers being at hand; upon which the Prince says,—“You four shall front 'em in a narrow lane, Ned Poins and I will walk lower.” So that the four to be concerned, are Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill. Accordingly, the robbery is committed; and the Prince and Poins afterwards rob them four. In the Boar's-head tavern, the Prince rallies Peto and Bardolph for their running away, who confess the charge. Is it not plain now that Bardolph and Peto were two of the four robbers? And who then can doubt, but Harvey and Rossil were the names of the actors?

the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, firrah,⁹ I have cases of buckram for the nonce,² to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof³ of this, lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night⁴ in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [Exit POINS.]

P. Hen. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists

Of

⁹ *Sirrah*, in our author's time, as appears from this and many other passages, was not a word of disrespect. MALONE.

It is scarcely used as a term of respect, when addressed by the King to Hotspur, p. 263. STEEVENS.

² That is, as I conceive, for the occasion. This phrase, which was very frequently, though not always very precisely, used by our old writers, I suppose to have been originally a corruption of corrupt Latin. From *pro-nunc*, I suppose, came *for the nunc*, and so *for the nonce*; just as from *ad-nunc* came *a-non*. The Spanish *entonces* has been formed in the same manner from *in-tunc*. TYRWHITT.

For the nonce is an expression in daily use amongst the common people in Suffolk, to signify *on purpose*; *for the turn*. HENLEY.

³ *Reproof* is *confutation*. JOHNSON.

⁴ I think we should read—*to-night*. The disguises were to be provided for the purpose of the robbery, which was to be committed at *four in the morning*; and they would come too late if the Prince was not to receive them till the night after the day of the exploit. This is a second instance to prove that Shakspeare could forget in the end of a scene what he had said in the beginning. STEEVENS.

Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
 If all the year were playing holidays,
 To sport would be as tedious as to work;
 But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
 So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
 And pay the debt I never promised,
 By how much better than my word I am,
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;⁵
 And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
 Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

The same. Another Room in the Palace.

*Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER,
 HOTSPUR, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and Others.*

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
 Unapt to stir at these indignities,
 And you have found me; for, accordingly,
 You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
 I will

⁵ To falsify hope is to exceed hope, to give much where men hoped for little.

This speech is very artfully introduced to keep the prince from appearing vile in the opinion of the audience; it prepares them for his future reformation; and, what is yet more valuable, exhibits a natural picture of a great mind offering excuses to itself, and palliating those follies which it can neither justify nor forsake. JOHNSON.

Hopes is used simply for *expectations*, as *success* is for the *event*, whether good or bad. This is still common in the midland counties. "Such manner of uncouth speech, (says Puttenham,) did the *Tanner of Tamworth* use to King Edward IV. which *Tanner* having a great while mistaken him, and used very broad talke with him, at length perceiving by his traine that it was the king, was afraide he should be punished for it, and said thus, with a certaine rude repentance: 'I hope I shall be hanged to-morrow,' for 'I fear me I shall be hanged;' whereat the king laughed a-good; not only to see the *Tanner's* vaine feare, but also to hear his mishapen terme; and gave him for recompence of his good sport, the inheritance of Plumton Parke." P. 214.

FARMER.

I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;⁶
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord,——

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone, for I see danger
And disobedience in thine eye: O, fir,
Your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.⁷
You have good leave⁸ to leave us; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[Exit WORCESTER.]

You were about to speak. [To NORTHUMBERLAND.]

North. Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,

Came

⁶ i. e. I will from henceforth rather put on the character that becomes me, and exert the resentment of an injured king, than still continue in the inactivity and mildness of my natural disposition. And this sentiment he has well expressed, save that by his usual licence, he puts the word *condition* for *disposition*. WARBURTON.

The commentator has well explained the sense, which was not very difficult, but is mistaken in supposing the use of *condition* licentious. Shakspeare uses it very frequently for *temper of mind*, and in this sense the vulgar still say a good or ill-conditioned man. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Frontier* was anciently used for *forehead*. STEEVENS.

⁸ i. e. our ready assent. STEEVENS.

Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
 Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
 Show'd like a stubble land at harvest-home: ⁹
 He was perfumed like a milliner;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box,² which ever and anon
 He gave his nose, and took't away again;——
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff:³ — and still he smil'd, and talk'd;
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,⁴

Out

⁹ That is, a time of festivity. JOHNSON.

If we understand *harvest-home* in the general sense of a time of festivity, we shall lose the most pointed circumstance of the comparison. *A chin new shaven* is compared to a *stubble-land at harvest-home*, not on account of the festivity of that season, as I apprehend, but because at that time, when the corn has been but just carried in, the stubble appears more even and upright, than at any other. TYRWHITT.

² A small box for musk or other perfumes then in fashion: the lid of which, being cut with open work, gave it its name; from *poinsoner*, to prick, pierce, or engrave. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is just. At the christening of Queen Elizabeth, the Marchioness of Dorset gave, according to Holinshed, "three gilt bowls *pounced*, with a cover." STEEVENS.

³ *Snuff* is equivocally used for anger, and a powder taken up the nose.

⁴ But in the beginning of the speech he represents himself at this time not as *cold* but hot, and inflamed with rage and labour:

"When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil," &c.

I am therefore persuaded that Shakspeare wrote and pointed it thus:

I then all smarting with my wounds; being gall'd

To be so pester'd with a popinjay, &c. WARBURTON.

Whatever Percy might say of his *rage* and *toil*, which is merely declamatory and apologetical, his wounds would at this time be certainly *cold*, and when they were *cold*, would *smart*, and not before. If any alteration were necessary, I should transpose the lines:

I then all smarting with my wounds being cold,

Out of my grief, and my impatience,

To

Out of my grief⁵ and my impatience,
 Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;
 He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad,
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!)
 And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was spermaceti, for an inward bruise;⁶
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
 And, I beseech you, let not his report
 Come current for an accusation,
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
 Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
 To such a person, and in such a place,
 At such a time, with all the rest retold,
 May reasonably die, and never rise
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach;
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.⁷

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
 But with proviso, and exception,—
 That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
 His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;⁸

Who,

To be so pester'd with a popinjay,

Answer'd neglectingly.

A *popinjay* is a parrot. JOHNSON.

⁵ In our ancient translations of physical treatises, *dolor ventris* is commonly called *belly-grief*. STEEVENS.

⁶ So, in Sir T. Overbury's *Characters*, 1616: [An Ordinary Fencer.] "His wounds are seldom skin-deepe; for an *inward bruise* lambstones and sweetebreads are his only *spermaceti*." BOWLE.

⁷ Let what he then said never rise to impeach him, so he unsay it now.

JOHNSON.

⁸ Shakspeare has fallen into some contradictions with regard to this Lord

Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
 The lives of those, that he did lead to fight
 Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
 Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
 Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
 Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?
 Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,⁹

When

Lord Mortimer. Before he makes his personal appearance in the play, he is repeatedly spoken of as Hotspur's *brother-in-law*. In Act II. Lady Percy expressly calls him *her brother Mortimer*. And yet when he enters in the third act, he calls Lady Percy *his aunt*, which in fact she was, and not his sister. This inconsistency may be accounted for as follows. It appears both from Dugdale's and Sandford's account of the Mortimer family, that there were two of them taken prisoners at different times by Glendower, each of them bearing the name of *Edmund*; one being *Edmund Earl of March*, nephew to Lady Percy, and the proper *Mortimer* of this play; the other, *Sir Edmund Mortimer*, uncle to the former, and *brother* to Lady Percy. Shakspeare confounds the two persons. STEEVENS.

Another cause also may be assigned for this confusion. Henry Percy, according to the accounts of our old historians, married Eleanor, the sister of Roger Earl of March, who was the father of the Edmund Earl of March that appears in the present play. But this Edmund had a sister likewise named *Eleanor*. Shakspeare might therefore have at different times confounded these two Eleanors. In fact, however, the sister of Roger Earl of March, whom young Percy married, was called *Elizabeth*.

MALONE.

In Act II. sc. iii. this Lady is called *Kate*. STEEVENS.

⁹ The reason why he says, *bargain and article with fears*, meaning with Mortimer, is, because he supposed Mortimer had wilfully betrayed his own forces to Glendower out of fear, as appears from his next speech.

WARBURTON.

The difficulty seems to me to arise from this, that the king is not desired to *article or contract with* Mortimer, but with another *for* Mortimer. Perhaps we may read:

Shall we buy treason? and indent with peers,

When they have lost and forfeited themselves?

Shall we purchase back a traitor? Shall we descend to a composition with Worcester, Northumberland, and young Percy, who by disobedience have *lost and forfeited their honours and themselves*? JOHNSON.

Fears may be used in the active sense for *terrors*. So, in the second part of this play:

“——all those bold *fears*

“Thou see'st with peril I have answered.”

These lords, however, had, as yet, neither forfeited or lost any thing, so that Dr. Johnson's conjecture is inadmissible.

After

When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
 No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
 For I shall never hold that man my friend,
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
 To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer?

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
 But by the chance of war;²—To prove that true,
 Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
 Those mouthed wounds,³ which valiantly he took,
 When on the gentle Severn's sedgey bank,
 In single opposition, hand to hand,
 He did confound the best part of an hour
 In changing hardiment⁴ with great Glendower:
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,⁵

Upon

After all, I am inclined to regard Mortimer (though the King affects to speak of him in the plural number) as the *Fear*, or timid object, which had *lost or forfeited itself*, Henry afterwards says:

“—he *durst* as well have met the devil alone,

“As Owen Glendower for an enemy.”

Indent with fears, may therefore mean *sign an indenture or compact with dastards*. *Fears* may be substituted for *fearful people*, as *wrongs* has been used for *wrongers* in *K. Richard II.*

The King, by *buying treason*, and *indenting with fears*, may therefore covertly repeat both his pretended charges against Mortimer; first, that he had treasonably betrayed his party to Glendower; and, secondly, that he would have been afraid to encounter with so brave an adversary.

STEEVENS.

² The meaning is, he came not into the enemy's power but by the chance of war. The King charged Mortimer, that he willfully betrayed his army, and, as he was then with the enemy, calls him revolted Mortimer. Hotspur replies, that he never fell off, that is, fell into Glendower's hands, but by the chance of war. I should not have explained thus tediously a passage so hard to be mistaken, but that two editors have already mistaken it. JOHNSON.

³ Hotspur calls Mortimer's wounds *mouthed*, from their gaping like a mouth; and says, that to prove his loyalty, but one tongue was necessary for all these mouths. This may be harsh; but the same idea occurs in *Coriolanus*, where one of the populace says: “For if he shows us his wounds, we are to put our *tongues into these wounds*, and speak for them.

M. MASON.

⁴ An obsolete word, signifying hardness, bravery, stoutness. Spenser is frequent in his use of it. STEEVENS.

⁵ It is the property of wounds to excite the most impatient thirst. The poet

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood ;
 Who then, affrighted ⁶ with their bloody looks,
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
 And hid his crisp head ⁷ in the hollow bank
 Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
 Never did bare and rotten policy ⁸
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer
 Receive so many, and all willingly :
 Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
 He never did encounter with Glendower ;
 I tell thee,
 He durst as well have met the devil alone,
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
 Art not ashamed ? But, firrah, henceforth
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer :
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,

We

poet therefore hath with exquisite propriety introduced this circumstance, which may serve to place in its proper light the dying kindness of Sir Philip Sydney; who, though suffering the extremity of thirst from the agony of his own wounds, yet, notwithstanding, gave up his own draught of water to a wounded soldier. HENLEY.

⁶ This passage has been censured as founding nonsense, which represents a stream of water as capable of fear. It is misunderstood. Severn is here not the flood, but the tutelary power of the flood, who was affrighted, and hid his head in the hollow bank. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Crisp* is curled.

Perhaps Shakspeare has bestowed an epithet, applicable only to the stream of water, on the genius of the stream. STEEVENS.

⁸ All the quartos which I have seen read *bare* in this place. The first folio, and all the subsequent editions, have *base*. I believe *bare* is right :
 "Never did policy, lying open to detection, so colour its workings."

JOHNSON.

The first quarto, 1598, reads *bare* : which means *so thinly covered by art as to be easily seen through*. MALONE.

Since there is such good authority as Johnson informs us, for reading *base*, in this passage, instead of *bare*, the former word should certainly be adopted. *Bare* policy, that is, policy lying open to detection, is in truth no policy at all. The epithet *base*, also best agrees with *rotten*.

M. MASON.

We license your departure with your son:—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt King HENRY, BLUNT, and Train.*]

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them:—I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile;
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i'the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i'the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

[*To WORCESTER.*]

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,⁹

Trembling

⁹ That is, an eye menacing death. Hotspur seems to describe the king as trembling with rage rather than fear. JOHNSON.

So, in Marlowe's *Tamberlaine*, 1590:

“And wrapt in silence of his angry soul,

“Upon his browes was pourtraid ugly death,

“And in his eyes the furies of his heart.” STEEVENS.

Johnson and Steevens seem to think that Hotspur meant to describe the King as trembling not with fear, but rage; but surely they are mistaken. The king had no reason to be enraged at Mortimer, who had been taken prisoner in fighting against his enemy; but he had much reason to fear the man who had a better title to the crown than himself, which had been proclaimed by Richard II; and accordingly, when Hotspur is informed of that circumstance, he says,

“Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king

“That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.”

And

Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him : Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood ? ²

North. He was ; I heard the proclamation :
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon !) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition ;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and, shortly, murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide
mouth
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you ; Did king Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown ? ³

North.

And Worcester, in the very next line, says : "He cannot blame him for trembling at the name of Mortimer, since Richard had proclaimed him next of blood." M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason's remark is, I think, in general just ; but the King, as appears from this scene, had some reason to be *enraged* also at Mortimer, because he thought that Mortimer had not been taken prisoner by the efforts of his enemies, but had himself *revolted*. MALONE.

² Roger Mortimer, earl of March, who was born in 1371, was declared heir apparent to the crown in the 9th year of King Richard II. (1385). See Grafton, p. 347. But he was killed in Ireland in 1398. The person who was proclaimed by Richard heir apparent to the crown, previous to his last voyage to Ireland, was Edmund Mortimer, (the son of Roger,) who was then but seven years old ; but he was not Percy's wife's brother, but her nephew. MALONE.

³ Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, was the undoubted heir to the crown after the death of Richard.

Sandford in his *Genealogical History* says, that the last mentioned Edmund, earl of March, (the Mortimer of this play,) was married to Anne Stafford, daughter of Edmund, earl of Stafford. Thomas Walsingham asserts that he married a daughter of Owen Glendower ; and the subsequent historians copied him ; but this is a very doubtful point, for the Welsh writers make no mention of it. Sandford says that this earl of March was confined by the jealous Henry in the castle of Trim in Ireland, and that he died there, after an imprisonment of twenty years, on the 19th of January, 1424. But this is a mistake. There is no proof that he was confined a state-prisoner by King Henry the Fourth, and

North.

He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
 That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
 But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown
 Upon the head of this forgetful man;
 And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
 Of murd'rous subornation,—shall it be,
 That you a world of curses undergo;
 Being the agents, or base second means,
 The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
 O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
 To show the line, and the predicament,
 Wherein you range under this subtle king.—
 Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
 Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
 Then men of your nobility and power,
 Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
 As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
 To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
 And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke? ⁴
 And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
 That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
 By him, from whom these shames ye underwent?
 No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
 Into the good thoughts of the world again:
 Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd ⁵ contempt,
 Of this proud king; who studies, day and night,

To

and he was employed in many military services by his son Henry the Fifth. He died in his own castle at Trim in Ireland, at the time mentioned by Sandford, but not in a state of imprisonment.

Since the original note was written, I have learned that Owen Glendower's daughter was married to his antagonist Lord Gray of Ruthven. Holinshed led Shakspeare into the error of supposing her the wife of Edmund Mortimer, earl of March. This nobleman, who is the Mortimer of the present play, was born in November, 1392, and consequently at the time when this play commences, was little more than ten years old. The Prince of Wales was not fifteen. MALONE.

⁴ The canker-rose is the dog-rose, the flower of the Cynosbaton. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: "I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace." STEEVENS.

⁵ —disdain'd—] For disdainful. JOHNSON.

To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say,—

Wor.

Peace, cousin, say no more:

And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.⁶

Hot. If he fall in, good night:—or sink or swim:⁷—
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple;—O! the blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.⁸

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale fac'd moon;⁹

Or

⁶ That is, of a spear laid across. WARBURTON.

⁷ This is a very ancient proverbial expression. STEEVENS.

⁸ This passage will remind the classical reader of young Ascanius's heroic feelings in the fourth *Æneid*:

—————*pecora inter inertia votis*

Optat aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte leonem. STEEVENS.

⁹ Though I am very far from condemning this speech with Gildon and Theobald, as absolute madness, yet I cannot find in it that profundity of reflection, and beauty of allegory which Dr. Warburton has endeavoured to display. This sally of Hotspur, may be, I think, soberly and rationally vindicated as the violent eruption of a mind inflated with ambition and fired with resentment; as the boasted clamour of a man able to do much, and eager to do more; as the hasty motion of turbulent desire; as the dark expression of indetermined thoughts. The passage from Euripides is surely not allegorical, yet it is produced, and properly, as parallel. JOHNSON.

Euripides has put the very same sentiment into the mouth of Eteocles: "I will not, madam, disguise my thoughts; I would scale heaven, I would descend to the very entrails of the earth, if so be that by that price I could obtain a kingdom." WARBURTON.

This is probably a passage from some bombast play, and afterwards used as a common burlesque phrase for attempting impossibilities.

T. WARTON.

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship! ²

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,³
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a awhile.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,——

Hot. I'll keep them all;
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,

And

² A coat is said to be *faced*, when part of it, as the sleeves or bosom, is covered with something finer or more splendid than the main substance. The mantua-makers still use the word. *Half-fac'd fellowship* is then “partnership but half-adorned, partnership which yet wants half the show of dignities and honours.” JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Mason, however, observes, that the allusion may be to the *half-faces* on medals, where two persons are represented. “The coins of Philip and Mary (says he) rendered this image sufficiently familiar to Shakspeare.” STEEVENS.

I doubt whether the allusion was to dress. *Half-fac'd* seems to have meant *paltry*. The expression, which appears to have been a contemptuous one, I believe, had its rise from the meaner denominations of coin, on which, formerly, only a *profile* of the reigning prince was exhibited; whereas on the more valuable pieces a *full face* was represented.

But then, it will be said, “what becomes of *fellowship*? Where is the fellowship in a *single face* in profile? The allusion must be to the coins of Philip and Mary, where two faces were in part exhibited.”—This squaring of our author's comparisons, and making them correspond precisely on every side, is in my apprehension the source of endless mistakes. *Fellowship* relates to Hotspur's corrival” and himself, and I think to nothing more. MALONE.

³ *Figure* is here used equivocally. As it is applied to Hotspur's speech it is a rhetorical mode; as opposed to form, it means appearance or shape. JOHNSON.

Figures mean shapes created by Hotspur's imagination; but not the form of what he should attend, viz. of what his uncle had to propose.

EDWARDS

And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:—
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!

Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you,
Cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,⁴
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,⁵—
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.⁶

Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Hot.

⁴ One of the ancient senses of the verb, to *defy*, was to *refuse*.

STEEVENS.

⁵ A royster or turbulent fellow, that fought in taverns, or raised disorders in the streets, was called a Swash-buckler. In this sense *sword-and-buckler* is here used. JOHNSON.

Stowe will keep us to the precise meaning of the epithet here given to the prince.—“This field, commonly called West-Smithfield, was for many years called Ruffians Hall, by reason it was the usual place of frays and common fighting, during the time that sword and bucklers were in use. When every *serving-man*, from the base to the best, carried a *buckler* at his back, which hung by the hilt or pomel of his *sword*.”

HENLEY.

⁶ Dr. Grey supposes this to be said in allusion to Caxton's *Account of King John's Death*; (see Caxton's *Fructus Temporum*, 1515, fol. 62.) but I rather think it has reference to the low company (drinkers of ale) with whom the prince spent so much of his time in the meanest taverns.

STEEVENS.

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?—

A plague upon't!—it is in Gloucestershire;—

'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept;

His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,

When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true:—

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy?

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!

Look,—*when his infant fortune came to age,*⁸

And,—*gentle Harry Percy,—and, kind cousin,—*

O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!—

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;

We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.

Deliver them up without their ransom straight,

And make the Douglas' son your only mean

For powers in Scotland; which,—for divers reasons,

Which I shall send you written,—be assur'd,

Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,—

[*To NORTHUMBERLAND.*

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,—

Shall secretly into the bosom creep

Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,

The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True; who bears hard

His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.

I speak not this in estimation,⁹

As what I think might be, but what I know

Is

⁷ i. e. what a deal of candy courtesy. MALONE.

⁸ Alluding to what passed in *King Richard*, Act II. sc. iii. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Estimation* for conjecture. WARBURTON.

Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's a foot, thou still let'st slip.²

Hot. Why, it cannot choofe but be a noble plot:—
And then the powers of Scotland, and of York,—
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head:³

For, bear ourselves as even as we can,

The king will always think him in our debt;⁴

And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,

Till he hath found a time to pay us home.

And see already, how he doth begin

To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin,⁵ farewell:—No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.

When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly,)

I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;

Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,

(As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet,

To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,

Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother: We shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt.*
A C T

² To let slip, is to loose the greyhound. JOHNSON.

³ A head is a body of forces. JOHNSON.

⁴ This is a natural description of the state of mind between those that have conferred, and those that have received obligations too great to be satisfied. That this would be the event of Northumberland's disloyalty, was predicted by King Richard in the former play. JOHNSON.

⁵ This was a common address in our author's time to nephews, nieces, and grandchildren. Hotspur was Worcester's nephew. MALONE.

FIRST PART OF

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rochester. *An Inn Yard.*

Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd: Charles' wain⁶ is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not pack'd. What, ostler!

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pry'thee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle,⁷ put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cefs.⁸

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beans are as dank⁹ here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots:² this house is turn'd upside down, since Robin ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joy'd since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 *Car.*

⁶ *Charles' wain* is the vulgar name given to the constellation called the Bear. It is a corruption of the *Chorles* or *Cburls* wain (Sax. *ceopl*, a countryman.) RITSON.

Cborl is frequently used for a countryman in old books. DOUCE.

⁷ *Cut* is the name of a horse in *The Witches of Lancashire*, 1634, and, I suppose, was a common one. STEEVENS.

⁸ i. e. *out of all measure*: the phrase being taken from a *cess*, tax, or subsidy; which being by regular and moderate rates, when any thing was exorbitant, or out of measure, it was said to be, *out of all cefs*. WARBURTON.

⁹ i. e. wet, rotten. POPE.

In the directions given by Sir Thomas Bodley, for the preservation of his library, he orders that the cleanser thereof should, "at least twice a quarter, with clean cloths, strike away the dust and moulding of the books, which will not then continue long with it; now it proceedeth chiefly of the newness of the forrels, which in time will be less and less *dankish*." *Reliquiæ Bodleianæ*, p. III. REED.

² Are worms in the stomach of a horse. JOHNSON.

"The *bottes* is an yll disease, and they lye in a horse mawe; and they be an inche long, white coloured, and a reed heed, and as moche as a fyngers ende; and they be quycke and stycke faste in the mawe syde: it apperethe by stampynge of the horse or tomblynge; and in the beginninge there is remedy ynoughe; and if they be not cured betyme, they wyll eate thorough his mawe and kyll hym." *Fitzherbert's Book of Husbandry*. REED.

A bots light upon you, is an imprecation frequently repeated in the anonymous play of *K. Henry V.* as well as in many other old pieces.

STEEVENS.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas : I am stung like a tench.³

1 *Car.* Like a tench ? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jorden, and then we leak in your chimney ; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.⁴

1 *Car.* What, ostler ! come away, and be hang'd come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger,⁵ to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody ! the turkies in my pannier are quite starved.⁶—What, ostler !—A plague on thee ! hast thou never an eye in thy head ? canst not hear ? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hang'd :—Hast no faith in thee ?

*Enter GADSHILL.*⁷

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock ?

1 *Car.*

³ Why like a *tench* ? I know not, unless the similitude consists in the spots of the *tench*, and those made by the bite of vermin. MALONE.

I have either read, or been told, that it was once customary to pack such pond-fish as were brought alive to market, in *stinging*-nettles. But writing from recollection, and having no proof of this usage to offer, I do not press my intelligence on the public. STEEVENS.

⁴ The loach is a very small fish, but so exceedingly prolific that it is seldom found without spawn in it ; and it was formerly a practice of the young gallants to swallow loaches in wine, because they were considered as invigorating, and as apt to communicate their prolific quality. The carrier therefore means to say that “ your chamber-lie breeds fleas as fast as a loach ” breeds, not fleas, but loaches. M. MASON.

⁵ As our author in several passages mentions a *race* of ginger, I thought proper to distinguish it from the *raze* mentioned here. The former signifies no more than a single root of it ; but a *raze* is the Indian term for a *bale* of it. THEOBALD.

Dr. Grew speaks, in *The Philosophical Transactions*, of a *single root* of ginger weighing fourteen ounces, as uncommonly large. I doubt therefore concerning the truth of Mr. Warner's assertion. Theobald's explanation seems equally disputable. MALONE.

⁶ Here is a slight anachronism. Turkies were not brought into England till the time of King Henry VIII. MALONE.

⁷ This thief receives his title from a place on the Kentish road, where many robberies have been committed.

In

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.⁸

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when, canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [Exeunt Carriers.

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [Within.] At hand, quoth pick-purse.⁹

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.²

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: There's a franklin³ in the wild

In the year 1558, a ballad entitled “The Robbery at Gadshill,” was entered on the books of the Stationers' company. STEEVENS.

⁸ The carrier, who suspected Gadshill, strives to mislead him as to the hour; because the first observation made in this scene is, that it was four o'clock. STEEVENS.

⁹ This is a proverbial expression often used by Green, Nashe, and other writers of the time, in whose works the cant of low conversation is preserved. STEEVENS.

This proverbial saying probably arose from the pick-purse always seizing upon the prey nearest him: his maxim being that of Pope's man of gallantry:

“The thing at hand is of all things the best.” MALONE.

² So, in *The Life and Death of Gamaliel Ratsey*, 1605: “——he dealt with the chamberlaine of the house to learne which way they rode in the morning, which the chamberlaine performed accordingly, and that with great care and diligence, for he knew he should partake of their fortunes, if they sped.” STEEVENS.

³ Is a little gentleman. JOHNSON.

A franklin

wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold : I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper ; a kind of auditor ; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter : + They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks,⁵ I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it : I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman ; for, I know, thou worship'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talk'st thou to me of the hangman ? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows : for, if I hang, old sir John hangs with me ; and, thou know'st, he's no starveling. Tut ! there are other Trojans that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace ; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot land-rakers,⁶ no long-staff, fixpenny-strikers ;

A franklin is a freeholder. M. MASON.

Fortescue, says the editor of *The Canterbury Tales*. Vol. IV. p. 202. (de L. L. Ang. c. xxix.) describes a *franklain* to be *pater familias—magnis ditatus possessionibus*. He is classed *with* (but *after*) the *miles* and *armiger* ; and is distinguished from the *Libere tenentes* and *valeſſi* ; though, as it should seem, the only real distinction between him and other freeholders, consisted in the largeness of his estate. Spelman, in voce *Franklen*, quotes the following passage from Trivet's *French Chronicle*. (MSS. Bibl. R. S. n. 56.) "Thomas de Brotherton filius Edwardi I. marescallus Angliæ, apres la mort de son pere esposa la fille de un *Franchelyn* apelee Alice." The historian did not think it worth his while even to mention the name of the *Frankleyn*. REED.

⁴ It appears from the *Household Book of the Fifth Earl of Northumberland*, that *butter'd eggs* was the usual breakfast of my lord and lady, during the season of Lent. STEEVENS.

⁵ St. Nicholas was the patron saint of scholars ; and Nicholas, or old Nick, is a cant name for the devil. Hence he equivocally calls robbers, *St. Nicholas' clerks*. WARBURTON.

Highwaymen or robbers were so called, or *Saint Nicholas's knights* :

STEEVENS.

This expression probably took its rise from the parish clerks of London, who were incorporated into a fraternity or guild, with St. Nicholas for their patron. WHALLEY.

⁶ That is, with no padders, no wanderers on foot. No long-staff sixpenny-strikers.

strikers; ⁷ none of these mad, mustachio, purple-hued malt-worms: ⁸ but with nobility, and tranquillity; burgomasters, and great oneyers; ⁹ such as can hold in: such as will strike
fooner

penny strikers,—no fellows that infest the road with long staffs, and knock men down for six-pence. *None of these mad mustachio, purple-bued malt-worms*,—none of those whose faces are red with drinking ale. JOHNSON.

⁷ A *striker* had some cant signification with which at present we are not exactly acquainted. It is used in several of the old plays. I rather believe in this place, *no six-penny striker* signifies, *not one who would content himself to borrow, i. e. rob you for the sake of six-pence*. That *to borrow* was the cant phrase for *to steal*, is well known; and that *to strike* likewise signified *to borrow*, let the following passage in Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice* confirm:

“*Cer.* You had best assault me too.

“*Mal.* I must *borrow* money,

“And that some call a *striking*,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁸ This cant term for a tippler I find in *The Life and Death of Jack Straw*, 1593: “You shall purchase the prayers of all the alewives in town, for saving a *malt-worm* and a customer.” STEEVENS.

⁹ “Perhaps, *oneraires*, trustees, or commissioners;” says Mr. Pope. But how this word comes to admit of any such construction, I am at a loss to know. To Mr. Pope's second conjecture, “of cunning men that look sharp, and aim well,” I have nothing to reply seriously: but choose to drop it. The reading which I have substituted, [*moneyers*] I owe to the friendship of the ingenious Nicholas Hardinge, Esq. A *moneyer* is an officer of the Mint, who makes coin, and delivers out the king's money. *Moneyers* are also taken for bankers or those that make it their trade to turn and return money. Either of these acceptations will admirably square with our author's context. THEOBALD.

Mr. Hardinge's conjecture may be supported by an ancient authority, and is probably right: “—there is a house upon Page Greene, next unto the round tuft of trees, sometime in the tenure and occupation of Simon Bolton, *Monyer*;” i. e. probably *banker*. *Description of Tottenbani High-Cross*, 1631. REED.

This is a very acute and judicious attempt at emendation, and is not undeservedly adopted by Dr. Warburton. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *great owners*, not without equal or greater likelihood of truth. I know not however whether any change is necessary: Gadshill tells the Chamberlain, that he is joined with no mean wretches, but *with burgomasters and great ones*, or, as he terms them in merriment by a cant termination, *great onyers*, or *great-one-éers*, as we say, *privateer*, *auctioneer*, *circuitier*. This is, I fancy, the whole of the matter. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—*onyers*, that is, *publick accountants*; men possessed of large sums of money belonging to the state.—It is the course of the Court of Exchequer, when the sheriff makes up his accounts for *issues*, *amerciements*, and *mesne profits*, to set upon his head *v. ni.* which denotes

sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray : ² And yet I lie ; for they pray continually to their

denotes *oneratur, nisi habeat sufficientem exonerationem* : he thereupon becomes the king's debtor, and the parties *peravaile* (as they are termed in law) for whom he answers, become his debtors, and are discharged as with respect to the King.

To settle accounts in this manner, is still called in the Exchequer, to *ony* ; and from hence Shakspeare perhaps formed the word *onyers*.—The Chamberlain had a little before mentioned, among the travellers whom he thought worth plundering, an officer of the Exchequer, “a kind of *auditor*, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what.” This emendation may derive some support from what Gadshill says in the next scene : “There's money of the king's coming down the hill ; 'tis going to the king's Exchequer.” The first quarto has—*oneyers*, which the second and all the subsequent copies made *onyers*. The original reading gives great probability to Hanmer's conjecture. MALONE.

² According to the specimen given us in this play, of this dissolute gang, we have no reason to think they *were less ready to drink than speak*. Besides, it is plain, a natural gradation was here intended to be given of their actions, relative to one another. But what has *speaking, drinking, and praying* to do with one another ? We should certainly read *think* in both places instead of *drink* ; and then we have a very regular and humorous climax. *They will strike sooner than speak ; and speak sooner than think ; and think sooner than pray*. By which last words is meant, that “though perhaps they may now and then reflect on their crimes, they will never repent of them.” The Oxford editor has dignified this correction by his adoption of it. WARBURTON.

I am in a doubt about this passage. There is yet a part unexplained, What is the meaning of *such as can hold in* ? It cannot mean *such as can keep their own secret*, for they will, he says, *speak sooner than think* : it cannot mean *such as will go calmly to work without unnecessary violence*, such as is used by *long-staff strikers*, for the following part will not suit with this meaning ; and though we should read by transposition *such as will speak sooner than strike*, the climax will not proceed regularly. I must leave it as it is. JOHNSON.

Such as can hold in, may mean, *such as can curb old father antic the law*, or *such as will not blab*. STEEVENS.

I think a gradation was intended, as Dr. Warburton supposes. To *hold in*, I believe meant to “keep their fellows' counsel and their own ;” not to discover their rogueries by talking about them. Gadshill therefore, I suppose, means to say, that he keeps company with steady robbers ; such as will not impeach their comrades, or make any discovery by talking of what they have done ; men that will strike the traveller sooner than talk to him ; that yet would sooner speak to him than drink, which might intoxicate them, and put them off their guard ; and, notwithstanding, would prefer drinking, however dangerous, to prayer, which is the last thing

their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her;—for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the common-wealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd her.³ We steal as in a castle,⁴ cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-feed,⁵ we walk invifible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith; I think, you are more beholden

thing they would think of.—The words however will admit a different interpretation. We have often in these plays, “it were as good a deed as to drink.” Perhaps therefore the meaning may be,—Men who will knock the traveller down sooner than speak to him; who yet will speak to him and bid him stand, sooner than drink; (to which they are sufficiently well inclined;) and lastly, who will drink sooner than pray. Here indeed the climax is not regular. But perhaps our author did not intend it should be preserved. MALONE.

³ A satire on chicane in courts of justice; which supports ill men in their violations of the law, under the very cover of it. WARBURTON.

Alluding to boots mentioned in the preceding speech. “They would milt me (says Falstaff in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*,) out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me.” MALONE.

⁴ This was once a proverbial phrase.

Perhaps Shakspeare means, we steal with as much security as the ancient inhabitants of castles, who had those strong holds to fly to for protection and defence against the laws. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Fern* is one of those plants which have their seed on the back of the leaf so small as to escape the sight. Those who perceived that *fern* was propagated by semination, and yet could never see the seed, were much at a loss for a solution of the difficulty; and as wonder always endeavours to augment itself, they ascribed to *fern-feed* many strange properties, some of which the rustick virgins have not yet forgotten or exploded.

JOHNSON.

The ancients, who often paid more attention to received opinions than to the evidence of their senses, believed that *fern* bore *no seed*. Our ancestors imagined that this plant produced seed which was invifible. Hence, from an extraordinary mode of reasoning, founded on the fantastic doctrine of signatures, they concluded that they who possessed the secret of wearing this seed about them would become invifible. This superstition the good sense of the poet taught him to ridicule. It was also supposed to seed in the course of a single night. Absurd as these notions are, they were not wholly exploded in the time of Addison. He laughs at “a Doctor who was arrived at the knowledge of the green and red dragon, and had discovered the female fern-feed.” *Fatler*, No. 240.

HOLT WHITE.

holden to the night, than to fern-feed, for your walking invifible.

Gads. Give me thy hand : thou shalt have a share in our purchase,⁶ as I am a true man.

Gham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to ; *Homo* is a common name to all men.⁷ Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Road by Gadshill.

Enter Prince HENRY, and POINS; BARDOLPH and PETO, at some distance.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter ; I have remov'd Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.⁸

P. Hen. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins ! Poins, and be hang'd ! Poins !

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal ; What a brawling dost thou keep ?

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal ?

P. Hen. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill ; I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek POINS.*

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that thief's company : the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where.

⁶ The term used in law for any thing not inherited but acquired.

JOHNSON.

Purchase was anciently the cant term for stolen goods. STEEVENS.

⁷ Gadshill had promised as he was a *true man* ; the Chamberlain wills him to promise rather as a *false thief* ; to which Gadshill answers, that though he might have reason to change the word *true*, he might have spared *man*, for *homo* is a name common to all men, and among others to thieves. JOHNSON.

This is a quotation from the *Accidence*, and I believe is not the only one from that book, which, therefore, Mr. Capell should have added to his *Shaksperiana*. LORT.

⁸ This allusion we often meet with in the old comedies. STEEVENS.

where. If I travel but four foot by the squire⁹ further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him,² I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob afoot further.³ An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues, give me my horse, and be hang'd.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt⁴ me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal.

⁹ The thought is humorous, and alludes to his bulk: insinuating, that his legs being four foot asunder, when he advanced four foot, this put together made *four feet square*. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether there is so much humour here as is suspected; *Four foot by the square* is probably no more than *four foot by a rule*.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right. Bishop Corbet says in one of his poems:

“Some *twelve foot by the square*.” FARMER.

All the old copies read by the *squire*, which points out the etymology—*esquierre*. FR. STEEVENS.

² Alluding to the vulgar notion of *love-powder*. JOHNSON.

³ This is only a slight error, which yet has run through all the copies. We should read—*rub* a foot. So we now say—*rub on*. JOHNSON.

Why may it not mean—I will not go a foot further to rob? STEEVENS.

⁴ Is to fool, to trick; but the prince taking it in another sense, opposes it by *uncolt*, that is, *unhorse*. JOHNSON.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.—

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. What news?⁶

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins, and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, fir John Paunch?

Fal.

⁵ "He may hang himself in his own garters" is a proverb in Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

⁶ In all the copies that I have seen, Poins is made to speak upon the entrance of Gadshill thus:

O, 'tis our setter; I know his voice.—Bardolph, *what news?* This is absurd; he knows Gadshill to be the setter, and asks Bardolph *what news*. To countenance this impropriety, the latter editions have made Gadshill and Bardolph enter together, but the old copies bring in Gadshill alone, and we find that Falstaff, who new their stations, calls to Bardolph among others for his horse, but not to Gadshill, who was posted at a distance. We should therefore read:

Poins. *O, 'tis our setter, &c.*

Bard. *What news?*

Gads. *Case ye, &c.* JOHNSON.

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather ; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge ; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by ; stand close.

[*Exeunt P. HENRY and POINS.*]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole,⁷ say I ; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 Trav. Come, neighbour ; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill : we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesu blefs us !

Fal. Strike ; down with them ; cut the villains throats : Ah ! whorson caterpillars ! bacon-fed knaves ! they hate us youth : down with them ; fleece them.

1 Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied⁸ knaves ; Are ye undone ? No, ye fat chuffs ;⁹ I would, your store were here ! On, bacons, on ! What, ye knaves ? young men must live : You are grand-jurors are ye ? We'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF, &c. driving the Travellers out.*]

Re-enter

⁷ The portion of alms distributed at Lambeth palace gate is at this day called the *dole*. In Jonson's *Alchemist*, Subtle charges Face with perverting his master's charitable intentions, by selling the *dole* beer to *aqua-vitæ* men. SIR J. HAWKINS.

⁸ i. e. fat and corpulent. See the Glossary to Kennet's *Parochial Antiquities*. STEEVENS.

⁹ This term of contempt is always applied to rich and avaricious people. The derivation of the word is said to be uncertain. Perhaps it is a corruption of *chough*, a thievish bird that collects his prey on the sea-shore.

STEEVENS.

The name of the Cornish bird is pronounced by the natives *chow*. *Chuff* is the same word with *cuff*, both signifying a clown, and being in all probability derived from a Saxon word of the latter sound. RITSON.

Re-enter Prince HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men:² Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merily to London, it would be argument for a week,³ laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money.

[Rushing out upon them.]

Poins. Villains!

[As they are sharing, the Prince and POINS set upon them.]

FALSTAFF, after a blow or two, and the rest, run away, leaving their booty behind them.]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse: The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear So strongly, that they dare not meet each other; Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death, And lards the lean earth as he walks along; Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Warkworth. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter.⁴

——But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.—He could

² In the old plays a *true man* is always set in opposition to a *thief*.

STEEVENS.

³ *Argument* is subject matter for conversation or a drama.

Mr. M. Mason adopts the former of these meanings, and adds, in support of his opinion, a passage from *Much ado about Nothing*, where Don Pedro says to Benedick,

“——if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.” STEEVENS.

could be contented,—Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house :—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous;*—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink : but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous ; the friends you have named, uncertain ; the time itself unsorted ; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid ; our friends true and constant : a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation : an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York⁵ commends the plot, and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan.⁶ Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet

4 This letter was from George Dunbar, Earl of March, in Scotland.

Mr. EDWARDS'S MS. Notes.

5 Richard Scroop, Archbishop of York. STEEVENS.

6 Mr. Edwards observes in his *Canons of Criticism*, “ that the ladies in our author's time wore fans made of feathers.” See Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, Act II. sc. ii :

“ This feather grew in her sweet fan sometimes, tho' now it be my poor fortune to wear it.”

Again, as Mr. Whalley observes to me, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at several Weapons*, Act V :

“ ——— Wer't not better

“ Your head were broke with the handle of a fan?

See the wooden cut in a note on a passage in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. sc. ii. and the figure of *Marguerite de France, Duchesse de Savoie*, in the fifth vol. of Montfaucon's *Monarchie de France*. Plate IX.

STEEVENS.

This passage ought to be a memento to all commentators, not to be too positive about the customs of former ages. Mr. Edwards has laughed unmercifully at Dr. Warburton for supposing that Hotspur meant to brain the Earl of March with the handle of his lady's fan, instead of the feathers of it. The lines quoted by Mr. Whalley shew that the supposition was not so wild a one as Mr. Edwards supposed. MALONE.

meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this? an infidel? Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: We are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate?⁷ I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?⁸
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,

To

⁷ Shakspeare either mistook the name of Hotspur's wife, (which was not *Katharine*, but *Elizabeth*,) or else designedly changed it, out of the remarkable fondness he seems to have had for the familiar appellation of *Kate*, which he is never weary of repeating, when he has once introduced it; as in this scene, the scene of *Katharine* and *Petruchio*, and the courtship between *King Henry V.* and the *French Princess*. The wife of Hotspur was the Lady Elizabeth Mortimer, sister to Roger Earl of March, and aunt to Edmund Earl of March, who is introduced in this play by the name of Lord Mortimer. STEEVENS.

The sister of Roger Earl of March, according to Hall, was called *Eleanor*. So also Holinshed. But both these historians were mistaken, for her christian name undoubtedly was *Elizabeth*. MALONE.

⁸ So, in Hall's *Chronicle*, Richard III: "—he needed now no more once for that cause eyther to awake, or breake hys golden sleepe."

HENDERSON.

The various epithets, borrowed from the qualities of metals, which have been bestowed on *sleep*, may serve to show how vaguely words are applied in poetry. In the line before us, sleep is called *golden*, and in *K. Richard III.* we have "*leaden slumber*." But in *Virgil* it is "*ferreus somnus*;" while *Homer* terms sleep *bræzen*, or more strictly *copper*, χαλκεος υπνος. HOLT WHITE.

To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?
 In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
 Cry, *Courage!—to the field!* And thou hast talk'd
 Of fallies, and retires;⁹ of trenches, tents,
 Of palisadoes, frontiers,² parapets,
 Of basilisks,³ of cannon, culverin;
 Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
 And all the 'currents⁴ of a heady fight.
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
 And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
 Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream:
 And in thy face strange motions have appeared,
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath
 On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these?
 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well,

⁹ *Retires* are *retreats*. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 10: "—— their secret safe *retire*." Again, in Holinshed, p. 960: "—— the Frenchmen's flight, (for manie so termed their sudden *retire*,)" &c.

STEEVENS.

² For *frontiers*, Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read very plausibly—*fortins*. JOHNSON.

Plausible as this is, it is apparently erroneous, and therefore unnecessary. *Frontiers* formerly meant not only the bounds of different territories, but also the *forts* built along, or near those limits. In Ives's *Practice of Fortification*, printed in 1589, p. 1, it is said: A forte not placed where it were needful, might skantly be accounted for *frontier*."

STEEVENS.

³ A *basilisk* is a cannon of a particular kind. STEEVENS.

⁴ i. e. the *occurrences*. In old language *occurrent* was used instead of *occurrence*. MALONE.

Well, I will back him straight : O *esperance* !⁵—
 Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[Exit Servant.]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st, my lady ?

Lady. What is it carries you away ?

Hot. My horse,

My love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape !

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen,

As you are tofs'd with. In faith,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title ; and hath sent for you,

To line his enterprize : But if you go—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
 Directly to this question that I ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,⁶

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,

Away, you trifler !—Love ?—I love thee not,⁷

I care

⁵ The motto of the Percy family. MALONE.

⁶ This token of amorous dalliance appeareth to be of a very ancient date ; being mentioned in Fenton's *Tragical Discourses*, 1579 : " Where-upon, I think, no sort of kysses or follyes in love were forgotten, no kynd of crampe, nor *pinching by the little finger*." AMNER.

⁷ This I think would be better thus :

Hot. Away, you trifler !

Lady. Love !

Hot. I love thee not.

This is no world, &c. JOHNSON.

The alteration proposed by Dr. Johnson seems unnecessary. The passage, as now regulated, appears to me perfectly clear.—The first *love* is not a substantive, but a verb :

love [thee ?]—*I love thee not.*

Hotspur's mind being intent on other things, his answers are irregular. He has been musing, and now replies to what lady Percy had said *some time before* :

" Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,

" And I must know it,—*else he loves me not.*"

I care not for thee, Kate : this is no world,
 To play with mammets,⁸ and to tilt with lips :
 We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,⁹
 And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—
 What say'st thou, Kate ? what would'st thou have with me ?

Lady. Do you not love me ? do you not, indeed ?
 Well, do not then ; for, since you love me not,
 I will not love myself. Do you not love me ?
 Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no ?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride ?
 And when I am o'horse-back, I will swear
 I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate ;
 I must not have you henceforth question me
 Whither I go, nor reason whereabout :
 Whither I must, I must ; and, to conclude,
 This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
 I know you wise ; but yet no further wise,

Than

In a subsequent scene this distinguishing trait of his character is particularly mentioned by the Prince of Wales, in his description of a conversation between Hotspur and lady Percy : “ *O my sweet Harry, (says she,) how many hast thou kill'd to-day ? Give my roan horse a drench,* (says he, and answers,)—*some fourteen,*—AN HOUR AFTER. MALONE.

⁸ ———mammets,] Puppets. JOHNSON.

So Stubbs, speaking of ladies dress'd in the fashion, says : “ they are not natural, but artificial women, not women of flesh and blood, but rather *puppets* or *mammets*, consisting of ragges and clowts compact together.”

So, in the old comedy of *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609 : “ ——— I have seen the city of new Nineveh, and Julius Cæsar, acted by *mammets*.” Again, in the ancient romance of *Virgilius*, bl. l. no date : “ ———he made in that compase all the goddes that we call *marwmetts* and ydolles.” *Mammet* is perhaps a corruption of *Mabomet*. Throughout the English translation of *Marco Paolo*, 1579, *Mabometans* and other worshippers of idols are always called *Mabometts*, and *Mahmetts*. Holinshed's *History of England*, p. 108, speaks “ of *marwmetts* and idols.” This last conjecture and quotation is from Mr. Tollet. I may add, that Hamlet seems to have the same idea when he tells Ophelia, that “ he could interpret between her and her love, if he saw the *puppets* dallying.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ Signifies at once *crack'd money*, and a *broken head*. *Current* will apply to both ; as it refers to money, its sense is well known ; as it is applied to a broken head, it insinuates that a soldier's wounds entitle him to universal reception. JOHNSON.

Than Harry Percy's wife; constant you are;
 But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
 No lady closer; for I well believe,
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;⁹
 And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate?

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
 Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
 To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
 Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must, of force. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*²

Enter Prince HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and
 lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or
 four score hogheads. I have sounded the very base string of
 humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers;³
 and

⁹ This line is borrowed from a proverbial sentence: "A woman conceals what she knows not." See Ray's *Proverbs*. STEEVENS.

² In the old anonymous play of *King Henry V. Eastcheap* is the place where Henry and his companions meet: "*Henry 5.* You know the old tavern in *Eastcheap*; there is good wine." Shakspeare has hung up a sign for them that he saw daily; for the *Boar's head* tavern was very near Black-friars play-house. See Stowe's *Survey*, 4to. 1618. p. 686.

MALONE.

This sign is mentioned in a letter from *Henry Wyndesore*, 1459, 38 Henry VI. See *Letters of the Paston Family*, Vol. I. p. 175. The writer of this letter was one of Sir John Fastolf's household.

Sir John Fastolf, (as I learn from Mr. T. Warton,) was in his lifetime a considerable benefactor to Magdalen college, Oxford, for which his name is commemorated in an anniversary speech; and though the college cannot give the particulars at large, the *Boar's Head* in *Southwark*, (which still retains that name, though divided into tenements, yielding 150l. *per ann.*) and Caldecot manor in Suffolk, were part of the lands, &c. he bestowed. STEEVENS.

³ Alluding to the *fiatres jurati* in the ages of adventure. So, says Bardolph,

and can call them all by their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian,⁴ a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me; and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call—drinking deep, dying scarlet: and when you breathe in your watering,⁵ they cry—hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar,⁶ clapp'd even now into my hand by an under-skinker;⁷ one that never spake other English

Bardolph, in *King Henry V.* Act II. sc. i: “——we'll be all three sworn brothers to France.” STEEVENS.

⁴ ——Corinthian,] A wench. JOHNSON.

This cant expression is common in old plays. STEEVENS.

⁵ A certain maxim of health attributed to the school of Salerno, may prove the best comment on this passage. I meet with a similar expression in a MS. play of *Timon of Athens*, which, from the hand-writing, appears to be at least as ancient as the time of Shakspeare:

“——we also do enact

“That all hold up their heads, and laugh aloud;

“Drink much at one draught; *breathe not in their drink;*

“That none go out to ——.” STEEVENS.

⁶ It appears from the following passage in *Look about you*, 1600, and some others, that the drawers kept sugar folded up in papers, ready to be delivered to those who called for sack:

“——but do you hear?

“Bring sugar in *white paper*, not in brown.”

Shakspeare might perhaps allude to a custom mentioned by Decker in *The Gul's Horn Book*, 1609: “Enquire what gallants sup in the next roome, and if they be any of your acquaintance, do not you (after the city fashion) send them in a pottle of wine, and your name sweetened in two pitiful papers of sugar, with some filthy apologic cram'd into the mouth of a drawer,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁷ A tapster; an under-drawer. *Skink* is drink, and a *skinker* is one that serves drink at table. JOHNSON.

Schenken, Dutch, is to fill a glass or cup; and *schenker* is a cup-bearer, one

English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence*, and—*You are welcome*; with this shrill addition,—*Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon*, or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

[*Exit POINS.*]

*Enter Francis.*⁸

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate,⁹ Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five year, and as much as to—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran.

one that waits at table to fill the glasses. An *under-skinker* is therefore, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, an *under-drawer*. STEEVENS.

Giles Fletcher, in his *Russe Commonwealth*, 1591, p. 13, speaking of a town built on the south side of Moskoa, by Basilus the emperor, for a garrison of soldiers, says: “——to whom he gave privilege to drinke mead and beer at the drye or prohibited times, when other *Russes* may drinke nothing but water; and for that cause called this new citie by the name of Naloi, that is, *skink* or *poure in*.” REED.

⁸ This scene, helped by the distraction of the drawer, and grimaces of the prince, may entertain upon the stage, but affords not much delight to the reader. The author has judiciously made it short. JOHNSON.

⁹ To have windows or loop-holes looking into the rooms beneath them, was anciently a general custom. STEEVENS.

Fran. Anon, anon, fir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, fir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, fir! I would, it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin,² chrystal-button,³ nott-pated,⁴ agat-ring, puke-stocking,⁵ caddis-garter,⁶ smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran.

² The prince intends to ask the drawer whether he will rob his master, whom he denotes by many contemptuous distinctions. JOHNSON.

³ It appears from the following passage in Greene's *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, 1620, that a leather jerkin with crystal-buttons was the habit of a pawn-broker: "—a black taffata doublet, and a spruce leather jerkin with chrystal buttons, &c. I enquired of what occupation: Marry, fir, quoth he, a broker." STEEVENS.

⁴ It should be printed as in the old folios,—*nott-pated*. So, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the Yeman is thus described:

"A nott head had he with a brown visage."

A person was said to be *nott-pated*, when the hair was cut short and round; Ray says the word is still used in Essex, for *polled* or *shorn*. Vide Ray's *Collection*, p. 108. Morell's *Chaucer*, 8vo. p. 11. vide Jun. Etym. ad verb. PERCY.

In Barrett's *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, to *notte* the hair is the same as to cut it. STEEVENS.

⁵ In Barrett's *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, a *puke* colour is explained as being a colour between russet and black, and is rendered in Latin *pullus*.

In a small book entitled, *The Order of my Lorde Maior, &c. for their Meetings and Wearing of theyr Apparel throughout the Yeere*, printed in 1586: "the maior, &c. are commanded to appeare on Good Fryday in their *pewke* gownes, and without their chaynes and typetes."

Shelton, in his translation of *Don Quixote*, p. 2. says: "the rest and remnant of his estate was spent on a jerkin of a fine *puke*. Edit. 1612.

In

Fran. O lord, fir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why then, your brown bastard⁷ is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will fully: in Barbary, fir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran.

In Salmon's *Chymist's Shop laid open*, there is a receipt to make a *puke* colour. The ingredients are the vegetable gall and a large proportion of water; from which it should appear that the colour was grey.

In the time of Shakspeare the most expensive silk stockings were worn; and in *King Lear*, by way of reproach, an attendant is called a *worsted-stocking* knave. So that, after all, perhaps the word *puke* refers to the quality of the stuff rather than to the colour. STEEVENS.

Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, 1730, p. 406, speaks of "a gown of black *puke*." The statute 5 and 6 of Edward VI. c. vi. mentions cloth of these colours "*puke*, brown-blue, blacks." Hence *puke* seems not to be a perfect or full black, but it might be a russet blue, or rather, a russet black, as Mr. Steevens intimates from Barrett's *Alvearie*. TOLLET.

If Shelton be accurate, as I think he is, in rendering *velarte* by *puke*; *puke* must signify *russet wool that has never been dyed*. HENLEY.

I have no doubt that the epithet referred to the dark colour. Black stockings are now worn, as they probably were in Shakspeare's time, by persons of inferior condition, on a principle of œconomy. MALONE.

⁶ *Caddis* was, I believe, a kind of coarse *ferret*. The garters of Shakspeare's time were worn in sight, and consequently were expensive. He who would submit to wear a coarser sort, was probably called by this contemptuous distinction. STEEVENS.

"At this day, [about the year 1625] says the continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*, men of mean rank weare garters and shoe-roses of more than five pound price." In a note on *Twelfth-Night*, Mr. Steevens observes that very rich garters were anciently worn below the knee.

In a manuscript Account-book kept by Mr. Philip Henslowe, step-father to the wife of Alleyn the player, of which an account is given in Vol. II. is the following article: "Lent unto Thomas Hewode, [the dramatick writer,] the 1 of september 1602, to bye him a payre of *silver* garters, ijs. vid."

Caddis was *worsted* galloon. MALONE.

⁷ *Bastard* was a kind of sweet wine. The prince finding the waiter not able, or not willing to understand his instigation, puzzles him with unconnected prattle, and drives him away. JOHNSON.

In an old dramatick piece, entitled, *Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco*, the second edition, 1630, Beer says to Wine:

"Wine well born? Did not every man call you *bastard* but t'other day?"

Maison Rustique, translated by Markham, 1616, p. 635, says, "— such wines are called *mungrell*, or *bastard* wines, which (betwixt the sweet and astringent ones) have neither manifest sweetness, nor manifest astringent, but indeed participate and contain in them both qualities." TOLLET.

Barrett,

Fran. What, fir?

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue; Dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? look to the guests within. [*Exit Francis.*] My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; Shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] *Poins!*

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, fir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye, What cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have shew'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter Francis with wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, fir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind,⁸ the Hot-spur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen
of

Barrett, however, in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, says, that "*bastarde* is muscadell, sweet wine." STERVENs.

⁸ The drawer's answer had interrupted the prince's train of discourse. He was proceeding thus: *I am now of all humours that have shew'd themselves humours; —I am not yet of Percy's mind; that is, I am willing to indulge myself in gaiety and frolick, and try all the varieties of human life. I am not yet of Percy's mind,—who thinks all the time lost that is not spent in bloodshed, forgets decency and civility, and has nothing but the barren talk of a brutal soldier.* JOHNSON.

of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—*Fie upon this quite life! I want work.* O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou kill'd to-day?* Give my roan horse a drench, says he; and answers, *Some fourteen, an hour after; a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo,*⁹ says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks,² and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant?

[*He drinks.*]

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the son!³ if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal.

⁹ This was perhaps the cant of the English taverns. JOHNSON.

This conjecture Dr. Farmer has supported by a quotation from Marston:

“If thou art sad at other's fate,

“*Rivo*, drink deep, give care the mate.” STEEVENS.

² *Nether-stocks*, are stockings. STEEVENS.

³ The usual reading has hitherto been—*the sweet tale of the sun*. The present change will be accounted for in the course of the following annotations. STEEVENS.

All that wants restoring is a parenthesis, into which (*pitiful-hearted Titan!*) should be put. *Pitiful-hearted* means only *amorous*, which was Titan's character: the pronoun *that* refers to *butter*. The heat of the sun is figuratively represented as a *love-tale*, the poet having before called him *pitiful-hearted*, or *amorous*. WARBURTON.

The same thought, as Dr. Farmer observed to me, is found among Turberville's *Epitaphs*, p. 142:

“It melts as butter doth against the funne.”

The reader, who inclines to Dr. Warburton's opinion, will please to furnish himself with some proof that *pitiful-hearted* was ever used to signify *amorous*, before he pronounces this learned critick's emendation to be just.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: ⁴ Yet a coward

In the oldest copy, the contested part of the passage appears thus:

—*at the sweet tale of the sonnes.*

Our author might have written—*pitiful-hearted Titan, who melted at the sweet tale of his son, i. e. of Phaëton, who, by a plausible story, won on the easy nature of his father so far, as to obtain from him the guidance of his own chariot for a day.* STEEVENS.

⁴ Sir Richard Hawkins, one of Queen Elizabeth's sea-captains, in his *Voyages*, p. 379, says: "Since the Spanish sacks have been common in our taverns, which for conservation are mingled with lime in the making, our nation complains of calentures, of the stone, the dropfy, and infinite distempers, not heard of before this wine came into frequent use. Besides, there is no year that it wasteth not two millions of crowns of our substance, by conveyance into foreign countries." I think Lord Clarendon, in his *Apology*, tells us, "That sweet wines before the Restoration were so much to the English taste, that we engrossed the whole product of the Canaries; and that not a pipe of it was expended in any other country in Europe." But the banished cavaliers brought home with them the goust for French wines, which has continued ever since.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton does not consider that *sack*, in Shakspeare, is most probably thought to mean what we now call *sherry*, which, when it is drank, is still drank with sugar. JOHNSON.

Rhenish is drank with sugar, but never *sherry*.

The difference between the true *sack* and *sherry*, is distinctly marked by the following passage in *Fortune by Land and Sea*, by Heywood and Rowley, 1655:

"*Rayns.* Some *sack* boy, &c.

"*Drawer.* Good *sherry sack*, sir?

"*Rayns.* I meant *canary*, sir: what, hast no brains?"

STEEVENS.

Eliot, in his *Orthoepia*, 1593, speaking of *sack* and *rhenish*, says: "The vintners of London put in *lime*, and thence proceed infinite maladies, especially the *gouttes*." FARMER.

From the following passage in *Greene's Ghost haunting Conie-catchers*, 1604, it seems as though *lime* was mixed with the sack for the purpose of giving strength to the liquor: "—a christian exhortation to Mother Buch would not have done amisse, that she should not mixe *lime* with her ale to make it *mightie*." REED.

Sack, the favourite beverage of Sir John Falstaff, was, according to the information of a very old gentleman, a liquor compounded of *sherry*, *cyder*, and *sugar*. Sometimes it should seem to have been brewed with eggs, i. e. *mulled*. And that the vintners played tricks with it, appears from Falstaff's charge in the text. It does not seem to be at present known;

a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing:⁵ A plague of all cowards, I say still!

P. Hen.

known; the sweet wine so called, being apparently of a quite different nature. RITSON.

That the sweet wine at present called *sack*, is different from Falstaff's favourite liquor, I am by no means convinced. On the contrary, from the fondness of the English nation for *sugar* at this period, I am rather inclined to Dr. Warburton's opinion on this subject. If the English drank only rough wine with *sugar*, there appears nothing extraordinary, or worthy of particular notice; and that their partiality for *sugar* was very great, will appear from the passage in Hentzner already quoted, p. 252, as well as the passage from Moryson's *Itinerary*, which being adopted by Mr. Malone in his note, *ibid.* need not to be here repeated. The addition of *sugar* even to *sack*, might, *perhaps*, to a taste habituated to sweets, operate only in a manner to improve the flavour of the wine. REED.

⁵ In the first edition, the passage is read thus: *I could sing psalms or any thing*. In the first folio thus: *I could sing all manner of songs*. Many expressions bordering on indecency or profaneness are found in the first editions, which are afterwards corrected. The reading of the three last editions, *I could sing psalms and all manner of songs*, is made without authority out of different copies. JOHNSON.

The editors of the folio, 1623, to avoid the penalty of the statute, 3 Jac. I. c. xxi. changed the text here, as they did in many other places from the same motive. MALONE.

In the persecutions of the Protestants in Flanders under Philip II. those who came over into England on that occasion, brought with them the woollen manufactory. These were Calvinists, who were always distinguished for their love of psalmody. WARBURTON.

I believe nothing more is here meant than to allude to the practice of weavers, who, having their hands more employed than their minds, amuse themselves frequently with songs at the loom. The knight, being full of vexation, wishes he could sing to divert his thoughts.

Weavers are mentioned as lovers of musick in *The Merchant of Venice*. Perhaps "to sing like a weaver" might be proverbial. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton's observation may be confirmed by the following passage: Ben Jonson, in *The Silent Woman*, makes Cutberd tell Morose, that "the parson caught his cold by sitting up late, and singing catches with cloth-workers." STEVEENS.

So,

P. Hen. How now, wool-sack? what matter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath,⁶ and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll flab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that, backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. [*He drinks.*]

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen

So, in *The Winter's Tale*: “——but one puritan among them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes.” MALONE.

The Protestants who fled from the persecution of the Duke d'Alva were mostly weavers and woollen manufacturers: they settled in Gloucestershire, Somersetshire, and other counties, and (as Dr. Warburton observes,) being Calvinists, were distinguished for their love of psalmody. For many years the inhabitants of these counties have excelled the rest of the kingdom in the skill of vocal harmony.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

⁶ i. e. such a dagger as the *Vice* in the old moralities was arm'd with.

STEEVENS.

dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through;⁷ my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; How was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,——

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Poins. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Hebrew Jew.⁸

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,——

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Poins. Pray God, you have not murder'd some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have pepper'd two
of

⁷ It appears from the old comedy of *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, that this method of defence and fight was in Shakspeare's time growing out of fashion. The play was published in 1599, and one of the characters in it makes the following observation:

"I see by this dearth of good swords, that sword-and-buckler-fight begins to grow out. I am sorry for it; I shall never see good manhood again. If it be once gone, this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up then. Then a tall man, and a good sword-and-buckler-man, will be spitted like a cat, or a coney: then a boy will be as good as a man," &c. STEEVENS.

⁸ So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*: "——thou art an *Hebrew*, a *Jew*, and not worth the name of a Christian."

The natives of Palestine were called *Hebrews*, by way of distinction from the *stranger Jews* denominated *Greeks*. STEEVENS.

Jews in Shakspeare's time were supposed to be peculiarly hard-hearted. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*: "A Jew would have wept to have seen our parting." MALONE.

of them : two, I am sure, I have pay'd ; ⁹ two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou know'st my old ward ;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,——

P. Hen. What, four ? thou said'st but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal ; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven ? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.²

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.³

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone ; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal ?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,——

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,——

Poins. Down fell their hose.⁴

Fal. Began to give me ground : But I follow'd me close, came in foot and hand ; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Hen.

⁹ i. e. drubbed, beaten. MALONE.

² I believe these words belong to the Prince's speech : “—there were but four even now,—in buckram.” Poins concurs with the Prince : “Ay, four, in buckram suits ;” and Falstaff perseveres in the number of seven. As the speeches are at present regulated, Falstaff seems to assent to the Prince's assertion, that there were but *four*, if the Prince will but grant they were in *buckram* ; and then immediately afterwards asserts that the number of his assailants was seven. The regulation proposed renders the whole consistent. MALONE.

³ From the Prince's speech, and Poins's answer, I apprehend that Falstaff's reply should be interrogatively ; In buckram ? WHALLEY.

⁴ To understand Poins's joke, the double meaning of *point* must be remembered, which signifies *the sharp end of a weapon*, and *the lace of a garment*. The cleanly phrase for letting down the hose, *ad levandum alvum*, was to *untruss a point*. JOHNSON.

P. Hen. O monstrous ! eleven buckram men grown out of two !

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal⁵ green, came at my back, and let drive at me ; — for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them ; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts ; thou knotted-pated fool ; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech,⁶ —

Fal. What, art thou mad ? art thou mad ? is not the truth, the truth ?

P. Hen. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand ? come, tell us your reason ; What say'st thou to this ?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion ? No ; were I at the strap-pado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion.

⁵ *Kendal* in Westmoreland, is a place famous for making cloths, and dying them with several bright colours. To this purpose, Drayton, in the 30th Song of his *Polyolbion* :

“ — where *Kendal* town doth stand,

“ For making of our *cloth* scarce match'd in all the land.”

Kendal green was the livery of *Robert Earl of Huntington* and his followers, while they remained in a state of outlawry, and their leader assumed the title of *Robin Hood*. STEEVENS.

Again : “ *Kendal*, a towne so highly renowned for her commodious cloathing and industrious trading, as her name is become famous in that kind.” *Camd. in Brit. Barnabees Journal*. BOWLE.

⁶ The word *tallow-catch* is in all editions, but having no meaning, cannot be understood. In some parts of the kingdom, a *cake* or *mass* of wax or tallow, is called a *keech*, which is doubtless the word intended here, unless we read *tallow-ketch*, that is *tub of tallow*. JOHNSON.

The conjectural emendation *ketch*, i. e. *tub*, is very ingenious. But the Prince's allusion is sufficiently striking, if we alter not a letter ; and only suppose that by *tallow-catch*, he means a *receptacle for tallow*.

T. WARTON.

Tallow-keech is undoubtedly right, but ill explained. A *keech* of *tallow* is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandler. It is the proper word in use now.

PERCY.

A *keech* is what is called a *tallow loaf* in *Suffex*, and in its form resembles the rotundity of a fat man's belly. COLLINS.

Shakspeare calls the *butcher's wife* goody *Keech*, in the Second Part of this play. STEEVENS.

compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-preffer, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin,⁷ you dried neats-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

P. Hen. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight? What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou
now

⁷ For *elf-skin* Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read *eel-skin*. The true reading, I believe, is *elf-kin*, or *little-fairy*: for though the Bastard in *King John*, compares his brother's two legs to two eel-skins stuff'd, yet an eel-skin simply bears no great resemblance to a man. JOHNSON.

In these comparisons Shakspeare was not drawing the picture of a *little fairy*, but of a man remarkably *tall* and *thin*, to whose shapeless uniformity of length, an "*eel-skin stuff'd*" (for that circumstance is implied) certainly bears a humorous resemblance, as do the *tailor's yard*, the *tuck*, or small sword set upright, &c. The comparisons of the *stock-fish* and dry'd *neat's tongue* allude to the leanness of the prince. The reading—*eel-skin*, is supported likewise by the passage already quoted from *King John*, and by Falstaff's description of the *lean Shallow* in the Second Part of *King Henry IV*.

Shakspeare had historical authority for the *leanness* of the Prince of Wales. Stowe speaking of him, says, "he exceeded the mean stature of men, his neck long, body slender and lean, and his bones small," &c.

STEEVENS.

now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; What trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me, to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou know'st, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, by the Lords, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold. All the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,——

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man,⁸ and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal.

⁸ I believe here is a kind of jest intended. He that received a *noble* was in cant language, called a *nobleman*: in this sense the Prince catches the word, and bids the landlady *give him as much as will make him a royal man*, that is, a *real* or *royal* man, and send him away. JOHNSON.

The *royal* went for 10s.—the *noble* only for 6s. and 8d. TYRWHITT.

This seems to allude to a jest of Queen Elizabeth. Mr. John Blower in a sermon before her majesty, first said: “My *royal* Queen,” and a little after: “My *noble* Queen.” Upon which says the Queen: “What am I *ten groats* worse than I was?” This is to be found in Hearne's *Discourse of some Antiquities between Windsor and Oxford*; and it confirms the remark of the very learned and ingenious Mr. Tyrwhitt. TOLLET.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—
Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exit.]

P. Hen. Now, firs; by'r-lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph; you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, How came Falstaff's sword so hack'd?

Peto. Why, he hack'd it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass,⁹ to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men.² I did that I did not this seven year before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner,³ and ever since thou

⁹ So, in the old anonymous play of *The Victories of Henry the Fifth*: "Every day when I went into the field, I would take a straw, and thrust it into my nose, and make my nose bleed," &c. STEEVENS.

² That is, of the men with whom they fought, of *bonest men*, opposed to thieves. JOHNSON.

³ *Taken with the manner* is a law phrase, and then in common use, to signify *taken in the fact*. But the Oxford editor alters it, for better security of the sense, to—*taken in the manor*,—i. e. I suppose, by the lord of it, as a stray. WARBURTON.

The expression—*taken in the manner*, or with *the manner*, is common to many of our old dramattick writers. STEEVENS.

Manour or, *Mainour*, or *Maynour*, an old law term, (from the French *mainaver* or *mainer*, Lat. *manu tractare*,) signifies the thing which a thief takes away or steals: and to be taken with the *manour* or *mainour* is to be taken with the thing stolen about him, or doing an unlawful act, *flagrante delicto*, or, as we say, in the fact. The expression is much used in the forest-laws. See Manwood's edition in quarto, 1665, p. 292, where it is spelt *manner*. HAWKINS.

Dr. Pettengall in his *Enquiry into the use and practice of Juries among the Greeks and Romans*, 4to. p. 176, observes, that "in the sense of being
taken

thou hast blush'd extempore: Thou hadst fire and sword⁴ on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers, and cold purses.⁵

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.⁶

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now my sweet creature of bombast?⁷ How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

Fal.

taken in the fact, the Romans used the expression *manifesto deprehensus*, Cic. *pro Cluentio—et pro Caelio*. The word *manifesto* seems to be formed of *manu*. Hence the Saxons expressed this idea by words of the same import, *band habend*, *having in the band*, or *back berend*, *bearing on the back*. The Welsh laws of Hoel-dda, used in the same sense the words *Iledrad un yllaw—latrocinium vel furtum in manu, the theft in his hand*. The English law calls it *taken with the manner*, instead of the *mainer*, from *main*, the *band*, in the French language in which our statute laws were written from *Westminst. primer* 3 Edward I. to Richard III. In *Westminst. primer*, c. xv. it is called *prise ove le mainer*. In *Rot. Parliament*. 5 Richard II. Tit. 96. Cotton's Abridgement, and Coke's Institutes, it is corruptly called *taken with the manner*; and the English translators of the Bible following the vulgar jargon of the law, rendered *Numbers v. 13*. relating to a woman taken in the fact of adultery, by *taken with the manner*.—"In the Scotch law it is called *taken with the fang*. See *Reg. Majest. Lib. IV. c. xxi*. And in cases of murder manifest, the murderer was said to be *taken with the red band* and *hot blude*. All which modes of expression in the Western Empire took their origin from the Roman *manifesto deprehensus*." REED.

⁴ The fire was in his face. A red face is termed a *fiery face*.

JOHNSON.

⁵ That is, *drunkenness* and *poverty*. To *drink* was, in the language of those times, to *beat the liver*. JOHNSON.

⁶ The reader who would enter into the spirit of this repartee, must recollect the similarity of sound between *collar* and *choler*. STEEVENS.

⁷ —bombast? Is the stuffing of clothes. JOHNSON.

Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1595, observes, that in his time "the doublettes were so hard quilted, stuffed, *bombasted*, and sewed, as they could neither worke, nor yet well play in them." *Bombast* is cotton. Gerard calls the cotton plant "the *bombast tree*." STEEVENS.

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring:⁸ A plague of fighting and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was fir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,⁹—What, a plague, call you him?—

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot

⁸ Aristophanes has the same thought:

Διὰ δακτυλίου μὲν ἔν ἐμέ γ' ἄν διελκυσάις. *Plutus*, v. 1037.

Sir W. RAWLINSON.

An alderman's *thumb-ring* is mentioned by Browne in *The Antipodes*, 1640: “—Item, a distich graven in his *thumb-ring*.” The custom of wearing a ring on the thumb, is very ancient. In Chaucer's *Squier's Tale*, it is said of the rider of the brazen horse who advanced into the hall of Cambuscan, that

“—upon his *thumbe* he had of gold a ring. STEEVENS.

⁹ A *Welsh book* appears to have been some instrument of the offensive kind. It is mentioned in the play of *Sir John Oldcastle*:

“—that no man presume to wear any weapons, especially *welsh-books* and forest-bills.”

“The Welsh Glaive,” (which I take to be the same weapon under another name,) says Captain Grose in his *Treatise on ancient Armour*, “is a kind of bill, sometimes reckoned among the pole-axes;” a variety perhaps of the *securis falcata*, or probably resembling the *Lochaber axe*, which was used in the late rebellion. Colonel Gardner was attacked with such a one at the battle of Prestonpans. STEEVENS.

The *Welsh book*, I believe, was pointed, like a spear, to push or thrust with; and below had a hook to seize on the enemy if he should attempt to escape by flight. I take my ideas from a passage in *Butler's Character of a Justice of the Peace*, whom the witty author thus describes: “His whole authority is like a *Welsh book*; for his warrant is a *puller to her*, and his mittimus a *thruster from her*.” *Remains*, Vol. II. p. 192.

WHALLEY.

Minsheu in his *Dict.* 1617, explains a *Welsh book* thus: “*Armorum genus est ære in falcis modum incurvato, perticæ longissimæ præfixo.*” Cotgrave calls it “a long hedging-bill, about the length of a partisan.” See also Florio's *Italian Dict.* 1598:

“Falcione. A bending forrest bill, or *Welsh book*.—

“Pennati. Hedge-bills, forest bills, *Welch books*, or weeding hooks.”

MALONE.

Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o'horse-back up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol ² kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. O'horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps ³ more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news; ⁴ you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackarel.⁵

P. Hen. Why then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower?

Art

² Shakspeare never has any care to preserve the manners of the time. *Pistols* were not known in the age of Henry. *Pistols* were, I believe, about our author's time, eminently used by the Scots. Sir Henry Wotton somewhere makes mention of a *Scottish pistol*. JOHNSON.

³ A name of ridicule given to the Scots from their *blue-bonnets*;

JOHNSON.

⁴ I think Montaigne mentions a person condemned to death, whose *hair turned grey* in one night. TOLLET.

⁵ In former times the prosperity of the nation was known by the value of land, as now by the price of stocks. Before Henry the Seventh made it safe to serve the King regnant, it was the practice at every revolution, for the conqueror to confiscate the estates of those that opposed, and perhaps of those who did not assist him. Those, therefore, that foresaw the change of government, and thought their estates in danger, were desirous to sell them in haste for something that might be carried away. JOHNSON.

Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state,⁶ this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown.⁷

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown, for a pitiful bald crown!⁸

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyfes'⁹ vein.

P. Hen.

⁶ A *state* is a chair with a canopy over it.

This, as well as a following passage, was perhaps designed to ridicule the mock majesty of *Cambyfes*, the hero of a play which appears from Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609, to have been exhibited with some degree of theatrical pomp. Decker is ridiculing the impertinence of young gallants who sat or stood on the stage; "on the very rushes where the comedy is to daunce, yea and under the *state of Cambyses himselfe*."

STEEVENS.

⁷ Dr. Letherland, in a MS. note, observes that the country people in Warwickshire use a *cushion* for a *crown*, at their harvest-home diversions.

STEEVENS.

⁸ This answer might, I think, have better been omitted: it contains only a repetition of Falstaff's mock-royalty. JOHNSON.

This is an *apostrophe* of the Prince to his absent father, not an *answer* to Falstaff. FARMER.

Rather a ludicrous description of Falstaff's mock *regalia*. RITSON.

⁹ The banter is here upon a play called *A lamentable tragedie, mixed full of pleasant mirth, containing the life of Cambyses king of Persia*. By Thomas Preston. [1570.] THEOBALD.

I question if Shakspere had ever seen this tragedy; for there is a remarkable peculiarity of measure, which, when he professed to speak in *king Cambyfes' vein*, he would hardly have missed, if he had known it.

JOHNSON.

There is a marginal direction in the old play of *King Cambyses*: "At this tale tolde, let the queen weep;" which I fancy is alluded to, though the measure is not preserved. FARMER.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.²

Fal. And here is my speech :—Stand aside, nobility.

Hof. This is excellent sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hof. O the father, how he holds his countenance !

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.³

Hof. O rare ! he doth it as like one of these harlotry
players,⁴ as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot ; peace, good tickle-brain.⁵—
Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time,
but also how thou art accompanied : for though the camo-
mile,⁶ the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet
youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou
art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own
opinion ; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a
foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then
thou be son to me, here lies the point ;—Why, being son to me,
art

² That is, my obeisance to my father. JOHNSON.

³ This passage is probably a burlesque on the following in *Preston's Cambyfes* :

“ *Queen.* These words to hear makes filling teares issue from chryftall eyes.”

Perhaps, says Dr. Farmer, we should read—*do ope the flood-gates, &c.*
STEEVENS.

The allusion may be to the following passage in *Soliman and Perseda* :

“ How can mine eyes dart forth a pleasant look,

“ When they are stop'd with floods of flowing tears ? ” RITSON.

⁴ This word is used in *The Ploughman's Tale* : “ Soche *harlotre* men,”
&c. Junius explains the word by “ *inhonestā paupertinæ fortis fœditas.* ”
STEEVENS.

⁵ This appears to have been the nick name of some strong liquor.

STEEVENS.

⁶ This whole speech is supremely comic. The simile of camomile used to illustrate a contrary effect, brings to my remembrance an observation of a late writer of some merit, whom the desire of being witty has betrayed into a like thought. Meaning to enforce with great vehemence the mad temerity of young soldiers, he remarks, that “ though Bedlam be in the road to Hogsdon, it is out of the way to promotion.”

JOHNSON.

The style immediately ridiculed, is that of Lyly, in his *Euphues* :
“ Though the *camomile* the more it is trodden and pressed downe, the more it spreadeth ; yet the *violet* the oftener it is handled and touched, the sooner it withereth and decayeth,” &c. FARMER.

art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher,⁷ and eat blackberries? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile;⁸ so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:— And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A good portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree⁹ may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with,

⁷ i. e. truant; to *mich* is to lurk out of sight, a hedge-creeper.

WARBURTON.

The allusion is to a truant boy, who unwilling to go to school, and afraid to go home, lurks in the fields, and picks wild fruits. JOHNSON.

A *micher*, I believe, means only a lurking thief distinguished from one more daring. *Lambard* in his *Eirenarcha*, 1610, p. 186. speaking of the powers which may be exercised by one justice, says, he may charge the constables to arrest such as shall be suspected to be “draw-latches, wastors, or robertsmen, that is to say, either *miching* or mightie theeves, for the meaning must remaine howsoever the word be gone out of use.”

REED.

⁸ Alluding to an ancient ballad beginning:

“Who toucheth *pitch* must be defil'd.” STEEVENS.

⁹ Sir T. Hanmer reads—*If then the fruit may be known by the tree, as the tree by the fruit, &c.* and his emendation has been adopted in the late editions. The old reading is, I think, well supported by Mr. Heath, who observes, that “Virtue is considered as the fruit, the man as the tree; consequently the old reading must be right. If then the *tree* may be known by the *fruit*, as the *fruit* by the *tree*,—that is, If I can judge of the man by the virtue I see in his looks, he must be a virtuous man.”

MALONE.

I am afraid here is a profane allusion to the 33d verse of the 12th chapter of St. Matthew. STEEVENS.

with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-fucker,² or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand :—judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry? whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false :—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

P. Hen. Swarest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch³ of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropnies, that huge bombard of sack,⁴ that stuff'd cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox⁵ with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that

² Is, I suppose, a *sucking rabbit*. The jest is in comparing himself to something thin and little. So a *poulterer's hare*; a hare hung up by the hind legs without a skin, is long and slender. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is right: for in the account of the serjeant's feast, by Dugdale, in his *Orig. Juridiciales*, one article is a dozen of *rabbit-suckers*.

A *poulterer* was formerly written—a *poulter*, and so the old copies of this play. STEEVENS.

³ The wooden receptacle into which the meal is *bolted*. STEEVENS.

⁴ A *bombard* is a barrel. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Manningtree* in Essex, and the neighbourhood of it, are famous for richness of pasture. The farms thereabouts are chiefly tenanted by graziers. Some ox of an unusual size was, I suppose, roasted there on an occasion of public festivity, or exposed for money to publick show. This place likewise appears to have been noted for the intemperance of its inhabitants. So, in *Newes from Hell, brought by the Devil's Carrier*, by Tho. Decker, 1606: "—you shall have a slave eat more at a meale than ten of the guard; and drink more in two days, than all *Manningtree* does at a Whitsun-ale." STEEVENS.

It appears from Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, 1612, that *Manningtree* formerly enjoyed the privilege of fairs, by exhibiting a certain number of stage-plays yearly. MALONE.

that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? ⁶ Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, ⁷ but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would, your grace would take me with you; ⁸ Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know, thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm of him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (savouring your reverence,) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, ⁹ God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean

⁶ The *Vice*, *Iniquity*, and *Vanity*, were personages exhibited in the old moralities. MALONE.

⁷ *Cunning* was not yet debased to a bad meaning; it signified *knowing*, or *skilful*. JOHNSON.

⁸ That is, go no faster than I can follow you. Let me know your meaning. JOHNSON.

Lyly, in his *Endymion*, says: "Tush, tush, neighbours, take me with you." FARMER.

⁹ *Sack with sugar* was a favourite liquor in Shakspeare's time. In a letter describing Queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth castle, 1575, by R. L. [Langham.] bl. l. 12mo. the writer says, (p. 86,) "sift I no more sack and sugar than I do malmzey, I should not blush so much a dayz az I doo." And in another place, describing a minstrel, who, being somewhat irascible, had been offended at the company, he adds: "at last, by sum entreaty, and many fair woords, with sack and sugar, we sweeten him again." P. 52.

In an old MS. book of the chamberlain's account belonging to the city of Worcester, I also find the following article, which points out the origin of our word *sack*, [Fr. *sec*.] viz. "—Anno Eliza. xxxiiij. [1592] Item, For a gallon of clarett wyne, and *seck*, and a pound of *sugar*, geven to sir John Russell, iiij.s."—This Sir John Russell, I believe, was their representative in parliament, or at least had prosecuted some suit for them at the court.—In the same book is another article, which illustrates the history of the stage at that time, viz. "A. Eliz. xxxiiij. Item, Bestowed upon the queen's trumpeters and players, iiij. lb." PERCY.

lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will.

[*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and BARDOLPH.*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, hastily.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!—

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick: ⁹ What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so; ² if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another

⁹ I suppose this phrase is proverbial. It occurs in *The Humorous Lieutenant* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“——— for certain, gentlemen,

“*The fiend rides on a fiddle stick.*” STEEVENS.

² Falstaff clearly intends a quibble between the principal officer of a corporation, now called a *mayor*, to whom the *sheriff* is generally next in rank, and one of the parts of a logical proposition. RITSON.

To render this supposition probable, it should be proved that the mayor of a corporation was called in Shakspeare's time *ma-jor*. That he was not called so at an earlier period, appears from several old books, among others from *The History of Edward V.* annexed to Hardyng's *Chronicle*, 1543, where we find the old spelling was *maire*:—he beeyng

another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras; ³—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the Prince and Poins.*]

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.—

Enter Sheriff, and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

Sher. First pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath followed certain men into this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord; A grofs fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen.

at the haveryng at the bower, sent for the *maire* and aldermen of London." Fol. 307, b.—If it shall be objected, that afterwards the pronunciation was changed to *ma-jor*, the following couplet in Jordan's *Poems* (no date, but printed about 1661,) may serve to show that it is very unlikely that should have been the case, the pronunciation being at the Restoration the same as it is now:

"——— and the *major*

" Shall juggle zealous Isaac from the *chaire*." MALONE.

Major is the Latin word, and occurs, with the requisite pronunciation, as a dissyllable in *King Henry VI.* Part I. (folio edition):

" *Major*, farewell; thou dost but what thou may'st.

RITSON.

³ The bulk of Falstaff made him not the fittest to be concealed behind the hangings, but every poet sacrifices something to the scenery. If Falstaff had not been hidden, he could not have been found asleep, nor had his pockets searched. JOHNSON.

When arras was first brought into England, it was suspended on small hooks driven into the bare walls of houses and castles. But this practice was soon discontinued; for after the damp of the stone or brickwork had been found to rot the tapestry, it was fixed on frames of wood at such a distance from the wall, as prevented the latter from being injurious to the former. In old houses therefore, long before the time of Shakspeare, there were large spaces left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk. Such are those which Fantome mentions in *The Drummer*. STEEVENS.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here; ⁴
 For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
 And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,
 That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
 Send him to answer thee, or any man,
 For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:
 And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen
 Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,
 He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think, it is good morrow; Is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go,
 call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff! ⁵—fast asleep behind the arras, and snort-
 ing like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark how hard he fetches breath: Search his
 pockets. [*POINS searches.*] What hast thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read them.

Poins. Item, A capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d. ⁶

Item,

✦ Every reader must regret that Shakspeare would not give himself
 the trouble to furnish prince Henry with some more pardonable excuse;
 without obliging him to have recourse to an absolute falsehood, and that
 too uttered under the sanction of so strong an assurance. STEEVENS.

⁵ This speech, in the old copies, is given to *Peto*. It has been trans-
 ferred to *Poins* on the suggestion of Dr. Johnson. *Peto* is again printed
 elsewhere for *Poins* in this play, probably from a P. only being used in
 the MS. "What had *Peto* done, (Dr. Johnson observes,) to be trusted
 with the plot against Falstaff? *Poins* has the Prince's confidence, and is
 a man of courage. This alteration clears the whole difficulty; they all
 retired but *Poins*, who, with the Prince, having only robbed the robbers,
 had no need to conceal himself from the travellers." MALONE.

⁶ It appears from Peacham's *Worth of a Penny*, that sack was not
 many years after Shakspeare's death, about two shillings a quart. If
 therefore

Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score.⁷ The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

therefore our author had followed his usual practice of attributing to former ages the modes of his own, the charge would have been here 16s. Perhaps he set down the price at random. He has, however, as a learned friend observes to me, fallen into an anachronism, in furnishing his tavern in Eastcheap with sack in the time of King Henry IV. “The vintners sold no other sacks, muscadels, malmsies, bastards, alicants, nor any other wines but white and claret, till the 33d year of King Henry VIII. 1543, and then was old Parr 60 years of age. All those sweet wines were sold till that time at the apothecary’s, for no other use but for medicines.” Taylor’s *Life of Thomas Parr*, 4to. Lond. 1635. “If therefore Falstaff got drunk with sack 140 years before the above date, it could not have been at Mrs. Quickly’s.”

For this information I am indebted to the Reverend Dr. Stock, the accurate and learned editor of Demosthenes.

Since this note was written, I have learnt from a passage in Florio’s *First Fruites*, 1578, with which I was furnished by the late Reverend Mr. Bowle, that *sack* was at that time but sixpence a quart. “Claret wine, red and white, is sold for five pence the quart, and *sacke* for sixpence: muscadel and malmsey for eight.” Twenty years afterwards sack had probably risen to eight pence or eight pence halfpenny a quart, so that our author’s computation is very exact. MALONE.

⁷ It will kill him to march so far as twelve-score yards. JOHNSON.

Rather, twelve score *feet*; the Prince quibbles on the word *foot*, which signifies a *measure*, and the *infantry* of an army. I cannot conceive why Johnson supposes that he means twelve score *yards*; he might as well extend it to twelve score *miles*. M. MASON.

Dr. Johnson supposed that “twelve score” meant twelve score *yards*, because that was the common phraseology of the time. When archers talked of sending a shaft *fourteen score*, they meant fourteen score *yards*. I have therefore great doubts whether the equivoque pointed out by Mr. Mason was intended. If not, Mr. Pope’s interpretation [twelve-score *foot*] is wrong, and Dr. Johnson’s right. MALONE.

Twelve-score always means so many *yards* and not *feet*. There is not the smallest reason to suppose that Shakspeare meant any quibble. DOUCE.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bangor. *A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and
GLENOWER.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction⁸ full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—
Will you sit down?—

And, uncle Worcester:—A plague upon it?
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur:
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale; and, with
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,⁹
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets;² and, at my birth,
The frame and the foundation of the earth.

Shak'd

⁸ That is, entrance; beginning. JOHNSON.

An *induction* was anciently something introductory to a play. Such is the business of the Tinker previous to the performance of *The Taming of a Shrew*. Shakspeare often uses the word, which his attendance on the theatres might have familiarized to his conception. STEEVENS.

⁹ Most of these prodigies appear to have been invented by Shakspeare. Holinshed says only: "Strange wonders happened at the nativity of this man; for the same night he was born, all his father's horses in the stable were found to stand in blood up to their bellies." STEEVENS.

In the year 1402, a blazing star appeared, which the Welsh bards represented as portending good fortune to Owen Glendower. Shakspeare had probably read an account of this star in some chronicle, and transferred its appearance to the time of Owen's nativity. MALONE.

² A *cresset* was a great light set upon a beacon, light-house, or watch tower: from the French word *croissette*, a little cross, because the beacons had anciently crosses on the top of them. HANMER.

The *cresset-lights* were lights fixed on a moveable frame or cross, like a turnstile, and were carried on poles, in processions. I have seen them represented in an ancient print from Van Velde. STEEVENS.

Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat had
But kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature³ oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth,⁴ and topples down
Steeple, and moss-grown towers.⁵ At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that, at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.⁶

These

³ The poet has here taken from the perverseness and contrariousness of Hotspur's temper, an opportunity of raising his character, by a very rational and philosophical confutation of superstitious error. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Beldame* is not used here as a term of contempt, but in the sense of *ancient mother*. *Belle age*, Fr. Drayton, in the 8th song of his *Polyolbion*, uses *be'-fire* in the same sense.

Beau pere is French for *father-in-law*, but the word employed by Drayton seems to have no such meaning. Perhaps *beldame* originally meant a grandmother. STEEVENS.

⁵ To *topple* is to *tumble*. STEEVENS.

⁶ Shakspeare appears to have been as well acquainted with the rare phenomena, as with the ordinary appearances of nature. A writer in *The Philosophical Transactions*, No. 207, describing an earthquake in Catania, near Mount *Ætna*, by which eighteen thousand persons were destroyed, mentions one of the circumstances that are here said to have marked

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary ;
 And all the courses of my life do show,
 I am not in the roll of common men.
 Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea
 That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—
 Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
 And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
 Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
 Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think, there is no man speaks better Welsh :
 I will to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy ; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I ; or so can any man :
 But will they come, when you do call for them ?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
 The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,⁷
 By telling truth ; Tell truth, and shame the devil.—
 If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
 And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.
 O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, come,
 No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
 Against my power : thrice from the banks of Wye,
 And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
 Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too !
 How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name ?

Glend. Come, here's the map ; Shall we divide our right,
 According

marked the birth of Glendower : "There was a blow, as if all the artillery in the world had been discharged at once ; the sea retired from the town above two miles ; the birds flew about astonished ; *the cattle in the fields ran crying.*" MALONE.

We should read—in the frightened fields. M. MASON.

In the very next scene, *to* is used where we should at present use—in :

"He hath more worthy interest *to* the state—." STEEVENS.

⁷ "Speak the truth, and shame the devil," was proverbial. See *Ray's Proverbs*, 163. REED.

According to our threefold order ta'en?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
 Into three limits, very equally :—
 England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,⁸
 By south and east, is to my part assign'd :
 All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
 And all the fertile land within that bound,
 To Owen Glendower :—and, dear coz, to you
 The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
 And our indentures tripartite are drawn :
 Which being sealed interchangeably,
 (A business that this night may execute,)
 To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
 And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,
 To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
 As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
 My father Glendower is not ready yet,
 Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days :—
 Within that space, [*To GLEND.*] you may have drawn to-
 gether

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords,
 And in my conduct shall your ladies come :
 From whom you now must steal, and take no leave ;
 For there will be a world of water shed,
 Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton here,⁹
 In quantity equals not one of yours :
 See, how this river comes me cranking in,²
 And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
 A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.³

I'll

⁸ i. e. to this spot (pointing to the map). MALONE.

⁹ The division is here into three parts.—A *moiety* was frequently used by the writers of Shakspeare's age, as a portion of any thing, though not divided into two equal parts. MALONE.

² Mr. Pope reads—*crankling*. *Cranking*, however, is right.

MALONE.

³ A *cantle* is a corner, or piece of any thing, in the same sense that Horace uses *angulus*. STEEVENS.

Canton in heraldry is a corner of the shield. *Cant* of cheese is now used in Pembroke-shire. LORT.

I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see, it doth.

Mort. Yea,

But mark, how he bears his course, and runs me up;
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the oppos'd continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot.

Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot.

Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot.

Let me not understand you then;

Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court:⁵
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp.

Many.

⁵ The real name of *Owen Glendower* was *Vaughan*, and he was originally a barrister of the Middle Temple. STEEVENS.

Owen Glendower, whose real name was Owen ap-Gryffyth Vaughan, took the name of *Glyndour* or *Glendowr* from the lordship of Glyndourwy, of which he was owner. He was particularly adverse to the Mortimers, because Lady Percy's nephew, Edmund earl of Mortimer, was rightfully entitled to the principality of Wales, (as well as the crown of England,) being lineally descended from Gladys the daughter of Llewelyn and sister of David Prince of Wales, the latter of whom died in the year 1246. Owen Glendower himself claimed the principality of Wales.

He afterwards became esquire of the body to King Richard II. with whom he was in attendance at Flint castle, when Richard was taken prisoner by Henry of Bolingbroke, afterwards King Henry IV. Owen Glendower was crowned Prince of Wales in the year 1402, and for near twelve years was a very formidable enemy to the English. He died in great distress in 1415. MALONE.

Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue⁶ a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of 't with all my heart;
I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,
Than one of these fame metre ballad-mongers:
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,⁷
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by night:
I'll haste the writer,⁸ and, withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [Exit.

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

Hot. I cannot choose: sometimes he angers me,
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,⁹

Of

⁶ The English language. JOHNSON.

Glendower means, that he graced his own tongue with the art of singing. RITSON.

I think Dr. Johnson's explanation the true one. MALONE.

⁷ The word *candlestick*, which destroys the harmony of the line, is written *canstick* in the quartos, 1598, 1599, and 1608; and so it might have been pronounced. Heywood, and several of the old writers, constantly spell it in this manner. *Kit* with the *canstick* is one of the spirits mentioned by *Reginald Scott*, 1584. The noise to which *Hotspur* alludes, is likewise mentioned in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636.

STEEVENS.

⁸ He means the writer of the articles. POPE.

⁹ This alludes to an old prophecy, which is said to have induced Owen Glendower to take arms against King Henry. See Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 20. POPE.

The *mould-warp* is the *mole*, so called because it renders the surface of the earth unlevel by the hillocks which it raises.

Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies;
 And of a dragon, and a finless fish,
 A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
 A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
 And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
 As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
 He held me, but last night, at least nine hours,
 In reckoning up the several devils' names,²
 That were his lackeys: I cried, humph,—and well,—go
 to,³—

But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
 As is a tired horse, a railing wife;
 Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live
 With cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far,
 Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
 In any summerhouse in Christendom.

Mort. In faith he is a worthy gentleman;
 Exceedingly well read, and profited
 In strange concealments;⁴ valiant as a lion,
 And wond'rous affable; and as bountiful
 As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
 He holds your temper in a high respect,
 And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
 When you do cross his humour; faith he does:
 I warrant you, that man is not alive,
 Might so have tempted him as you have done,
 Without the taste of danger and reproof;

But

Anglo-Saxon *molde*, and *weorpan*. STEEVENS.

So Holinshed, for he was Shakspeare's authority: "This [the division of the realm between Mortimer, Glendower and Percy,] was done (as some have sayde) through a foolish credite given to a vaine prophetic, as though king Henry was *the moldewarpe*, cursed of God's owne mouth, and they three were the *dragon*, the *lion*, and the *wolfe*, which should divide this realm between them." MALONE.

² See Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, Book XV. ch. ii. p. 377, where the reader may find his patience as severely exercised as that of Hotspur, and on the same occasion. Shakspeare must certainly have seen this book. STEEVENS.

³ These two senseless monosyllables seem to have been added by some foolish player, purposely to destroy the measure. RITSON.

⁴ Skill'd in wonderful secrets. JOHNSON.

But do not use it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilful-blame;⁵
And since your coming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.

You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault :
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,
(And that's the nearest grace it renders you,)

Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion,⁶ and disdain :
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts ; and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd ; Good manners be your speed !
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,—
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps ; she will not part with you,
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her,—that she, and my aunt
Percy,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*GLENDOWER speaks to his daughter in Welsh, and she
answers him in the same.*

Glend. She's desperate here ; a peevish self-will'd har-
lotry,⁷

One

⁵ This is a mode of speech with which I am not acquainted. Perhaps
it might be read—*too wilful-blunt*, or *too wilful-bent* ; or thus :

Indeed, my lord, you are to blame, too wilful. JOHNSON.
I suspect that our author wrote—

——to *wilful-blame* :

i. e. you are *wilfully to blame* ; the offence you give is meditated, designed.

Shakspeare has several compounds in which the first adjective has
the power of an adverb. Thus, (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed,) in
King Richard III. we meet with *childish-foolish*, *senseless-obstinate*, and
mortal-staring. STEEVENS.

⁶ Means here *self-opinion*, or conceit. M. MASON.

⁷ Capulet, in *Romeo and Juliet*, reproaches his daughter in the same
terms :

“ *A Peevish*

One no persuasion⁸ can do good upon.

[*Lady M. speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens,⁹
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley would I answer thee.

[*Lady M. speaks.*

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:²
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,³
With ravishing division to her lute,⁴

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[*Lady M. speaks again.*

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you

Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,⁵
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,⁶

Charming

“*A peevish self-willed barlotry it is.*” RITSON.

⁸ A common ellipsis for—One *that* no persuasion, &c. STEEVENS.

⁹ The defect of harmony in this line, induces me to suppose (with Sir T. Hanmer) that our author originally wrote—

Which thou pour'st down from these two swelling heavens,
meaning her two prominent lips.

² i. e. A contest of sensibility, a reciprocation in which we engage on equal terms. STEEVENS.

³ Our author perhaps here intended a compliment to Queen Elizabeth, who was a performer on the lute and virginals. MALONE.

⁴ This verse may serve for a translation of a line in Horace:

“*—grataque fœminis*

“*Imbelli cithara carmina divides.*”

It is to no purpose that you (*Paris*) please the women by singing “with ravishing division,” to the harp. See the Commentators, and Vossius on Catullus, p. 239. S. W.

Divisions were very uncommon in vocal musick during the time of Shakspeare. BURNEY.

⁵ It was the custom in this country, for many ages, to strew the floors with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets. JOHNSON.

⁶ The expression is fine; intimating, that the god of sleep would not only

Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
 Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,⁷
 As is the difference betwixt day and night,
 The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
 Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart, I'll sit, and hear her sing:
 By that time will our book,⁸ I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
 And those musicians that shall play to you,
 Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
 Yet straight they shall be here:⁹ sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:
 Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goofs.

GLENDOWER *speaks some Welsh words,*
and then the musick plays.

Hot. Now I perceive, the devil understands Welsh;
 And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.
 By'r-lady, he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical; for
 you are altogether govern'd by humours. Lie still, ye
 thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady P. Would'st thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.²

Lady P.

only sit on his eye-lids, but that he should sit crown'd, that is, pleased
 and delighted. *WARBURTON.*

⁷ She will lull you by her song into soft tranquillity, in which you
 shall be so near to sleep as to be free from perturbation, and so much
 awake as to be sensible of pleasure; a state partaking of sleep and wake-
 fulness, as the twilight of night and day. *JOHNSON.*

⁸ Our paper of conditions. *JOHNSON.*

⁹ Glendower had before boasted that he could call spirits from the
 vasty deep; he now pretends to equal power over the spirits of the air.
 Sit, says he to Mortimer, and, by my power, you shall have heavenly
 musick. The musicians that shall play to you, now hang in the air a
 thousand miles from the earth: I will summon them, and they shall
 straight be here. *MALONE.*

² I do not plainly see what is a woman's fault. *JOHNSON.*

Lady P. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings,

A Welsh Song sung by Lady M.

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife; Not you, in good sooth; and, As true as I live; and, As God shall mend me; and, As sure as day:

And giv'st such farcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.²
Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth,
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,³
To velvet-guards,⁴ and Sunday-citizens.

Come,

It is a woman's fault, is spoken ironically. FARMER.

This is a proverbial expression. I believe the meaning is this: Hotspur having declared his resolution neither to have his head broken, nor to sit still, sily adds, that such is the usual fault of women; i. e., never to do what they are bid or desired to do. STEEVENS.

The whole tenor of Hotspur's conversation in this scene shows, that the stillness which he here imputes to women as a fault, was something very different from silence; and that an idea was couched under these words, which may be better understood than explained.—He is still in the Welsh lady's bedchamber. WHITE.

² Open walks and fields near Chiswell-street, London Wall, by Moor-gate; the common resort of the citizens, as appears from many of our ancient comedies. I suppose the verse originally (but elliptically) ran thus:

As thou ne'er walk'dst further than Finsbury.

i. e. as if thou ne'er, &c. STEEVENS.

³ i. e. Protestations as common as the letters which children learn from an alphabet of ginger-bread. What we now call *spice ginger-bread* was then called *pepper ginger-bread*. STEEVENS.

Such protestations as are uttered by *the makers* of ginger-bread.

MALONE.

Hotspur had just told his wife that she "*swore like a comfit-maker's wife*;" such *protests* therefore of *pepper ginger-bread*, as "*in sooth*," &c. were to be left to persons of that class. HENLEY.

⁴ To such as have their clothes adorned with shreds of velvet, which was, I suppose, the finery of cockneys. JOHNSON.

"The

Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be redbreast teacher.⁵ An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these

"The cloaks, doublets, &c. (says Stubbs in his *Anatomie of Abuses*) were guarded with *velvet guards*, or else laced with costly lace." Speaking of women's gowns, he adds: "they must be guarded with great *guards of velvet*, every guard four or six fingers broad at the least."

So, in *The Malcontent*, 1606:

"You are in good case since you came to court; *garded, garded*:"

"Yes faith, even footmen and bawds wear *velvet*."

Velvet guards appear, however, to have been a *city fashion*.

STEEVENS.

To *velvet guards* means, I believe, to the higher rank of female citizens, the wives of either merchants or wealthy shopkeepers.

Fynes Morison furnishes us with the best comment on the words before us. Describing the dress of the various orders of the people of England, he says, "At public meetings the aldermen of London weere skarlet gownes, and their wives a close gown of skarlet, with *gardes* of black *velvet*." ITIN. fol. 1617, P. III. p. 179. MALONE.

⁵ I suppose Percy means, that singing is a mean quality, and therefore excuses his lady. JOHNSON.

The next way—is the nearest way. So, in *Lingua*, &c. 1607: "The quadrature of a circle; the philosopher's stone; and the next way to the Indies." Tailors seem to have been as remarkable for singing, as weavers, of whose musical turn Shakspeare has more than once made mention. Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, speak of this quality in the former: "Never trust a *tailor* that does not sing at his work; his mind is on nothing but filching."

The honourable Daines Barrington observes, that "a gold finch still continues to be called a *proud tailor*, in some parts of England; (particularly Warwickshire, Shakspeare's native county) which renders this passage intelligible, that otherwise seems to have no meaning whatsoever." Perhaps this bird is called a *proud tailor*, because his plumage is varied like a suit of clothes made out of remnants of different colours, such as a *tailor* might be supposed to wear. The sense then will be this:—The next thing to singing oneself, is to teach birds to sing, the goldfinch and the robin. I hope the poet meant to inculcate, that singing is a quality destructive to it's possessor; and that after a person has ruined himself by it, he may be reduced to the necessity of instructing birds in an art which can render birds alone more valuable. STEEVENS.

The plain meaning is, that he who makes a common practice of singing, reduces himself to the condition either of a tailor, or a teacher of musick to birds. That tailors were remarkable for singing in our author's time, he has himself informed us elsewhere. "Do you make an ale-house of my lady's house, (says Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*,) that ye squeak out your coziers' catches, without any mitigation or remorse of voice!" MALONE.

these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [Exit.

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow,
As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book's drawn;⁹ we'll but seal, and then
To horse immediately.

Mort.

With all my heart.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, Prince of Wales, and Lords.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the prince of Wales and I,
Must have some conference: But be near at hand,²
For we shall presently have need of you.—

[Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service³ I have done,
'That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,⁴
Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate, and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,⁵
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen.

⁹ i. e. Our articles. Every composition, whether play, ballad, or history, was called a *book*, on the registers of ancient publication.

STEEVENS.

² The old copies redundantly read—some *private* conference; but, as the lords were dismissed on this occasion, they would naturally infer that *privacy* was the King's object. STEEVENS.

³ *Service* for *action*, simply. WARBURTON.

⁴ i. e. In the passages of thy life. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Mean attempts*, are *mean*, *unworthy undertakings*. *Lewd* does not in this place barely signify *wanton* but *licentious*. The word is thus used in many of our ancient statutes. MALONE.

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would, I could
 Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
 As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
 Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
 Yet such extenuation let me beg,⁶
 As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,⁷—
 Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—
 By smiling pick-thanks⁸ and base newsmongers,
 I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
 Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
 Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,
 At thy affections, which do hold a wing
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
 Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,⁹
 Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
 And art almost an alien to the hearts
 Of all the court and princes of my blood;
 The hope and expectation of thy time
 Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
 Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,

Had

⁶ The construction is somewhat obscure. Let me beg so much extenuation, that, upon confutation of many false charges, I may be pardoned some that are true. I should read *on reproof*, instead of *in reproof*; but concerning Shakspeare's particles there is no certainty. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Reproof* here means *disproof*. M. MASON.

⁸ i. e. Officious parasites. STEEVENS.

So, in *Euphues*, 1587: "I should seeme either to *picke a thanke* with men, or a quarrel with women." HENDERSON.

⁹ The prince was removed from being president of the council, immediately after he struck the judge. STEEVENS.

Our author has, I believe, here been guilty of an anachronism. The prince's removal from council in consequence of his striking the Lord Chief Justice Gascoigne, was some years after the battle of Shrewsbury (1403). His brother, Thomas Duke of Clarence, was appointed President of the Council in his room, and he was not created a duke till the 13th year of K. Henry IV. (1411). MALONE.

Had still kept loyal to possession ;²
 And left me in reputeless banishment,
 A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at :
 That men would tell their children, *This is he ;*
 Others would say, — *Where ? which is Bollingbroke ?*
 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,³
 And dress'd myself in such humility,
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
 Even in the presence of the crowned king.
 Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new ;
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,
 Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at : and so my state,
 Seldom, but sumptuous showed like a feast ;
 And won by rareness, such solemnity.
 The skipping king, he ambled up and down

With

² True to him that had then possession of the crown. JOHNSON.

³ This is an allusion to the story of Prometheus's theft, who stole *fire* from thence ; and as with *this* he made a man, so with *that* Bolingbroke made a king. As the gods were supposed jealous in appropriating *reason* to themselves, the getting *fire* from thence, which lighted it up in the mind, was called a theft ; and as power is their prerogative, the getting *courtesy* from thence, by which power is best procured, is called a theft. The thought is exquisitely great and beautiful. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation of this passage appears to me very questionable. The poet had not, I believe, a thought of Prometheus or the heathen gods, nor indeed was *courtesy* (even understanding it to signify *affability*) the characteristick attribute of those deities. — The meaning, I apprehend, is, — *I was so affable and popular, that I engrossed the devotion and reverence of all men to myself, and thus defrauded Heaven of its worshippers.*

Courtesy may be here used for the respect and obeisance paid by an inferior to a superior. So, in this play :

“ To dog his heels and *court'sy* at his frowns.”

In Act V. it is used for a respectful salute, in which sense it was applied formerly to *men* as well as *women*.

This interpretation is strengthened by the two subsequent lines, which contain a kindred thought :

“ And dress'd myself in such humility,

“ That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts.”

Henry, I think, means to say, that he robbed *heaven* of its *worship*, and the *king* of the *allegiance* of his subjects. MALONE.

With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,⁴
 Soon kindled, and soon burn'd : carded his state ;⁵
 Mingled his royalty with capering fools ;⁶
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns ;
 And gave his countenance, against his name,⁷

To

⁴ *Rash*, is heady, thoughtless : *bavin* is brushwood, which, fired, burns fiercely, but is soon out. JOHNSON.

Rash is, I believe, *fierce, violent*. So, in *King Richard II* :

" His *rash* fierce blaze of riot cannot last."

In Shakspeare's time *bavin* was used for *kindling* fires. See Florio's *Second Frutes*, 4to. 1591, ch. i : " There is no fire.—Make a little blaze with a *bavin*." MALONE.

⁵ Dr. Warburton supposes that *carded* or *'scarded*, (for so he would read,) means *discarded*, threw it off. MALONE.

The metaphor seems to be taken from mingling *coarse* wool with *fine*, and *carding* them together, whereby the value of the latter is diminished. The king means, that Richard mingled and *carded* together his royal state with capering fools, &c. A subsequent part of the speech gives a sanction to this explanation :

" For thou hast lost thy princely privilege

" With *vile participation*."

To *card* is used by other writers for, to mix. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens very rightly supports the old reading. The word is used by Shelton in his translation of *Don Quixote*. The Tinker in the introduction to *The Taming of the Shrew*, was by education a *cardmaker*. FARMER.

To *card* does not mean to mix coarse wool with fine, as Mr. M. Mason has justly observed, but simply to work wool with a card or teazel, so as to prepare it for spinning. MALONE.

By *carding his state*, the King means that his predecessor set his consequence to hazard, played it away (as a man loses his fortune) at *cards*.

RITSON.

⁶ " Capering fools" were very proper companions for a "*skipping* king ;" and Falstaff in the second part of this play, boasts of his being able to *caper*, as a proof of his youth.

Carping (the reading of several copies,) undoubtedly might also have been used with propriety ; having had in our author's time the same signification as at present ; though it has been doubted. Minshew explains it in his *Dict.* 1617, thus, " To taunt, to find fault with, or bite with words."

A *carper* did not mean (as has been supposed) a *prating jester*, but a *cynical* fellow. And it cannot be supposed that the King meant to reproach the luxurious Richard with keeping company with four morose cynicks. MALONE.

Made his presence injurious to his reputation. JOHNSON.

I doubt the propriety of Johnson's explanation of this passage ; and should rather suppose the meaning of it to be, " that he favoured and encouraged

To laugh at gibing boys,⁸ and stand the push
 Of every beardless vain comparative;⁹
 Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;²
 That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
 They surfeited with honey; and began
 To loath the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
 More than a little is by much too much.
 So, when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
 Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
 As, sick and blunted with community,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:

But encouraged things that were contrary to his dignity and reputation.¹⁰
 To *countenance*, or to *give countenance to*, are common expressions, and mean, to *patronize* or *encourage*. M. MASON.

Against his name, is, I think, parenthetical. He gave his countenance, (to the diminution of his *name* or character,) to laugh, &c. In plain English, he honoured gibing boys with his company, and dishonoured himself by joining in their mirth. MALONE.

⁸ i. e. at the jests of gibing boys. MALONE.

⁹ Of every boy whose vanity incited him to try his wit against the King's.

When Lewis XIV. was asked, why, with so much wit, he never attempted raillery, answered, that he who practised raillery ought to bear it in his turn, and that to stand the butt of raillery was not suitable to the dignity of a king. *Scudery's Conversation*. JOHNSON.

Comparative, I believe, is equal, or rival in any thing; and may therefore signify, in this place,—every one who thought himself on a level with the Prince. STEEVENS.

I believe *comparative* means here, one who affects wit, a *dealer in comparisons*: what Shakspeare calls, somewhere else, if I remember right, a *simile-monger*. MALONE.

² To *enfeoff* is a law term, signifying to invest with possession.

STEEVENS.

Gave himself up absolutely and entirely to popularity. A *feofment* was the ancient mode of conveyance, by which all lands in England were granted in fee-simple for several ages, till the conveyance of Lease and Release was invented by Serjeant Moor, about the year 1630. Every deed of feofment was accompanied with *livery of seisin*, that is, with the delivery of corporal possession of the land or tenement granted in fee.

MALONE.

But rather drowz'd, and hung their eyelids down,
 Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries;
 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
 And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou:
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
 With vile participation; not an eye
 But is a-weary of thy common fight,
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
 Which now doth that I would not have it do,
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
 Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
 As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
 When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;
 And even as I was then, is Percy now.
 Now by my scepter, and my soul to boot,
 He hath more worthy interest to the state,
 Than thou, the shadow of succession:⁴
 For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
 He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;
 Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
 And being no more in debt to years than thou,
 Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
 To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
 What never-dying honour hath he got
 Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,
 Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,

Hold

⁴ This is obscure. I believe the meaning is—Hotspur hath a right to the kingdom more worthy than thou, who hast only the *shadowy right of lineal succession*, while he has real and solid power. JOHNSON.

Rather,—He better deserves to inherit the kingdom than thyself, who art intitled by birth to that succession of which thy vices render thee unworthy. RITSON.

To have an interest to any thing, it not English. If we read,
He hath more worthy interest in the state,
 the sense would be clear, and agreeable to the tenor of the rest of the King's speech. M. MASON.

I believe the meaning is only, he hath more popularity in the realm, more weight with the people, than thou the heir apparent to the throne.

Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
 And military title capital,
 Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ?
 Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes,
 This infant warrior in his enterprizes
 Discomfited great Douglas: ta'en him once,
 Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
 And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
 And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
 The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
 Capitulate⁵ against us, and are up.
 But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
 Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
 Which art my near'st and dearest⁶ enemy?
 Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
 Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
 To fight against me under Percy's pay,
 To dog his heels and court'fy at his frowns,
 To show how much degenerate thou art.

P. Hen. Do not think so, you shall not find it so:
 And God forgive them, that so much have sway'd
 Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
 I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
 And, in the closing of some glorious day,
 Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;
 When I will wear a garment all of blood,
 And stain my favours in a bloody mask,⁷

Which,

⁵ i. e. make head. So, to *articulate*, in a subsequent scene, is to form articles. STEEVENS.

Rather, *combine, confederate, indent*. To capitulate is to draw up any thing in heads or articles. Johnson's Dictionary. RITSON.

To capitulate, Minshew explains thus: “—*per capita seu articulos pacisci* ;” and nearly in this sense, I believe, it is used here. The Percies, we are told by Walsingham, sent about letters containing three *articles*, or principal grievances, on which their rising was founded: and to this perhaps our author alludes. MALONE.

⁶ *Dearest* is most fatal, most mischievous. JOHNSON.

⁷ We should read—*favour*, i. e. countenance. WARBURTON.

Favours are features. JOHNSON.

I am

Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it,
 And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
 That this same child of honour and renown,
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
 And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet :
 For every honour sitting on his helm,
 'Would they were multitudes ; and on my head
 My shames redoubled ! for the time will come,
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
 To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf ;
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
 This, in the name of God, I promise here :
 The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
 I do beseech your majesty, may salve
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance :
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;⁸
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this :—
 Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt ? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.⁹

Blunt.

I am not certain that *favours*, in this place, means *features*, or that the plural number of *favour* in that sense is ever used. I believe *favours* mean only some decoration usually worn by knights in their helmets, as a present from a mistress, or a trophy from an enemy. STEEVENS.

Steevens's explanation of this passage appears to be right. The word *garments*, in the preceding line, seems to confirm it. M. MASON.

⁸ i. e. *bonds*, for thus the word was anciently spelt. STEEVENS.

⁹ So also the business that I come to speak of, hath *speed* ; i. e. requires immediate attention and dispatch. Mr. Pope changed *batb* to *is*, and the alteration has been adopted, in my opinion unnecessarily, by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,²—

That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,

The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury :

A mighty and a fearful head they are,

If promises be kept on every hand,

As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day ;

With him my son, lord John of Lancaster ;

For this advertisement is five days old :—

On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set

Forward ; on Thursday, we ourselves will march :

Our meeting is Bridgnorth : and, Harry, you

Shall march through Glostershire ; by which account,

Our business valued, some twelve days hence

Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.

Our hands are full of business : let's away ;

Advantage feeds him fat,³ while men delay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action ? do I not bate ? do I not dwindle ? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown ; I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while

² There was no such person as *lord Mortimer of Scotland* ; but there was a *lord March of Scotland*, (George Dunbar,) who having quitted his own country in disgust, attached himself so warmly to the English, and did them such signal services in their wars with Scotland, that the Parliament petitioned the King to bestow some reward on him. He fought on the side of Henry in this rebellion, and was the means of saving his life, at the battle of Shrewsbury, as is related by Holinshed. This, no doubt, was the lord whom Shakspeare designed to represent in the act of sending friendly intelligence to the King.—Our author had a recollection that there was in these wars a Scottish lord on the King's side, who bore the same title with the English family, on the rebel side, (one being the Earl of March in England, the other Earl of March in Scotland,) but his memory deceived him as to the particular name which was common to both. He took it to be *Mortimer*, instead of *March*. STEEVENS.

³ i. e. feeds himself. MALONE.

while I am in some liking; ⁴ I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse: ⁵ the inside of a church: ⁶ Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; diced, not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrow'd, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, —but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.⁷

Bard.

⁴ While I have some flesh, some substance. We have had *well-liking* in the same sense in a former play. MALONE.

⁵ I suppose a *brewer's horse* was apt to be lean with hard work.

JOHNSON.

A *brewer's horse* does not, perhaps, mean a *dray-horse*, but the cross-beam on which beer-barrels, are carried into cellars, &c. The allusion may be to the taper form of this machine. STEEVENS.

The commentators seem not to be aware, that, in assertions of this sort, Falstaff does not mean to point out any *similitude* to his own condition, but on the contrary, some striking *dissimilitude*. He says here, *I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse*; just as in Act II. sc. iv. he asserts the truth of several parts of his narrative, on pain of being considered as *a rogue—a Jew—an Ebrew Jew—a bunch of raddish—a horse*. TYRWHITT.

⁶ The latter words (*the inside of a church*) were, I suspect, repeated by the mistake of the compositor. Or Falstaff may be here only repeating his former words—*The inside of a church!*—without any connection with the words immediately preceding. My first conjecture appears to me the most probable. MALONE.

⁷ This is a natural picture. Every man who feels in himself the pain of deformity, however, like this merry knight, he may affect to make sport with it among those whom it is his interest to please, is ready to revenge any hint of contempt upon one whom he can use with freedom.

JOHNSON.

The

Bard. Why, fir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be fworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face, but I think on hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, By this fire:⁸ but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph,⁹ an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches,² walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap,³ at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter

The *knight of the burning lamp*, and the *knight of the burning pestle*, are both names invented with a design to ridicule the titles of heroes in ancient romances. STEEVENS.

⁸ Here the quartos 1599, and 1608, very profanely add:—*that's God's angel*. This passage is perhaps alluded to in *Histrionastrix*, 1610, where Afinius says: "By this candle (which is none of *God's angels*) I remember you started back at sprite and flame." Mr. Henley, however observes, that "by the extrusion of the words now omitted, the intended antithesis is lost." STEEVENS.

⁹ A *Triumph* was a general term for any public exhibition, such as a royal marriage, a grand procession, &c. &c. which commonly being at night, were attended by multitudes of torch-bearers. STEEVENS.

² This passage stands in need of no explanation; but I cannot help seizing the opportunity to mention that in Shakspeare's time, (long before the streets were illuminated with lamps,) *candles and lanthorns to let*, were cried about London. STEEVENS.

³ *Cheap* is market, and good *cheap* therefore is *à bon marché*. JOHNSON.

Cheap (as Dr. Johnson has observed) is undoubtedly an old word for market. From this word, *East-cheap*, *Chep-stow*, *Cheap side*, &c. are derived. STEEVENS.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet⁴ the hen? have you inquired yet, who pick'd my pocket?

Host. Why, sir John! what do you think, sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was pick'd: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defy thee: I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, sir John; you do not know me, sir John: I know you, sir John: you owe me money, sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; What call you rich?⁵ let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me?⁶ shall

⁴ *Dame Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old story-book of *Reynard the Fox*: and in Chaucer's tale of *The Cock and the Fox*, the favourite hen is called dame *Pertelote*. STEEVENS.

⁵ A face set with carbuncles is called a *rich face*. *Legend of Capt. Jones*. JOHNSON.

⁶ A *younker* is a novice, a young inexperienced man easily gull'd. This contemptuous distinction is very common in the old plays.

I learn, however, from Smith's *Sea-Grammar*, 1627, (there was an earlier edition,) that one of the senses of the term—*younker*, was "the young men" employed "to take in the top-sailes." They are mentioned as distinct characters from the sailors, who "are the *ancient men* for hoising the sailes," &c. STEEVENS.

shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd ?⁷ I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.⁸

Hof. O Jesu ! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How ! the prince is a Jack,⁹ a sneak-cup ; and, if he

⁷ There is a peculiar force in these words. *To take mine ease in mine inne*, was an ancient proverb, not very different in its application from that maxim, "Every man's house is his castle ;" for *inne* originally signified *a house or habitation*. [Sax. *inne*, *domus*, *domicilium*.] When the word *inne* began to change its meaning, and to be used to signify *a house of entertainment*, the proverb, still continuing in force, was applied in the latter sense, as it is here used by Shakspeare : or perhaps Falstaff here humorously puns upon the word *inne*, in order to represent the wrong done him more strongly.

In John Heywood's *Works* imprinted at London, 1598, quarto, bl. 1. is "a dialogue wherein are pleasantly contrived the number of all the effectual proverbs in our English tongue, &c. together with three hundred epigrams on three hundred proverbs." In ch. vi. is the following :

"Resty welth willeth me the widow to winne,

"To let the world wag, and take mine ease in mine inne."

And among the epigrams is : [26. *Of Ease in an Inne.*]

"Thou takest thine ease in thine inne so nye thee,

"That no man in his inne can take ease by thee."

Otherwise :

"Thou takest thine ease in thine inne, but I see,

"Thine inne taketh neither ease nor profit by thee."

Now in the first of these distichs the word *inne* is used in its ancient meaning, being spoken by a person who is about to marry a widow for the sake of a home, &c. In the two last places, *inne* seems to be used in the sense it bears at present. PERCY.

Gabriel Harvey, in a MS. note to Speght's *Chaucer*, says, "Some of Heywood's epigrams are supposed to be the conceits and devices of pleasant sir Thomas More."

Inne for a habitation, or a recess, is frequently used by Spenser and other ancient writers. STEEVENS.

I believe *inns* differed from *castles*, in not being of so much consequence and extent, and more particularly in not being fortified.—So *Inns* of court, and in the universities, before the endowment of colleges. Thus, Trinity college, Cambridge, was made out of and built on the site of several *inns*. LORT.

⁸ This seems to have been the usual price of such a ring about Falstaff's time. In the printed *Rolls of Parliament*, Vol. VI. p. 140, we meet with "A signet of gold, to the value of XL marcs." RITSON.

⁹ This term of contempt occurs frequently in our author. In *The Taming*

he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince HENRY and POINS, marching. FALSTAFF meets the Prince, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.²

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What say'st thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd: this house is turn'd bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said, I heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune;³ nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox;

Taming of the Shrew, Katharine calls her musick-master, in derision, a twangling Jack. MALONE.

² As prisoners are conveyed to Newgate, fastened two and two together. JOHNSON.

³ The propriety of these similes I am not sure that I fully understand. A *stew'd prune* has the appearance of a prune, but has no taste. A *drawn fox*, that is, an *exenterated fox*, has the form of a fox without his powers. I think Dr. Warburton's explication wrong, which makes a *drawn fox* to mean, a fox *often hunted*; though to *draw* is a hunter's term for pursuit by the track. My interpretation makes the *fox* suit better to the *prune*. These

fox; ⁴ and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee.⁵ Go, you thing, go.

Hof.

These are very slender disquisitions, but such is the task of a commentator. JOHNSON.

Dr. Lodge, in his pamphlet called *Wit's Miserie, or the World's Madnesse*, 1596, describes a bawd thus: "This is shee that laies wait at all the carriers for wenches new come up to London; and you shall know her dwelling by a *dish of stew'd prunes* in the window; and two or three fleering wenches sit knitting or sowing in her shop."

In *Measure for Measure*, Act II. the male bawd excuses himself for having admitted Elbow's wife into his house, by saying, "that she came in great with child, and longing for *stew'd prunes*, which stood in a dish," &c.

Slender in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, who apparently wishes to commend himself to his mistress by a seeming propensity to love as well as war, talks of having measured weapons with a fencing-master for a *dish of stew'd prunes*.

Among the other sins laid to the charge of the once celebrated Gabriel Harvey, by his antagonist Nash, "to be drunk with the firrop or liquor of *stew'd prunes*" is not the least insisted on.

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, P. II. 1630: "Peace! two dishes of *stew'd prunes*, a bawd and a pander!"

The passages already quoted are sufficient to show that a *dish of stew'd prunes* was not only the ancient designation of a brothel, but the constant appendage to it.

From *A Treatise on the Lues Venerea*, written by W. Clowes, one of her majesty's surgeons, 1596, and other books of the same kind, it appears that *prunes* were directed to be boiled in broth for those persons already infected; and that both *stew'd prunes* and roasted apples were commonly, though unsuccessfully, taken by way of prevention. So much for the infidelity of *stew'd prunes*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has so fully discussed the subject of *stew'd prunes*, that one can add nothing but the price. In a piece called *Banks's Bay Horse in a Trance*, 1595, we have "A stock of wenches, set up with their *stew'd prunes*, nine for a tester." FARMER.

⁴ A *drawn fox* may be a fox drawn over the ground, to exercise the hounds.

Mr. Heath observes, that "a *fox drawn* over the ground to leave a scent, and exercise the hounds, may be said to have no truth in it, because it deceives the hounds, who run with the same eagerness as if they were in pursuit of a real fox."

I am not, however, confident that this explanation is right. It was formerly supposed that a *fox*, when *drawn* out of his hole, had the sagacity to counterfeit death, that he might thereby obtain an opportunity to escape. For this information I am indebted to Mr. Tollet, who quotes *Olaus Magnus*, Lib. XVIII. cap. xxxix: "Insuper fingit se mortuam," &c. This particular and many others relative to the subtilty of the fox, have been translated by several ancient English writers.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it; I am an honest man's wife: and setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh;⁵ a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou say'st true, hostess; and he flanders thee most grossly.

Host.

⁵ *Maid Marian* is a man dressed like a woman, who attends the dancers of the morris. JOHNSON.

In the ancient *Songs of Robin Hood* frequent mention is made of *maid Marian*, who appears to have been his concubine. I could quote many passages in my old MS. to this purpose, but shall produce only one:

“ Good Robin Hood was living then,

“ Which now is quite forgot,

“ And so was fayre *maid Marian*,” &c. PERCY.

It appears from the old play of *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601, that *maid Marian* was originally a name assumed by *Matilda* the daughter of *Robert Lord Fitzwater*, while *Robin Hood* remained in a state of outlawry.

This lady was afterwards poisoned by King John at Dunmow Priory, after he had made several fruitless attempts on her chastity. Drayton has written her legend.

Shakspeare speaks of *maid Marian* in her degraded state, when she was represented by a strumpet or a clown. STEEVENS.

Maid Marian seems to have been the lady of a *Whitsun-ale*, or *morris-dance*. The widow in Sir William D'Avenant's *Love and Honour*, (p. 247,) says: “ I have been *Mistress Marian* in a *Maurice* ere now.” *Morris* is, indeed, there spelt wrong; the dance was not so called from prince *Maurice*, but from the Spanish *morisco*, a dancer of the *morris* or *moorish* dance. HAWKINS.

There is an old piece entitled, *Old Meg of Herefordshire for a Mayd-Marian, and Hereford Town for a Morris-dance: or 12 Morris-dancers in Herefordshire, of 1200 Years old*. Lond. 1609, quarto. It is dedicated to one Hall, a celebrated Tabourer in that country. T. WARTON.

⁵ So, the proverb: “ *Neither fish nor flesh, nor good red herring.*”

STEEVENS.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said, he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said, my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say, 'tis copper: Darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare: but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be fear'd as the lion: Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break! ⁶

P. Hen. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts, and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, emboss'd rascal, ⁷ if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. ⁸ And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: ⁹ Art thou not ashamed?

Fal.

⁶ Alluding to the old adage—"ungirt, unblest."

Perhaps this ludicrous imprecation is proverbial. STEEVENS.

This wish had more force formerly than at present, it being once the custom to wear the purse hanging by the girdle; so that its breaking, if not observed by the wearer, was a serious matter. MALONE.

⁷ Emboss'd is swoln, puffy. JOHNSON.

⁸ As the pocketing of injuries was a common phrase, I suppose, the Prince calls the contents of Falstaff's pocket—injuries. STEEVENS.

⁹ Some part of this merry dialogue seems to have been lost. I suppose Falstaff in pressing the robbery upon his hostess, had declared his resolution not to pocket up wrongs or injuries, to which the Prince alludes.

JOHNSON.

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty.—You confess then, you pick'd my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee; Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—How is that answer'd?

P. Hen. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with unwash'd hands too.²

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously uprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph,—

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to John of Lancaster, My brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland.—Go, Poins, to horse,³ to horse; for thou, and I,

Have

² i. e. Do it immediately, or the first thing in the morning, even without staying to wash your hands.

Perhaps, however, Falstaff alludes to the ancient adage:—*Illotis manibus tractare sacra.* STEEVENS.

³ I cannot but think that Peto is again put for Poins. I suppose the old copy had only a P——. We have Peto afterwards, not riding with the Prince, but lieutenant to Falstaff. JOHNSON.

I have adopted Dr. Johnson's emendation. STEEVENS.

The old copies read—Go, *Peto*, to horse. In further support of Dr. Johnson's emendation, it may be observed, that Poins suits the metre of the line, which would be destroyed by a word of two syllables. MALONE.

Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.—

Jack,

Meet me to-morrow i' the Temple-hall

At two o'clock i' the afternoon :

There shalt thou know thy charge ; and there receive

Money, and order for their furniture.

The land is burning ; Percy stands on high ;

And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt Prince, POINS, and BARDOLPH.*

Fal. Rare words ! brave world !—Hostess, my breakfast ; come :—

O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum !

[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot : If speaking truth,

In this fine age, were not thought flattery,

Such attribution should the Douglas⁴ have,

As not a foldier of this season's stamp

Should go so general current through the world.

By heaven, I cannot flatter ; I defy

The tongues of flathers ; but a braver place

In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself :

Nay, talk me to my word ; approve me, lord..

Doug. Thou art the king of honour :

No man so potent breathes upon the ground,

But I will beard him.⁵

Hot.

Do so, and 'tis well :—

Enter a Messenger, with Letters.

What letters hast thou there ?—I can but thank you.

Mess.

⁴ This expression is frequent in Holinshed, and is always applied by way of pre-eminence to the head of the Douglas family. STEEVENS.

⁵ To beard is to oppose face to face in a hostile or daring manner.

This phrase, which soon lost its original signification, appears to have been adopted from romance. In ancient language, to beard a man, was to cut off his beard, and to beard him, signified to cut off his beard ; a punishment which was frequently inflicted by giants on such unfortunate princes as fell into their hands. STEEVENS.

Mess. These letters come from your father.—

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.⁶

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my Lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would, the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited;
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprize;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—

He

⁶ The old copies—not I *my mind*, and—not I *his mind*.

STEEVENS.

The line should be read and divided thus:

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I.

Hot. His mind!

Hotspur had asked, *who leads his powers?* The Messenger answers, *His letters bear his mind.* The other replied, *His mind!* As much as to say, I enquire not about his mind, I want to know where his powers are. This is natural, and perfectly in character. WARBURTON.

The earliest quarto, 1598, reads—not I *my mind*;—the compositor having inadvertently repeated the word *mind*, which had occurred immediately before; an error which often happens at the press. The printer of the third quarto, in 1604, not seeing how the mistake had arisen, in order to obtain some sense, changed *my* to *his*, reading, “not I *his mind*,” which was followed in all the subsequent ancient editions. The present correction, which is certainly right, was made by Mr. Capell. In two of the other speeches spoken by the messenger, he uses the same language, nor is it likely that he should address Hotspur, without this mark of respect. In his *first* speech the messenger is interrupted by the impetuosity of the person whom he addresses, to whom, it may be supposed, he would otherwise have there also given his title.

MALONE.

I have followed Mr. Malone in printing this *first* speech with a break after—*father*—. At the same time I suspect that the word—*come*, which deprives the sentence of all pretensions to harmony, was a play-house interpolation, and that the passage originally ran as follows:

These letters from your father—. STEEVENS.

He writes me here,—that inward sickness⁷—
 And that his friends by deputation could not
 So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,
 To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
 On any soul remov'd,⁸ but on his own.
 Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—
 That with our small conjunction, we should on,
 To see how fortune is dispos'd to us:
 For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;⁹
 Because the king is certainly possess'd
 Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:—
 And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
 Seems more than we shall find it:—Were it good,
 To set the exact wealth of all our states
 All at one cast? to set so rich a main
 On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
 It were not good: for therein should we read
 The very bottom and the soul of hope;
 The very list, the very utmost bound
 Of all our fortunes.²

Doug.

⁷ A line, probably, has here been lost. MALONE.

I suspect no omission. Hotspur is abruptly enumerating the principal topics of the letter he has before him. STEEVENS.

⁸ On any *less* near to himself; on any whose interest is *remote*. JOHNSON.

⁹ To *quail* is to languish, to sink into dejection. STEEVENS.

² To read *the bottom and the soul of hope, and the bound of fortune*, though all the copies, and all the editors have received it, surely cannot be right. I can think on no other word than *risque*:

—therein should we *risque*

The very bottom &c.

The *list* is the *selvage*; figuratively, the utmost line of circumference, the utmost extent. If we should with *less* change read *rend*, it will only suit with *list*, not with *soul* or *bottom*. JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading to be the true one. STEEVENS.

I once wished to read—*tread*, instead of *read*; but I now think, there is no need of alteration. To read a *bound* is certainly a very harsh phrase, but not more so than many others of Shakspeare. At the same time that *the bottom* of their fortunes should be displayed, its *circumference* or boundary would be necessarily exposed to view. *Sight* being necessary to reading, *to read* is here used, in Shakspeare's licentious language, for *to see*. MALONE.

Doug. 'Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains³ a sweet reversion;
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in;⁴

A comfort of retirement⁵ lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt⁶
Brooks no division: It will be thought
By some that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence?
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For, well you know, we of the offering side⁷.

Must

³ *Where* is, I think, used here for *whereas*. It is often used with that signification by our author and his contemporaries. MALONE.

⁴ *We now may boldly spend, upon the hope
Of what is to come in.* RITSON.

⁵ A support to which we may have recourse. JOHNSON.

⁶ The *hair* seems to be the *complexion*, the *character*. The metaphor appears harsh to us, but, perhaps, was familiar in our author's time. We still say something is *against the hair*, as *against the grain*, that is, against the natural tendency. JOHNSON.

⁷ All the latter editions read *offending*, but all the older copies which I have seen, from the first quarto to the edition of Rowe, read—*we of the off'ring side*. Of this reading the sense is obscure, and therefore the change has been made; but since neither *offering* nor *offending* are words likely to be mistaken, I cannot but suspect that *offering* is right, especially as it is read in the copy of 1599, which is more correctly printed than any single edition, that I have yet seen, of a play written by Shakspeare.

The *offering side* may signify that party, which, acting in opposition to the law, strengthens itself only by *offers*; increases its numbers only by *promises*. The king can raise an army, and continue it by threats of punishment; but those, whom no man is under any obligation to obey, can gather forces only by *offers* of advantage: and it is truly remarked, that they, whose influence arises from *offers*, must keep danger out of sight.

The

Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement;
 And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
 The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
 This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
 That shows the ignorant a kind of fear⁸
 Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.

I, rather, of his absence make this use;
 It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
 A larger dare to our great enterprize,
 Than if the earl were here: for men must think,
 If we, without his help, can make a head
 To push against the kingdom, with his help,
 We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
 Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
 Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
 The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
 Is marching hitherwards; with him, prince John.

Hot. No harm: What more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,—
 The king himself in person is set forth,
 Or hitherwards intended speedily,
 With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
 The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,⁹

And

The *offering side* may mean simply the *assailant*, in opposition to the *defendant*; and it is likewise true of him that *offers* war, or makes an invasion, that his cause ought to be kept clear from all objections.

JOHNSON.

Johnson's last explanation of the word *offering*, appears to be right. His first is far-fetched and unnatural. M. MASON.

⁸ To *draw* a curtain had anciently the same meaning, as to *undraw* one has at present. STEEVENS.

⁹ Shakspeare rarely bestows his epithets at random. Stowe says of the Prince: "He was passing swift in running, insomuch that he with two

And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges, that wing the wind;
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd;

Glittering

two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wild buck or doe, in a large park." STEEVENS.

² What is the meaning of *estruges*, *that bated with the wind like eagles*? for the relative *that*, in the usual construction, must relate to *estruges*.

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

*All plum'd like estruges, and with the wind
Bating like eagles.*

By which he has escaped part of the difficulty, but has yet left impropriety sufficient to make his reading questionable.

I read:

*All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estruges that wing the wind
Bated like eagles.*

This gives a strong image. They were not only plumed like estridges, but their plumes fluttered like those of an estridge beating the wind with his wings. A more lively representation of young men ardent for enterprise, perhaps no writer has ever given. JOHNSON.

I believe *estruges* never mount at all, but only run before the wind, opening their wings to receive its assistance in urging them forward. They are generally hunted on horseback, and the art of the hunter is to turn them from the gale, by the help of which they are too fleet for the swiftest horse to keep up with them. STEEVENS.

I have little doubt that instead of *with*, some verb ought to be substituted here. Perhaps it should be *whisk*. The word is used by a writer of Shakspeare's age. *England's Helicon*, sign. Q:

"This said, he *whisk'd* his particoloured wings." TYRWHITT.

All dressed like the Prince himself, the *ostrich father* being the cognizance of the Prince of Wales. GREY.

To *bate* is, in the style of falconry, to *beat the wing*, from the French, *battre*, that is, to flutter in preparation for flight. JOHNSON.

Writers on falconry often mention the *batting* of hawks and eagles, as highly necessary for their health and spirits.—All birds, after *batting*, (which almost all birds are fond of,) spread out their wings to catch the wind, and flutter violently with them in order to dry themselves. This, in the falconer's language, is called *bating*, and by Shakspeare, *bating with the wind*.—It may be observed that birds never appear so lively and full of spirits, as immediately after *batting*. STEEVENS.

This appears to be justly explained by Steevens. When birds have bathed, they cannot fly until their feathers be disentangled, by *bating with the wind*. M. MASON.

Bated,

Glittering in golden coats, like images;²
 As full of spirit as the month of May,
 And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
 I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,³
 His cuisses on his thighs,⁴ gallantly arm'd,—
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,

And

Bated, is, I believe, here used for *bating*, the passive for the active participle; a licence which our author often takes.

To *bate*, as appears from Minshew's *Dict.* 1617, was originally applied to birds of prey, when they swoop upon their quarry. MALONE.

² This alludes to the manner of dressing up images in the Romish churches on holy-days; when they are bedecked in robes very richly laced and embroidered. STEEVENS.

³ We should read—*beaver up*. It is an impropriety to say *on*: for the beaver is only the visiere of the helmet, which let down, covers the face. When the soldier was not upon action he wore it *up*, so that his face might be seen, (hence Vernon says he *saw young Harry*, &c.) But when upon action, it was let down to cover and secure the face. Hence in the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* it is said:

“ Their armed staves in charge, their *beavers* down.”

WARBURTON.

There is no need of all this note; for *beaver* may be a *helmet*; or the Prince, trying his armour, might wear his beaver down. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton seems not to have observed, that Vernon only says, he saw “ young Harry,” not that he saw his *face*. MALONE.

Bever and *visiere* were two different parts of the helmet. The former part let down to enable the wearer to *drink*, the latter was raised up to enable him to see. LORT.

Shakspeare however confounded them; for, in *Hamlet*, Horatio says, that he saw the old king's face, because “ he wore his *beaver up*.” Nor is our poet singular in the use of this word. This was the common signification of the word, for Bullokar in his *English Expofitor*, 1616, defines *beaver* thus: “ In armour it signifies that part of the helmet which may be *lifted up*, to take breath the more freely.” MALONE.

The poet is certainly not guilty of the confusion laid to his charge with respect to the passage in *Hamlet*; for the beaver was as often made to *lift up* as to *let down*. DOUCE.

⁴ *Cuisses*, French. Armour for the thighs. POPE.

The reason why his *cuisses* are so particularly mentioned, I conceive to be, that his horsemanship is here praised, and the *cuisses* are that part of armour which most hinders a horseman's activity. JOHNSON.

And witch the world^s with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours:—Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.—
O, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be;
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A publick Road near Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a
bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we'll to
Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

^s For bewitch, charm. *POPE.*

Fal.

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto⁶ meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell.

[*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my foldiers, I am a fouced gurnet.⁷ I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty foldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders,⁸ yeomen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck.⁹ I press'd me none but such toasts and butter,² with hearts in their bellies no bigger than

⁶ This passage proves that Peto did not go with the Prince. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Souced gurnet* is an appellation of contempt very frequently employed in the old comedies. STEEVENS.

A *gurnet* is a fish very nearly resembling a piper.

It should seem from one of Taylor's pieces, entitled *A barvd*, 12mo. 1635, that a *souced gurnet* was sometimes used in the same metaphorical sense in which we now frequently use the word *gudgeon*. MALONE.

⁸ This practice is complained of in Barnabie Riche's *Souldier's Wishe to Briton's welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill*, 1604, p. 62: "Sir, I perceive by the sound of your words you are a favourite to Captaines, and I thinke you could be contented, that to serve the expedition of these times, we should take up honest *householders*, men that are of wealth and abilitie to live at home, such as your captaines might chop and chaunge, and make marchandise of," &c. STEEVENS.

⁹ The repetition of the same image disposed Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, to read, in opposition to all the copies, a *struck deer*, which is indeed a proper expression, but not likely to have been corrupted. Shakspeare, perhaps, wrote a *struck sorrel*, which, being negligently read by a man not skilled in hunter's language, was easily changed to *struck fowl*. *Sorrel* is used in *Love's Labour's Lost* for a young deer; and the terms of the chase were, in our author's time, familiar to the ears of every gentleman. JOHNSON.

² This term of contempt is used in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without money*:

"They love young *toasts and butter*, Bow-bell sucker's."

STEEVENS.

"Londiners, and all within the sound of Bow-bell, are in reproch called cocknies, and *eaters of butter'd tostes*." Moryson's *Itin.* 1617.

MALONE.

than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores: and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust servingmen, younger sons to younger brothers,³ revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishonourably ragged than an old faced ancient:⁴ and such have

I,

³ Raleigh, in his *Discourse on War*, uses this very expression for men of desperate fortune and wild adventure. Which borrowed it from the other, I know not, but I think the play was printed before the *Discourse*.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps Oliver Cromwell was indebted to this speech, for the sarcasm which he threw out on the soldiers commanded by Hampden: "Your troops are most of them *old decayed serving men and tapsters*," &c.

STEEVENS.

⁴ Shakspeare uses this word so promiscuously to signify an ensign or standard-bearer, and also the colours or standard borne, that I cannot be at a certainty for his allusion here. If the text be genuine, I think the meaning must be, as dishonourably ragged as one that has been an ensign all his days; that has let age creep upon him, and never had merit enough to gain preferment. Dr. Warburton, who understands it in the second construction, has suspected the text, and given the following ingenious emendation: "How is an old-fac'd *ancient* or *ensign*, dishonourably ragged? on the contrary, nothing is esteemed more honourable than a ragged pair of colours. A very little alteration will restore it to its original sense, which contains a touch of the strongest and most fine-turn'd satire in the world:—*ten times more dishonourably ragged than an old feast ancient*; i. e. the *colours* used by the city-companies in their feasts and processions; for each company had one with its peculiar device, which was usually displayed and borne about on such occasions. Now nothing could be more witty or sarcastical than this comparison: for as Falstaff's ragga-muffins were reduced to their tatter'd condition through their riotous excesses; so this old *feast ancient* became torn and shatter'd, not in any manly exercise of arms, but amidst the revels of drunken bacchanals."

THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is very acute and judicious; but I know not whether the licentiousness of our author's diction may not allow us to suppose that he meant to represent his soldiers, as *more ragged*, though less honourably ragged, *than an old ancient*. JOHNSON.

An old fac'd ancient, is an old standard mended with a different colour. It should not be written in one word, as *old* and *fac'd* are distinct epithets. To *face* a gown is to *trim* it; an expression at present in use. In our author's time the *facings* of gowns were always of a colour different from the stuff itself. STEEVENS.

I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services; that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on;⁵ for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half-shirt is two napkins, tack'd together, and thrown over their shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at saint Alban's, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daintry.⁶ But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince HENRY and WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought, your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all night.⁷

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant, as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; Whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to tofs;⁸ food for powder, food

⁵ i. e. shackles. POPE.

⁶ i. e. Daventry. STEEVENS.

⁷ Read,—*we must away all to-night.* M. MASON.

Perhaps Westmoreland means—"we must travel all night."

STEEVENS.

⁸ That is, to tofs upon a pike. JOHNSON.

food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, sir John, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that: and for their bareness,—I am sure, they never learn'd that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamp'd?

West. He is, sir John; I fear, we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not council well;

You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,

(And I dare well maintain it with my life,)

If well-respected honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear,

As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:—

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,

Which of us fears.

Doug.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being men of such great leading,²
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: Certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The Trumpets sound a parley.*]

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt; And 'would to God,
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well: and even those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name;
Because you are not of our quality,³
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as, out of limit, and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty!
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs; ⁴ and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty: If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,—

Which

² Such conduct, such experience in martial business. JOHNSON.

³ *Quality* in our author's time was frequently used in the sense of fellowship or occupation. MALONE.

⁴ That is, grievances. MALONE.

Which he confesseth to be manifold,—
 He bids you name your griefs ; and, with all speed,
 You shall have your desires, with interest ;
 And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
 Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind ; and well we know, the king
 Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
 My father, and my uncle, and myself,
 Did give him that same royalty he wears :⁵
 And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,
 Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
 A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,—
 My father gave him welcome to the shore :
 And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
 He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
 To sue his livery,⁶ and beg his peace ;

With

⁵ The Percies were in the highest favour with King Henry the Fourth for some time after his accession. Thomas Earl of Worcester was appointed Governour to the Prince of Wales, and was honoured with the custody of Isabel, widow of King Richard the Second, when she was sent back to France after that king's deposition. Hotspur, who accompanied him on that occasion, in the presence of the Ambassadors of both nations, who met between Calais and Boulogne, protested "upon his soul" that she was a virgin, "sound and entire even as she was delivered to King Richard, and if any would say to the contrary, he was ready to prove it against him by combat." *Speed*, p. 753. MALONE.

⁶ This is a law phrase belonging to the feudal tenures ; meaning, to sue out the delivery or possession of his lands from those persons who on the death of any of the tenants of the crown, seized their lands, till the heir *sued out his livery*. STEEVENS.

Before the 32d year of *King Henry the Eighth*, wardships were usually granted as court favours, to those who made suit for, and had interest enough to obtain them. RITSON.

During the existence of the feudal tenures, on the death of any of the King's tenants, an inquest of office, called *inquisitio post mortem*, was held, to inquire of what lands he died seized, who was his heir, of what age he was, &c. and in those cases where the heir was a minor, he became the ward of the crown ; the land was seized by its officers, and continued in its possession, or that of the person to whom the crown granted it, till the heir came of age, and *sued out his livery*, or *ousterlemaine*, that is, the delivery of the land out of his guardian's hands. To regulate these inquiries, which were greatly abused, many persons being compelled to sue out livery from the crown, who were by no means tenants thereunto, the *Court of Wards and Liveries* was erected by Stat. 32 Hen. VIII. c. 46. See Blackstone's *Comm.* II. 61. III. 258. MALONE.

With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—
 My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
 Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
 Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
 Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
 The more and less ⁷ came in with cap and knee;
 Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
 Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
 Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
 Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,⁸
 Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
 He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
 Steps me a little higher than his vow
 Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
 Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;⁹
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
 Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
 That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
 Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win
 The hearts of all that he did angle for.
 Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
 Of all the favourites, that the absent king
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personal in the Irish war,
Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot.

Then, to the point.—

In short time after, he depos'd the king;
 Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;

And,

⁷ i. e., the greater and the less. STEEVENS.

Steevens has given the words, *the more and less*, the only explanation they can bear; but I have little doubt that we ought to read—

They, *more and less*, came in, &c. M. MASON.

⁸ Perhaps we ought to point differently:

Gave him their heirs as pages; follow'd him, &c. MALONE.

⁹ In this whole speech he alludes again to some passages in *Richard the Second*. JOHNSON.

And, in the neck of that,² task'd the whole state :³
 To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
 (Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
 Indeed his king,) to be incag'd in Wales,⁴
 There without ransom to lie forfeited :
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories ;
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence ;
 Rated my uncle from the council-board ;
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court ;
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong :
 And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
 This head of safety ;⁵ and, withal, to pry
 Into his title, the which we find
 Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king ?

Hot. Not so, fir Walter ; we'll withdraw a while.
 Go to the king ; and let there be impawn'd
 Some surety for a safe return again,
 And in the morning early shall mine uncle
 Bring him our purposes : and so farewell.

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. 'Pray heaven, you do!

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

York. *A Room in the Archbishop's House.*

Enter the Archbishop of York, and a Gentleman.

Arch. Hie, good fir Michael ; bear this sealed brief,⁶

With

² So, in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, 1566 : "Great mischiefes succeeding one in another's necke." HENDERSON.

³ I suppose it should be *tax'd* the whole state. JOHNSON.

Task'd is here used for *taxed* ; it was once common to employ these words indiscriminately. STEEVENS.

⁴ The old copies have *engag'd*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald.

MALONE.

No change was necessary. *Engag'd* signifies *delivered as a hostage* ; and is again used in that sense. See p. 371, n. 3. DOUCE.

⁵ This army, from which I hope for protection. JOHNSON.

⁶ A *brief* is simply a letter. JOHNSON.

With winged haste, to the lord marshal;⁷
 This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
 To whom they are directed: if you knew
 How much they do import, you would make haste.

Gent. My good lord,
 I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough, you do.⁸
 To-morrow, good fir Michael, is a day,
 Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
 Must 'bide the touch: For, fir, at Shrewsbury,
 As I am truly giv'n to understand,
 The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
 Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, fir Michael,—
 What with the sickness of Northumberland,
 (Whose power was in the first proportion,)⁹
 And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
 (Who with them was a rated finew too,²
 And comes not in, o'er rul'd by prophecies,)
 I fear, the power of Percy is too weak
 To wage an instant trial with the king.

Gent. Why, my good lord, you need not fear; there's
 Douglas,
 And Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer's not there.

Gent. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry Percy,
 And there's my Lord of Worcester; and a head
 Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn
 The special head of all the land together;—
 The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
 The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
 And many more corrivals, and dear men

Of

⁷ Thomas Lord Mowbray. MALONE.

⁸ Read:

Gent. My lord, I guess their tenor.

Arch.

Like enough. RITSON.

⁹ Whose quota was larger than that of any other man in the confederacy. JOHNSON.

² A rated finew signifies a strength on which we reckoned; a help of which we made account. JOHNSON.

Of estimation and command in arms.

Gent. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear ;
And to prevent the worst, fir Michael, speed :
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,—
For he hath heard of our confederacy,—
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him ;
Therefore, make haste : I must go write again
To other friends ; and so farewell, fir Michael.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT V.⁴ SCENE I.

The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.

*Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN of Lancaster, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.*⁵

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill !⁶ the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes ;⁷
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

K. Hen. Then with the losers let it sympathize ;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

Trumpet.

⁴ It seems proper to be remarked, that in the editions printed while the author lived, this play is not broken into acts. The division which was made by the players in the first folio, seems commodious enough ; but, being without authority, may be changed by any editor who thinks himself able to make a better. JOHNSON.

⁵ In the old and modern editions the Earl of Westmoreland is made to enter here with the King ; but, it appears from a passage in the next scene that he was left as a hostage in Hotspur's camp, till Worcester should return from treating with Henry. MALONE.

⁶ *Busky* is woody. (*Bosquet*, Fr.) Milton writes the word perhaps more properly, *bosky*. STEEVENS.

⁷ That is, to the sun's, to that which the sun portends by his unusual appearance. JOHNSON.

Trumpet. Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

How now, my lord of Worcester? 'tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet: You have deceiv'd our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes⁸ of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:⁹
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to't? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not fought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not fought it! how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace.²

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty to turn your looks

Of

⁸ i. e. *Do them off*, put them off. STEEVENS.

⁹ Shakspeare must have been aware that the King was not at this time more than *four* years older than he was at the deposition of King Richard. And indeed in the next play, he makes him expressly tell us, that it was then

“ — but *eight years* since

“ Northumberland, even to the eyes of Richard

“ Gave him defiance.”

But it is altogether fruitless to attempt the reconciliation of our author's chronology. RITSON.

² A *chewet* or *chuet*, is a noisy chattering bird, a pie. This carries a proper reproach to Falstaff for his ill-timed and impertinent jest.

THEOBALD.

In an old book of cookery, printed in 1596, I find a receipt to make *chewets*, which, from their ingredients, seem to have been fat greasy puddings; and to these it is highly probable that the Prince alludes.

STEEVENS.

Of favour, from myself, and all our house;
 And yet I must remember you, my lord,
 We were the first and dearest of your friends.
 For you, my staff of office³ did I break
 In Richard's time; and posted day and night
 To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
 When yet you were in place and in account
 Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
 It was myself, my brother, and his son,
 That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
 The dangers of the time: You swore to us,—
 And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
 That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
 Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
 The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
 To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,
 It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
 And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
 What with our help; what with the absent king;
 What with the injuries of a wanton time;⁴
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne;
 And the contrarious winds, that held the king
 So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
 That all in England did repute him dead,—
 And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
 To gripe the general sway into your hand:
 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
 And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
 As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,⁵
 Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest;
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
 That even our love durst not come near your sight,
 For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
 We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly

Out

³ See *Richard the Second*. JOHNSON.

⁴ i. e. The injuries done by King Richard in the wantonness of prosperity. MUSGRAVE.

⁵ The cuckoo's chicken, who, being hatched and fed by the sparrow, in whose nest the cuckoo's egg was laid, grows in time able to devour her nurse. JOHNSON.

Out of your sight, and raise this present head :
 Whereby we stand opposed ⁶ by such means
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself ;
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprize

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,⁷
 Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches ;
 To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine colour,⁸ that may please the eye
 Of fickle changlings, and poor discontents,⁹
 Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
 Of hurlyburly innovation :
 And never yet did insurrection want
 Such water-colours, to impaint his cause ;
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time ²
 Of pellmell havock and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many a soul
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
 The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
 In praise of Henry Percy : By my hopes, —
 'This present enterprize set off his head,³
 I do not think, a braver gentleman,
 More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,⁴
 More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
 I have a truant been to chivalry ;

And

⁶ We stand in opposition to you. JOHNSON.

⁷ i. e. Exhibited in articles. STEEVENS.

⁸ This is an allusion to our ancient fantastick habits, which were usually *faced* or turned up with a colour different from that of which they were made. STEEVENS.

⁹ Poor *discontents* are *poor discontented people*, as we now say—*malcontents*. MALONE.

² i. e. Impatiently expecting a time, &c. MALONE.

³ i. e. Taken from his account. MUSGRAVE.

⁴ Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*more valued young*, I think the present gingle has more of Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

And so, I hear, he doth account me too :

Yet this before my father's majesty,——

I am content, that he shall take the odds

Of his great name and estimation ;

And will, to save the blood on either side,

Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,

Albeit, considerations infinite

Do make against it :—No, good Worcester, no,

We love our people well ;⁵ even those we love,

That are misled upon your cousin's part :

And, will they take the offer of our grace,

Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man,

Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his :

So tell your cousin, and bring me word

What he will do :—But if he will not yield,

Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,

And they shall do their office. So, be gone ;

We will not now be troubled with reply :

We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER and VERNON.

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life :

The Douglas and the Hotspur both together

Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge ;

For, on their answer, we will set on them :

And God befriend us, as our cause is just !

[*Exeunt* King, BLUNT, and Prince JOHN.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me,⁶ so ; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal.

⁵ As there appears to be no reason for introducing the negative into this sentence, I should suppose it an error of the press, and that we ought to read :

——Know, good Worcester, know, &c.

There is sufficient reason to believe that many parts of these plays were dictated to the transcribers, and the words *know* and *no*, are precisely the same in sound. M. MASON.

⁶ In the battle of Agincourt, Henry, when king, did this act of friendship for his brother the Duke of Gloucester. STEEVENS.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest God a death.

[*Exit.*]

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word, honour? What is that honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon,⁷ and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The Rebel Camp.

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, fir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best, he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes:⁸

For

⁷ This is very fine. The reward of brave actions formerly was only some honourable bearing in the shields of arms bestowed upon deservers. But Falstaff having said that *honour* often came not till after death, he calls it very wittily a *scutcheon*, which is the painted heraldry borne in funeral processions: and by *mere scutcheon* is insinuated, that whether alive or dead, honour was but a name. WARBURTON.

⁸ The same image of *suspicion* is exhibited in a Latin tragedy, called *Roxana*, written about the same time by Dr. William Alabaster.

JOHNSON.

Dr.

For treason is but trusted like the fox ;
 Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
 Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
 Interpretation will misquote our looks ;
 And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
 The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
 My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
 It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood ;
 And an adopted name of privilege,—
 A hare-brain'd Hotspur,⁹ govern'd by a spleen :
 All his offences live upon my head,
 And on his father's : we did train him on ;
 And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
 We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
 Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
 In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
 Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS ; and Officers and Soldiers, behind.

Hot. My uncle is return'd :—Deliver up
 My lord of Westmoreland.²—Uncle, what news ?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.³

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit.*—

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any ? God forbid !

Wor.

Dr. Farmer, with great propriety, would reform the line as I have printed it. In all former editions, without regard to measure, it stood thus :

Suspicion, *all our lives*, shall be stuck full of eyes.

STEEVENS.

⁹ The name of *Hotspur* will privilege him from censure. JOHNSON.

² He was "impawned as a surety for the safe return" of Worcester.
 See Act IV. sc. iii. MALONE.

³ This line, as well as the next, (as has been observed by one of the modern editors,) properly belongs to Hotspur, whose impatience would scarcely suffer any one to anticipate him on such an occasion. MALONE.

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors? and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd,⁴ did bear it;
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his talking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valued with you :⁵

And,

⁴ *Engag'd* is delivered as an hostage. A few lines before, upon the return of Worcester, he orders Westmoreland to be dismissed. JOHNSON.

⁵ This foolish line is indeed in the folio of 1623, but it is evidently the player's nonsense. WARBURTON.

This line is not only in the first folio, but in all the editions before it, that I have seen. Why it should be censured as nonsense I know not. To vilify praise, compared or *valued* with merit superior to praise, is no harsh expression. There is another objection to be made. Prince Henry, in his challenge of Percy, had indeed commended him, but with no such hyperboles as might represent him above praise; and there seems to be no reason why Vernon should magnify the Prince's candour beyond the truth. Did then Shakspeare forget the foregoing scene? or are some lines lost from the Prince's speech? JOHNSON.

I do not suspect any omission. Our author in repeating letters and speeches of former scenes in his plays, seldom attends minutely to what he had written. I believe, in these cases he always trusted to memory.

MALONE.

And, which became like him a prince indeed,
 He made a blushing cital of himself; ⁵
 And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
 As if he master'd ⁶ there a double spirit,
 Of teaching and of learning instantly.
 There did he pause : But let me tell the world,—
 If he outlive the envy of this day,
 England did never owe so sweet a hope,
 So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamour'd
 Upon his follies; never did I hear
 Of any prince, so wild, at liberty : ⁷
 But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
 I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
 That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
 Arm, arm, with speed :—And, fellows, soldiers, friends,
 Better consider what you have to do,
 Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
 Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen, the time of life is short;
 To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
 If life did ride upon a dial's point,
 Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
 An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
 If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
 Now for our conscience,—the arms are fair,
 When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on a pace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
 For I profess not talking; Only this,—

Let

⁵ Mr. Pope observes, that by *cital* is meant *taxation*; but I rather think it means *recital*. COLLINS.

⁶ i. e. was master of. STEEVENS.

⁷ Of any prince that played such pranks, and was not confined as a madman. JOHNSON.

Let each man do his best : and here draw I
 A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
 With the best blood that I can meet withal
 In the adventure of this perilous day.
 Now,—Esperance!⁸—Percy!—and set on.—
 Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
 And by that musick let us all embrace :
 For, heaven to earth,⁹ some of us never shall
 A second time to do such a courtesy.

[The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Plain near Shrewsbury.

Excursions, and Parties fighting. Alarum to the battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT, meeting.

Blunt. What is thy name that in the battle thus
 Thou croffest me? what honour dost thou seek
 Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
 And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
 Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
 Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,
 This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
 Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
 And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
 Lord Stafford's death. *[They fight, and BLUNT is slain.]*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
 I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug.

⁸ This was the word of battle on Percy's side. POPE.

Esperance, or *Esperanza*, has always been the motto of the Percy family. *Esperance en Dieu* is the present motto of the Duke of Northumberland, and has been long used by his predecessors. Sometimes it was expressed *Esperance ma Comforte*, which is still legible at Alnwick castle over the great gate. PERCY.

⁹ i. e. one might wager heaven to earth. WARBURTON.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This Douglas? no, I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd ² like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes! ³
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away;
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, ⁴ I fear
the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate. — Soft!
who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt; — there's honour for you:
Here's no vanity! ⁵ — I am as hot as molten lead, and as
heavy

² i. e. in resemblance, alike. STEEVENS.

³ The old copies read: *Ah, fool, go with thy soul, &c.* but this appears to be nonsense. I have ventured to omit a single letter, as well as to change the punctuation. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has but partially eradicated the nonsense of this passage. Read:

A fool go with thy soul, where-e'er it goes. RITSON.

Whither, I believe, means — *to whatever place.* STEEVENS.

⁴ A play upon *shot*, as it means the part of a reckoning, and a missive weapon discharged from artillery. JOHNSON.

⁵ In our author's time the negative, in common speech, was used to design, ironically, the excess of a thing. Thus, Ben Jonson, in *Every Man in his Humour*, says:

“O here's *no foppery*!

“'Death, I can endure the stocks better.”

Meaning, as the passage shews, that the *foppery* was excessive. And so in many other places. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether this interpretation, though ingenious and well supported, is true. The words may mean, here is real honour, *no vanity, or empty appearance.* JOHNSON.

I believe

heavy too : God keep lead out of me ! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are pepper'd : there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive ; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here ?

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. What stand'st thou idle here ? lend me thy sword : Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies, Whose deaths are unreveng'd : Pr'ythee, lend thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms,⁶ as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed ; and living to kill thee.⁷ I pry'-thee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword ; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me : What, is it in the case ?

Fal. Ay, Hal ; 'tis hot, 'tis hot ; there's that will sack a city.⁸ [*The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.*]

P. Hen. What, is't a time to jest and dally now ?

[*Throws it at him, and exit.*]

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him.⁹ If he do come

I believe Dr. Warburton is right : the same ironical kind of expression occurs in our author's *Taming of the Shrew* : "Here's no knavery !"

STEEVENS.

⁶ Meaning Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. This furious friar surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the Emperor of his right of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain. Fox, in his history, hath made Gregory so odious, that I don't doubt but the good Protestants of that time were well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope, in one. WARBURTON.

⁷ The Prince's answer, which is apparently connected with Falstaff's last words, does not cohere so well as if the knight had said—

I have made him sure ; Percy's safe enough.

Perhaps a word or two like these may be lost. JOHNSON.

Sure has two significations, certainly *disposed of*, and *safe*. Falstaff uses it in the former sense, the Prince replies to it in the latter. STEEVENS.

⁸ A quibble on the word *sack*. JOHNSON.

⁹ Certainly, *he'll pierce him*, i. e. Prince Henry will, who is just gone out to seek him. Besides, *I'll pierce him*, contradicts the whole turn and humour of the speech. WARBURTON.

come in my way, so : if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me.² I like not such grinning honour as sir Walter hath : Give me life : which if I can save, so ; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the King, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, Harry, withdraw thyself ; thou bleed'st too much : ³— Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Hen. I do beseech your majesty, make up, Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.⁴

K. Hen. I will do so :— My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord ? I do not need your help : And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive The prince of Wales from such a field as this ; Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on, And rebels' arms triumph in massacres !

P. John. We breathe too long :—Come, cousin Westmoreland,

Our

I rather take the conceit to be this : To pierce a vessel is to tap it. Falstaff takes up his bottle which the Prince had tossed at his head, and being about to animate himself with a draught, cries : *If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him*, and so draws the cork. I do not propose this with much confidence. JOHNSON.

I believe Falstaff makes this boast that the Prince may hear it ; and continues the rest of the speech in a lower accent, or when he is out of hearing. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare was not aware that he here ridiculed the serious etymology of the Scottish historian : "*Piercy a penetrando oculum Regis Scotorum, ut fabulatur Boetius.*" Skinner. HOLT WHITE.

² A carbonado is a piece of meat cut cross-wise for the gridiron.

JOHNSON.

³ History says, the Prince was wounded in the face by an arrow.

STEEVENS.

⁴ i. e. throw them into consternation. STEEVENS.

Our duty this way lies ; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt Prince JOHN and WESTMORELAND.*]

P. Hen. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit :
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John ;
But now, I do respect thee as my foul.

K. Hen. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Hen. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all !

[*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king ! they grow like Hydra's heads :
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them. — What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king ?

K. Hen. The king himself ; who, Douglas, grieves at
heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys,
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field :
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee ; so defend thyself.

Doug. I fear, thou art another counterfeit ;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king :
But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight ; the King being in danger, enter Prince HENRY.*]

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again ! the spirits
Of Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms :
It is the prince of Wales, that threatens thee ;
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.^s—

[*They fight ; DOUGLAS flies.*
Cheerly,

^s We should certainly read :

Who never promiseth, but means to pay.

which agrees with what the Prince says in the first Act :

“ And pay the debts I never promised.” M. MASON.

Cheerly, my lord; How fares your grace?—
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe a while:—
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;⁶
And show'd, thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Hen. O heaven! they did me too much injury,
That ever said, I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton, I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.
[Exit King HENRY.]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.

I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more;
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; And 'would to God,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [They fight.]

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no
boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter

⁶ i. e. thy lost reputation; for in that sense the word was then used.

Enter DOUGLAS; he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth :⁷
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me ;
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my
flesh :—

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool ;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop.⁸ O, I could prophecy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue :—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—

[Dies.]

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy : Fare thee well, great
heart!—

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk !⁹
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough :—This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal :—

But

⁷ Shakspeare has chosen to make Hotspur fall by the hand of the Prince of Wales ; but there is, I believe, no authority for the fact. Holinshed says, "The king slew that day with his own hand six and thirty persons of his enemies. The other [i. e. troops] of his party, encouraged by his doings, fought valiantly, and slew the Lord Percy, called Henry Hotspur." Speed says Percy was killed by an unknown hand. MALONE.

⁸ Hotspur in his last moments endeavours to console himself. The glory of the prince wounds his thoughts ; but *thought*, being dependent on *life*, must cease with it, and will soon be at an end. *Life*, on which *thought* depends, is itself of no great value, being the *fool* and sport of *time* ; of *time*, which with all its dominion over sublunary things, must itself at last be stopped. JOHNSON.

Hotspur alludes to the *Fool* in our ancient farces, or the representations commonly called *Death's Dance*, &c. STEEVENS.

⁹ A metaphor taken from cloth, which shrinks when it is ill-weav'd, when its texture is loose. JOHNSON.

But let my favours hide thy mangled face; ²
 And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
 For doing these fair rites of tenderneſs.
 Adieu, and take thy praife with thee to heaven!
 Thy ignomy ³ ſleep with thee in the grave,
 But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[He ſees FALSTAFF on the ground.]

What! old acquaintance! could not all this fleſh
 Keep in a little life; Poor Jack, farewell!
 I could have better ſpar'd a better man.
 O, I ſhould have a heavy miſs of thee.
 If I were much in love with vanity.
 Death hath not ſtruck ſo fat a deer ⁴ to-day,
 Though many dearer, ⁵ in this bloody fray:—
 Embowell'd will I ſee thee by and by;
 Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie.

[Exit.]

Fal. [Riſing ſlowly.] Embowell'd! if thou embowel me
 to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, ⁶ and eat me too,
 to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot
 termagant Scot had paid me ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit?
 I lie, I am no counterfeit: To die, is to be a counterfeit;
 for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life
 of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby
 liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image
 of

² We ſhould read—*favour*, face, or countenance. He is ſtooping
 down here to kiſs Hotſpur. WARBURTON.

He rather covers his face with a ſcarf, to hide the ghastlineſs of
 death. JOHNSON.

³ So the word *igneminy* was formerly written. REED.

⁴ There is in theſe lines a very natural mixture of the ſerious and
 ludicrous produced by the view of Percy and Falſtaff. I wiſh all play on
 words had been forborn. JOHNSON.

Fat is the reading of the firſt quarto 1598, the moſt authentick im-
 preſſion of this play, and of the folio. The other quartos have—*fair*.

MALONE.

So *fat* a deer, ſeems to be the better reading, for Turbervile, in *The
 Terms of the Ages of all Beaſts of Venerie and Chaſe*, obſerves, “——
 You ſhall ſay by anie deare, a great deare, and not a *fayre* deare, unleſs
 it be a rowe, which in the fifth year is called a *fayre* rowe-bucke.”

TOLLET.

⁵ Many of greater value. JOHNSON.

⁶ To *powder* is to ſalt. JOHNSON.

of life indeed. The better part of valour is—discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, firrah, [*Stabbing him.*] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes HOTSPUR on his back.*]

Re-enter Prince HENRY and Prince JOHN.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding
Upon the ground.—

Art thou alive? or is it fantasy
That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:—
'Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man:⁷ but
if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy:
[*Throwing the body down.*] if your father will do me any
honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself.
I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given
to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and out of breath;
and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a
long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believ'd, so;
if not, let them, that should reward valour, bear the sin
upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave
him this wound in the thigh:⁸ if the man were alive, and
would

⁷ That is, I am not Falstaff and Percy together, though having Percy on my back, I seem double. JOHNSON.

⁸ The very learned Lord Lyttelton observes, that Shakspeare has applied an action to Falstaff, which William of Malmſbury, tells us was really

would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard,

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back :
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*]

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince HENRY and Prince JOHN.*]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, bearing off the body.*]

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field.

The trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and Others, with WORCESTER and VERNON, prisoners.

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke,²
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,

Had

really done by one of the Conqueror's knights to the body of King Harold. I do not however believe that Lord Lyttelton supposed Shakspeare to have read this old Monk. The story is told likewise by Matthew Paris and Matthew of Westminster; and by many of the English Chroniclers, Stowe, Speed, &c. &c. FARMER.

² Thomas Churchyard, in a catalogue of his own printed works, prefixed to his *Challenge*, 1593, informs us, that he had published "a booke called *A Rebuke to Rebellion* [dedicated] to the good old Earle of Bedford."

STEVENS.

Had been alive this hour,
If, like a christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded.]

How goes the field?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruis'd,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.—
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt.*]

KING

KING HENRY IV.

PART II.

KING HENRY IV.

PART II.

The transactions comprised in this history take up about nine years. The action commences with the account of Hotspur's being defeated and killed [1403]; and closes with the death of King Henry IV. and the coronation of King Henry V. [1412-13.] THEOBALD.

This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, August 23, 1600.

STEEVENS:

The Second Part of King Henry IV. I suppose to have been written in 1598. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays.*

MALONE.

Mr. Upton thinks these two plays improperly called *The First* and *Second Parts of Henry the Fourth*. The first play ends, he says, with the peaceful settlement of Henry in the kingdom by the defeat of the rebels. This is hardly true; for the rebels are not yet finally suppressed. The second, he tells us, shows Henry the Fifth in the various lights of a good-natured rake, till, on his father's death, he assumes a more manly character. This is true; but this representation gives us no idea of a dramatic action. These two plays will appear to every reader, who shall peruse them without ambition of critical discoveries, to be so connected, that the second is merely a sequel to the first; to be two only because they are too long to be one. JOHNSON.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry *the Fourth* :

Henry, *Prince of Wales*, afterwards King Henry V. }

Thomas, *Duke of Clarence*.

Prince John of Lancaster,² afterwards (2 Henry V.) } *his sons.*
Duke of Bedford.

Prince Humphrey of Gloucester, afterwards (2 Henry V.) Duke of Gloucester. }

Earl of Warwick. }

Earl of Westmoreland. }

Gower. Harcourt. }

*of the King's
party.*

Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.

Earl of Northumberland ;

Scroop, *Archbishop of York* ;

Lord Mowbray ; Lord Hastings ;

Lord Bardolph ; Sir John Coleville ;

Travers and Morton ; domesticks of Northumberland.

Falstaff, Bardolph, Pistol, and Page.

Poins and Peto ; attendants on Prince Henry.

Shallow and Silence ; country Justices.

Davy, *servant to Shallow*.

Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bullcalf ; recruits.

Fang and Snare ; Sheriff's officers.

Rumour. A Porter.

A Dancer ; speaker of the Epilogue.

Lady Northumberland. Lady Percy.

Hostess Quickly. Doll Tear-sheet.

Lords and other Attendants ; Officers, Soldiers, Messenger,
Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE, England.

² See note under the *Personæ dramatis* of the First Part of this play.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. *Before Northumberland's Castle.*

Enter Rumour,² painted full of tongues.³

Rum. Open your ears; For which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my posthorse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual flanders ride;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence;
Whilst the big year, swol'n with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And so such matter? Rumour is a pipe⁴
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;

And

² This speech of Rumour is not inelegant or unpoetical, but it is wholly useless, since we are told nothing which the first scene does not clearly and naturally discover. The only end of such prologues is to inform the audience of some facts previous to the action, of which they can have no knowledge from the persons of the drama. JOHNSON.

³ This the author probably drew from Holinshed's *Description of a Pageant*, exhibited in the court of Henry VIII. with uncommon cost and magnificence: "Then entered a person called *Report*, apparelled in crimson satin, full of toongs, or chronicles." Vol. III. p. 805. This however, might be the common way of representing this personage in masques, which were frequent in his own times. T. WARTON.

Stephen Hawes, in his *Pastime of Pleasure*, had long ago exhibited her (*Rumour*) in the same manner; and so had Sir Thomas Moore, in one of his Pageants. Not to mention her elaborate portrait by Chaucer, in *The Booke of Fame*; and by John Higgins, one of the assistants in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, in his *Legend of King Albanacte*. FARMER.

In a masque presented on St. Stephen's night, 1614, by Thomas Campion, *Rumour* comes on in a skin coat full of winged tongues. STEEVENS.

⁴ Here the poet imagines himself describing *Rumour*, and forgets that *Rumour* is the speaker. JOHNSON.

And of so easy and so plain a stop,⁵
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
 The still-discordant wavering multitude,
 Can play upon it. But what need I thus
 My well-known body to anatomize
 Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
 I run before king Harry's victory;
 Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
 Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,
 Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
 Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
 To speak so true at first? my office is
 To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell
 Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
 And that the king before the Douglas' rage
 Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
 This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
 Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
 And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,⁶
 Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
 Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
 And not a man of them brings other news
 Than they have learn'd of me; From Rumour's tongues
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.
 [Exit.

⁵ The *stops* are the *boles* in a flute or pipe. STEEVENS.

⁶ The old copies read—worm-eaten-hale. MALONE.

Northumberland had retired and fortified himself in his castle, a place of strength in those times, though the building might be impaired by its antiquity; and, therefore, I believe our poet wrote:

And this worm eaten hold of ragged stone. THEOBALD.

Theobald is certainly right. STEEVENS.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The same.

The Porter before the gate; Enter Lord BARDOLPH.

Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?—Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the earl,

That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard;
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem:²
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an heaven will!

Bard. As good as heart can wish:—
The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young prince John,
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir John,
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,

Came

² Some *stratagem* means here some great, important, or dreadful event. M. MASON.

Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes !

North. How is this derived ?
Saw you the field ? came you from Shrewsbury ?

Bard. I spake with one my lord, that came from thence ;
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way ;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you ?

Tra. My lord, sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings ; and being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him, came, spurring hard,
A gentleman almost forspent with speed,³
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse :
He ask'd the way to Chester ; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me, that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold :
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And bending forward, struck his armed heels⁴
Against the panting sides of his poor jade⁵

³ ———forspent *with speed*,] To *for spend* is to waste, to exhaust. So,
in Sir A. Gorges' translation of *Lucan*, B. VII :

“ ———crabbed fires *forspent* with age.” STEEVENS.

⁴ ———armed *heels*—] Thus the quarto, 1600. The folio, 1623,
reads—*able* heels ; the modern editors, without authority,—*agile* heels.
STEEVENS.

⁵ ———*poor jade*—] *Poor jade* is used not in contempt, but in com-
passion. *Poor jade* means the horse wearied with his journey.

Jade, however, seems anciently to have signified what we now call a
backney ; a beast employed in drudgery, opposed to horse kept for show,
or to be rid by its master. So, in a comedy called *A Knack to know a*
Knave, 1594 :

“ Besides, I'll give you the keeping of a dozen *jades*,

“ And now and then meat for you and your *horse*.”

This is said by a *farmer* to a *courtier*. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare,

Up to the rowel-head; ⁶ and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way, ⁷
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha!——Again.

Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, coldspur? ⁸ that rebellion
Had met ill luck?

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what;—
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a filken point ⁹
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman, that rode by Travers,
Give then such instances of loss?

Bard. Who, he?
He was some hilding fellow, ² that had stol'n
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf, ³
Foretells the nature of a tragick volume:

So

Shakspeare, however, (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) certainly does not use the word as a term of contempt; for King Richard the Second gives this appellation to his favourite horse Roan Barbary, on which Henry the Fourth rode at his coronation:

“That *jade* hath eat bread from my royal hand. MALONE.

⁶ ———rowel-head;] I think that I have observed in old prints the *rowel* of those times to have been only a single spike. JOHNSON.

⁷ So, in the book of *Job*, chap. xxxix: “He *swalloweth* the ground in fierceness and rage.” STEEVENS.

So Ariel, to describe his alacrity in obeying Prospero's commands:

“I *drink* the air before me.” M. MASON.

So, in one of the Roman poets (I forget which):

———*cursu consumere campum.* BLACKSTONE.

The line quoted by Sir William Blackstone is in NEMESIAN;

———*latumque fuga consumere campum.* MALONE.

⁸ *Hotspur* seems to have been a very common term for a man of vehemence and precipitation. STEEVENS.

⁹ A *point* is a string tagged, or lace. JOHNSON.

² For *hildering*, i. e. base, degenerate. POPE.

Hildering, Degener; vox adhuc agro Devon. familiaris. Spelman. REED.

³ It may not be amiss to observe, that in the time of our poet, the title-

So looks the strond, whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.⁴——

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,⁵
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou would'st say,—Your son did thus, and thus;
Your brother thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet:
But, for my lord your son,——

North. Why, he is dead.
See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,

That

title-page to an elegy, as well as every intermediate leaf, was totally black. I have several in my possession, written by Chapman, the translator of *Homer*, and ornamented in this manner. STEEVENS.

⁴ i. e. an attestation of its ravage. STEEVENS.

⁵ This word was common enough amongst the old Scottish and English poets, as G. Douglas, Chaucer, Lord Buckhurst, Fairfax; and signifies, *far gone in woe*. WARBURTON.

Dr. Bentley is said to have thought this passage corrupt, and therefore (with a greater degree of gravity than my readers will probably express) proposed the following emendation:

*So dead so dull in look, Ucalegon,
Drew Priam's curtain, &c.*

The name of *Ucalegon* is found in the third book of the *Iliad*, and the second of the *Æneid*. STEEVENS.

That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet, speak, Morton;
Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies;
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainfaid:
Your spirit⁶ is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.⁷
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear, or sin,⁸
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:⁹
The tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead;
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a fullen bell,

Remember'd

⁶ The impression upon your mind, by which you conceive the death of your son. JOHNSON.

⁷ The contradiction in the first part of this speech might be imputed to the distraction of Northumberland's mind; but the calmness of the reflection, contained in the last lines, seems not much to countenance such a supposition. I will venture to distribute this passage in a manner which will, I hope, seem more commodious; but do not wish the reader to forget, that the most commodious is not always the true reading:

Bard. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.

North. I see a strange confession in thine eye,
Thou shak'st thy head, and bold'st it fear, or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death;
And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead;
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.

Mor. Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a fullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Here is a natural interposition of Bardolph at the beginning, who is not pleased to hear his news confuted, and a proper preparation of Morton for the tale which he is unwilling to tell. JOHNSON.

⁸ Fear for danger. WARBURTON.

⁹ The words *say so* are in the first folio, but not in the quarto: they are necessary to the verse, but the sense proceeds as well without them.

JOHNSON

Remember'd knolling a departing friend.²

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe
That, which I would to heav'n I had not seen :
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rend'ring faint quittance,³ wearied and out-breath'd,
To Harry Monmouth ; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death (whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops :
For from his metal was his party steel'd ;
Which once in him abated,⁴ all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed ;
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field : Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner : and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
'Gan vail his stomach,⁴ and did grace the shame

Of

² I cannot concur in this supposition. The *bell*, anciently, was rung before expiration, and thence was called the *passing bell*, i. e. the bell that solicited prayers for the soul *passing* into another world. STEEVENS.

I am inclined to think that this bell might have been originally used to drive away demons who were watching to take possession of the soul of the deceased. In the cuts to some of the old service books which contain the *Vigiliæ mortuorum*, several devils are waiting for this purpose in the chamber of the dying man, to whom the priest is administering extreme unction. DOUCE.

³ *Quittance* is return. By *faint quittance* is meant a *faint return of blows*.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Abated*, is not here put for the general idea of *diminished*, nor for the notion of *blunted*, as applied to a single edge. *Abated* means *reduced to a lower temper*, or, as the workmen call it, *let down*. JOHNSON.

⁴ Began to fall his courage, to let his spirits sink under his fortune.

JOHNSON.
FROM

Of those that turn'd their backs ; and, in his flight,
 Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
 Is,—that the king hath won ; and hath sent out
 A speedy power, to encounter you, my lord,
 Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
 And Westmoreland : this is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn,
 In poison there is physick ; and these news,
 Having been well, that would have made me sick,⁵
 Being sick, have in some measure made me well :
 And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
 Like strengthless hinges, buckle ⁶ under life,
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
 Out of his keeper's arms ; even so my limbs,
 Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
 Are thrice themselves :⁷ hence therefore, thou nice ⁸ cratch ;
 A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
 Must glove this hand : and hence, thou sickly quoif ;
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
 Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
 Now bind my brows with iron ; And approach
 The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring,
 To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland !
 Let heaven kiss earth ! Now let not nature's hand
 Keep the wild flood confin'd ! let order die !
 And let this world no longer be a stage,
 To feed contention in a lingering act ;
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
 Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 And darkness be the burier of the dead !⁹

Tra.

From *avaller*, Fr. to cast down, or to let fall down. MALONE.

To *vail the bonnet* is to pull it off.

To *vail* a staff, is to let it fall in token of respect. STEEVENS.

⁵ i. e. that would, had I been well, have made me sick. MALONE.

⁶ Bend ; yield to pressure. JOHNSON.

⁷ Grief, in ancient language, signifies, *bodily pain*, as well as *forrow*.
Dolor ventris is, by our old writers, frequently translated “grief of the
 guts.” STEEVENS.

⁸ i. e. trifling. STEEVENS.

⁹ The conclusion of this noble speech is extremely striking. There
 is no need to suppose it exactly philosophical ; *darkness*, in poetry, may
 be

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health ; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war,⁸ my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said,—
Let us make head. It was your presumise,
That, in the dole of blows⁹ your son might drop :
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er :
You were advis'd, his flesh was capable²
Of wounds, and scars ; and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd ;
Yet did you say,—Go forth ; and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action : What hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one :
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd ;
And, since we are o'erfet, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth ; body, and goods.

Mor.

be absence of eyes, as well as privation of light. Yet we may remark, that by an ancient opinion it has been held, that if the human race, for whom the world was made, were extirpated, the whole system of sublunary nature would cease. JOHNSON.

⁸ The fourteen lines from hence to Bardolph's next speech, are not to be found in the first editions till that in the folio of 1623. A very great number of other lines in this play were inserted after the first edition in like manner, but of such spirit and mastery generally, that the insertions are plainly by Shakspeare himself. POPE.

To this note I have nothing to add, but that the editor speaks of more editions than I believe him to have seen, there having been but one edition yet discovered by me that precedes the first folio. JOHNSON.

⁹ The *dole* of blows is the *distribution* of blows. *Dole* originally signified the portion of alms (consisting either of meat or money) that was given away at the door of a nobleman. STEEVENS.

² i. e. you knew. MALONE.

Mor. 'Tis more than time : And, my most noble lord,
 I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,——
 The gentle archbishop of York is up,
 With well-appointed powers ; he is a man,
 Who with a double surety binds his followers.
 My lord your son had only but the corps,
 But shadows, and the shows of men, to fight :
 For that same word, rebellion, did divide
 The action of their bodies from their souls ;
 And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
 As men drink potions ; that their weapons only
 Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
 This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
 As fish are in a pond : But now the bishop
 Turns insurrection to religion :
 Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
 He's follow'd both with body and with mind ;
 And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
 Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones :
 Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause ;
 Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,³
 Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke ;
 And more, and less,⁴ do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before ; but, to speak truth,
 This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
 Go in with me ; and counsel every man
 The aptest way for safety, and revenge :
 Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed ;
 Never so few, and never yet more need. [Exeunt.]

³ That is, stands over his country to defend her as she lies bleeding on the ground. So Falstaff before says to the Prince, *If thou see me down, Hal, and bestride me, so ; it is an office of friendship.* JOHNSON.

⁴ *More and less* means *greater and less.* STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

London. *A Street.*

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?⁵

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water: but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all forts take a pride to gird at me:⁶ The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgement. Thou whoreson mandrake,⁷ thou art fitter to be worn in my cap,

⁵ The method of investigating diseases by the inspection of urine only, was once so much the fashion, that Linacre, the founder of the College of Physicians, formed a statute to restrain apothecaries from carrying the *water* of their patients to a doctor, and afterwards giving medicines in consequence of the opinions they received concerning it. This statute was, soon after, followed by another, which forbade the doctors themselves to pronounce on any disorder from such an uncertain diagnostic.

John Day, the author of a comedy called *Law Tricks, or Who would have thought it?* 1608, describes an apothecary thus: "—his house is set round with patients twice or thrice a day, and because they'll be sure not to want drink, every one brings *his own water* in an urinal with him."

It will scarcely be believed hereafter, that in the years 1775 and 1776, a German, who had been a servant in a public riding-school, (from which he was discharged for insufficiency,) revived this exploded practice of *water-casting*. After he had amply increased the bills of mortality, and been publickly hung up to the ridicule of those who had too much sense to consult him, as a monument of the folly of his patients, he retired with a princely fortune, and perhaps is now indulging a hearty laugh at the expence of English credulity. STEEVENS.

⁶ i. e. to gibe. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Mandrake* is a root supposed to have the shape of a man; it is now counterfeited with the root of briony. JOHNSON.

cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agate till now :¹ but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel ; the juvenal,⁹ the prince your master whose chin is not yet fledg'd. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek ; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal : God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet : he may keep it still as a face-royal,² for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it ; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said master Dumbleton³ about the fatten for my short cloak, and slops?

Page.

¹ That is, I never before had an agate for my *man*. JOHNSON.

Alluding to the little figures cut in *agates*, and other hard stones, for seals ; and therefore he says, *I will set you neither in gold nor silver*. The Oxford editor alters it to *aglet*, a tag to the points then in use (a word indeed which our author uses to express the same thought) : but *aglets*, though they were sometimes of gold or silver, were never *set* in those metals. WARBURTON.

It appears from a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*, that it was usual for justices of peace either to wear an *agate* in a ring, or as an appendage to their gold chain.

The virtues of the *agate* were anciently supposed to protect the wearer from any misfortune. STEEVENS.

I believe an *agate* is used merely to express any thing remarkably *little*, without any allusion to the figure cut upon it. MALONE.

⁹ This term, which has already occurred in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Love's Labour's Lost*, is used in many places by Chaucer, and always signifies a young man. STEEVENS.

² That is, a face exempt from the touch of vulgar hands. So, a *stag-royal* is not to be hunted, a *mine-royal* is not to be dug. JOHNSON.

Perhaps this quibbling allusion is to the English *real*, *rial*, or *royal*. The poet seems to mean that a barber can no more earn sixpence by his *face-royal*, than by the face stamped on the coin called a *royal* ; the one requiring as little shaving as the other. STEEVENS.

³ The folio has—*Dombledon* ; the quarto—*Dommelton*. This name seems to have been a made one, and designed to afford some apparent meaning. The author might have written—*Double-done*, (or as Mr. M. Mason observes, *Double-down*,) from his making the same charge twice in his books, or charging twice as much for a commodity as it is worth.

I have lately, however, observed that *Dumbleton* is the name of a town in Gloucestershire. The reading of the folio may therefore be the true one. STEEVENS.

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter!⁴—A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally year-footh knave! to bear a gentleman in hand,⁵ and then stand upon security!—The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up,⁶ then they must stand upon—security. I had as lief they would put ratbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I look'd he should have sent me two and twenty yards of fatten, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.⁷—Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's,⁸ and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield:

⁴ An allusion to the fate of the rich man, who had fared sumptuously every day, when he requested a drop of water to cool his tongue, being tormented with the flames. HENLEY.

⁵ Is, to keep in expectation. JOHNSON.

⁶ That is, if a man by taking up goods is in their debt. To be thorough seems to be the same with the present phrase,—to be in with a tradesman. JOHNSON.

⁷ This joke seems evidently to have been taken from that of Plautus; and much improved. We need not doubt that a joke was here intended by Plautus; for the proverbial term of *borns* for *cuckoldom*, is very ancient, as appears by Artimedorus, lib. II. cap. xii. And he copied from those before him. WARBURTON.

⁸ At that time the resort of idle people, cheats, and knights of the post. WARBURTON.

I learn from a passage in Greene's *Disputation between a He Coneycatcher and a She Coneycatcher*, 1592; that St. Paul's was a privileged place, so that no debtor could be arrested within its precincts. STEEVENS.

In *The Choice of Change*, 1598, 4to, it is said, "a man must not make choyce of three things in three places. Of a wife in Westminster; of a servant in Paule's; of a horse in Smithfield; least he chuse a queane, a knave, or a jade." See also Moryson's *Itinerary*, Part III. p. 53. 1617. REED.

Smithfield : an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, horsed, and wived.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice,⁹ and an Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Atten. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Atten. He, my lord : but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury ; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York ? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff !

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure, he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow ; I must speak with him.

Atten. Sir John.—

Fal. What ! a young knave, and beg ! Is there not wars ? is there not employment ? Doth not the king lack subjects ? do not the rebels need soldiers ? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man ? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Atten. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside ; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal.

⁹ This judge was Sir William Gascoigne, Chief Justice of the King's Bench. He died December 17, 1413, and was buried in Harwood church in Yorkshire. His effigy, in judicial robes, is on his monument.

STEEVENS.

His portrait, copied from the monument, may be found in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LI. p. 516. MALONE.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so ! I lay aside that which grows to me ! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me ; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hang'd : You hunt-counter,² hence ! avaunt !

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord !—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad : I heard say, your lordship was sick : I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time ; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear, his majesty is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty :—You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him ! I pray, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship ; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it ? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief ; from study, and perturbation of the brain : I have read the cause of his effects in Galen ; it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just.

² That is, blunderer. He does not, I think, allude to any relation between the judge's servant and the counter-prison. JOHNSON.

Hunt-counter means, *base tyke*, or *wortblefs dog*. There can be no reason why Falstaff should call the attendant a blunderer, but he seems very anxious to prove him a *rascal*. After all, it is not impossible the word may be found to signify a *catchpole* or *bumbailiff*. He was probably the Judge's *tipstaff*. RITSON.

Perhaps the epithet *bunt-counter* is applied to the officer, in reference to his having reverted to Falstaff's salvo. HENLEY.

I think it much more probable that Falstaff means to allude to the *counter-prison*. MALONE.

Ch. Just. I think, you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord; but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have missed the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath missed me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.³

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just.

³ I do not understand this joke. Dogs lead the blind, but why does a dog lead the fat? JOHNSON.

If the fellow's great belly prevented him from seeing his way, he would want a dog as well as a blind man. FARMER.

And though he had no absolute occasion for him, Shakspeare would still have supplied him with one. He seems to have been very little solicitous that his comparisons should answer completely on both sides. It was enough for him that men were sometimes led by dogs. MALONE.

Cb. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Cb. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel candle, my lord; ⁴ all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Cb. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity,

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Cb. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.⁵

Fal. Not so, my lord: your ill angel is light; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell:⁶ Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times,⁷ that true valour is turn'd bear-herd: Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young; you
measure

⁴ A *wassel candle* is a large candle lighted up at a feast. There is a poor quibble upon the word *wax*, which signifies increase as well as the matter of the honey-comb. JOHNSON.

⁵ Thus the quarto, 1600. Mr. Pope reads with the folio, 1623,—*evil angel*. STEEVENS.

If this were the true reading, Falstaff could not have made the witty and humorous evasion he has done in his reply. I have restored the reading of the oldest quarto. The Lord Chief Justice calls Falstaff the Prince's *ill angel* or genius: which Falstaff turns off by saying, an *ill angel* (meaning the coin called an *angel*) is *light*; but, surely, it cannot be said that he wants weight: *ergo*—the inference is obvious. Now money may be called *ill*, or *bad*; but it is never called *evil*, with regard to its being under weight. THEOBALD.

“As *light* as a clipt angel,” is a comparison frequently used in the old comedies. STEEVENS.

⁶ I cannot be taken in a reckoning; I cannot pass current.

JOHNSON.

⁷ In these times when the prevalence of trade has produced that meanness that rates the merit of every thing by money. JOHNSON.

A *coster-monger* is a *costard-monger*, a dealer in apples called by that name, because they are shaped like a *costard*, i. e. man's head.

STEEVENS.

measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single?⁸ and every part about you blasted with antiquity?⁹ and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, sir John!

Fal.

⁸ We call a man single-witted, who attains but one species of knowledge. This sense I know not how to apply to Falstaff, and rather think that the Chief Justice hints at a calamity always incident to a grey-hair'd wit, whose misfortune is, that his merriment is unfashionable. His allusions are forgotten facts; his illustrations are drawn from notions obscured by time; his *wit* is therefore *single*, such as none has any part in but himself. JOHNSON.

I believe all that Shakspeare meant was, that he had more *fat* than *wit*; that though his body was bloated by intemperance to twice its original size, yet his wit was not increased in proportion to it.

In ancient language, however, *single* often means *small*, as in the instance of beer; the strong and weak being denominated *double* and *single* beer. STEEVENS.

Johnson's explanation of this passage is not conceived with his usual judgement.—It does not appear that Falstaff's merriment was antiquated or unfashionable; for if that had been the case, the young men would not have liked it so well, nor would that circumstance have been perceived by the Chief Justice, who was older than himself. But though Falstaff had such a fund of wit and humour, it was not unnatural that a grave judge whose thoughts were constantly employed about the serious business of life, should consider such an improvident, dissipated old man, as *single-witted*, or half-witted, as we should now term it. So in the next act, the Chief Justice calls him, a *great fool*; and even his friend Harry, after his reformation, bids him not to answer "with a *fool-born* jest," and adds, "that white hairs ill become a *fool* and jester."

I think, however, that this speech of the Chief Justice is somewhat in Falstaff's own style; which verifies what he says of himself, "that all the world loved to gird at him, and that he was not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men." M. MASON.

I think Mr. Steevens's interpretation the true one. *Single*, however, (as an anonymous writer has observed,) may mean, feeble or weak.

In our author's time, as the same writer observes, small beer was called *single* beer, and that of a stronger quality, *double* beer. MALONE.

⁹ To use the word *antiquity* for old age, is not peculiar to Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgement and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o'the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have check'd him for it; and the young lion repents: marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth; but in new silk, and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath fever'd you and prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again.² There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever: But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; And God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient

² May I never have my stomach inflamed again with liquor; for, to spit white is the consequence of inward heat. STEEVENS.

patient to bear crosses.³ Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt* Chief Justice and Attendant.

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.⁴—A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses.⁵—Boy!—

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin: About

³ I believe a quibble was here intended. Falstaff had just asked his lordship to lend him a *thousand pound*, and he tells him in return, that he is not to be entrusted with money. A *cross* is a coin so called, because stamped with a cross. STEEVENS.

⁴ A beetle wielded by three men. POPE.

A diversion is common with boys in Warwickshire and the adjoining counties, on finding a toad, to lay a board about two or three feet long, at right angles, over a stick about two or three inches diameter, as per sketch. Then, placing the toad at one end, the other is struck by a bat or large stick, which throws the creature forty or fifty feet perpendicular from the earth, and its return in general kills it. This is called *Filliping the toad*.—A *three-man beetle* is an implement used for driving piles; it is made of a log of wood about eighteen or twenty inches diameter, and fourteen or fifteen inches thick, with one short and two long handles, as per sketch. A man at each of the long handles manages the fall of the beetle, and a third man by the short handle assists in raising it to strike the blow. Such an implement was, without doubt, very suitable for *filliping* so corpulent a being as Falstaff.

With this happy illustration, and the drawing annexed, I was favoured by Mr. Johnson the architect. STEEVENS.

⁵ To *prevent*, means in this place to *anticipate*. STEEVENS.

About it ; you know were to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout ! or, a gout of this pox ! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt ; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable : A good wit will make use of any thing ; I will turn diseases to commodity.⁶ [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

York. *A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop of York, the Lords HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause, and known our means ;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes :—
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it ?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms ;
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice ;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, lord Hastings, standeth thus ;—
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him, we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point ;
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgement is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand :
For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise

Of

⁶ i. e. profit, self-interest. STEEVENS.

Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller⁷ than the smallest of his thoughts:
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, in this present quality of war;—
Indeed the instant action,⁸ (a cause on foot,)

Lives

⁷ i. e. which turned out to be much smaller. MUSTGRAVE.

⁸ These first twenty lines were first inserted in the folio of 1623.

The first clause of this passage is evidently corrupted. All the folio editions and Mr. Rowe's concur in same reading, which Mr. Pope altered thus:

*Yes, if this present quality of war
Impede the instant act.*

This has been silently followed by Mr. Theobald, Sir Thomas Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton; but the corruption is certainly deeper, for in the present reading Bardolph makes the inconvenience of *hope* to be that it may cause delay, when indeed the whole tenor of his argument is to recommend delay to the rest that are too forward. I know not what to propose, and am afraid that something is omitted, and that the injury is irremediable. Yet, perhaps, the alteration requisite is no more than this:

*Yes, in this present quality of war,
Indeed of instant action.*

It never, says Hastings, did harm to lay down likelihoods of hope. Yes, says Bardolph, it has done harm in this present quality of war, in a state of things such as now before us, of war, indeed of instant action. This is, obscure, but Mr. Pope's reading is still less reasonable. JOHNSON.

I have adopted Dr. Johnson's emendation, though I think we might read:

*—if this present quality of war
Impel the instant action.*

Hastings says, it never yet did hurt to lay down likelihoods and forms of hope. Yes, says Bardolph, it has in every case like ours, where an
army

Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
 We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
 Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,
 That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,⁹
 We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
 And when we see the figure of the house,
 Then must we rate the cost of the erection:
 Which if we find outweighs ability,
 What do we then, but draw anew the model
 In fewer offices; or, at least,² desist
 To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
 (Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
 And set another up,) should we survey
 The plot of situation, and the model;
 Consent upon a sure foundation;³
 Question surveyors; know our own estate,
 How able such a work to undergo,
 To weigh against his opposite; or else,
 We fortify in paper, and in figures,
 Using the names of men instead of men:
 Like one, that draws the model of a house
 Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
 Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost

A naked

army inferior in number, and waiting for supplies, has, without that reinforcement, *impell'd*, or hastily brought on, an immediate action.

STEEVENS.

If we may be allowed to read—*instanc'd*, the text may mean—Yes, it has done harm in every case like ours; indeed it did harm in young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury, which the Archbishop of York has just *instanced* or given as an example. TOLLET.

This passage is allowed on all hands to be corrupt, but a slight alteration will, I apprehend, restore the true reading.

Yes, if this present quality of war,

Induc'd the instant action. HENLEY.

Mr. M. Mason has proposed the same reading. STEEVENS.

I believe the old reading is the true one, and that a line is lost; but have adopted Dr. Johnson's emendation, because it makes sense.

MALONE.

⁹ Whoever compares the rest of this speech with *St. Luke*, xiv. 28, &c. will find the former to have been wrought out of the latter. HENLEY.

² Perhaps we should read—at last. STEEVENS.

³ i. e. agree. STEEVENS.

A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth,)
Should be stillborn, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation;
I think, we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Bard. What! is the king but five and twenty thousand?

Hast. To us, no more; nay, not so much, lord Bardolph.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,⁴
And one against Glendower; perforce a third
Must take up us: So is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,⁵
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

Hast. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland:⁶

Against

⁴ During this rebellion of Northumberland and the Archbishop, a French army of twelve thousand men landed at Milford Haven in Wales, for the aid of Owen Glendower. STEEVENS.

⁵ This passage is read in the first edition thus: *If he should do so, French and Welsh he leaves his back unarm'd, they baying him at the heels, never fear that.* These lines, which were evidently printed from an interlined copy not understood, are properly regulated in the next edition, and are here only mentioned to show what errors may be suspected to remain.

JOHNSON.

⁶ This is an anachronism, Prince John of Lancaster was not created a duke till the second year of the reign of his brother, King Henry V.

MALONE.

This mistake is pointed out by Mr. Steevens in another place. It is not, however, true, that "K. Henry IV. was himself the last person that ever bore the title of *Duke of Lancaster*," as Prince Henry actually enjoyed it at this very time, and had done so from the first year of his father's reign, when it was conferred upon him in full parliament. *Rot. Parl.* III. 428, 532. Shakipeare was misled by Stowe, who speaking of Henry's

Against the Welsh, himself, and Harry Monmouth :
 But ~~who~~ is substituted 'gainst the French,
 I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on ;
 And publish the occasion of our arms.
 The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
 Their over-greedy love hath surfeited :—
 An habitation giddy and unsure
 Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
 O thou fond many ! ⁷ with what loud applause
 Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
 Before he was what thou would'st have him be ?
 And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
 Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
 That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
 So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
 Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard ;
 And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,
 And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times ?
 They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
 Are now become enamour'd on his grave :
 Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
 When through proud London he came fighting on
 After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
 Cry'st now, *O earth, give us that king again,*
And take thou this ! O thoughts of men accurst !
 Past, and to come, seem best ; things present, worst.
Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on ?
Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.
[*Exeunt.*

Henry's first parliament, says, "then the King rose, and made his eldest son Prince of Wales, &c. his *second sonne* was there made *Duke of Lancaster.*" *Annales*, 1631. p. 323. He should therefore seem to have consulted this author between the times of finishing the last play, and beginning the present. RITSON.

⁷ *Many* or *meyny*, from the French *mesnie*, a multitude. DOUCE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

London. *A Street.*

Enter Hostess; FANG, and his boy, with her; and SNARE following.

Host. Master Fang, have you enter'd the action?

Fang. It is enter'd.

Host. Where is your yeoman?⁸ Is it a lusty yeoman? will a' stand to't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O lord, ay; good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yea, good master Snare; I have enter'd him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabb'd me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, a' cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foine like any devil; he will spare neither woman, man, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor, I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an a' come but within my vice;⁹—

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score:—Good master Fang, hold him sure;—good master Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes continually to Pye-corner, (saving your manhoods,) to buy a saddle; and he's indited to dinner to the lubbar's head² in Lumbert-street, to master Smooth's the filkman: I pray

⁸ A bailiff's follower was in our author's time called a serjeant's yeoman. MALONE.

⁹ Vice or grasp; a metaphor taken from a smith's vice: there is another reading in the old edition, *view*, which I think not so good. POPE.

Vice is the reading of the folio; *view* of the quarto. STEEVENS.

The *fist* is vulgarly called the *vice* in the West of England. HENLEY.

² This is, I suppose, a colloquial corruption of the Libbard's head.

JOHNSON.

I pray ye, since my exion is enter'd, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought into his answer. A hundred mark is a long loan³ for a poor lone woman⁴ to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fub'd off, and fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.—

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose⁵ knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang, and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-feed rogue!⁶ thou art a honey-feed; a man-queller,⁷ and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wo't,
wo't

³ I make no question but our poet wrote—*A hundred mark is a long loan for a poor lone woman to bear*: i. e. a hundred mark is a good round sum for a poor widow to venture on trust. THEOBALD.

⁴ A lone woman is an unmarried woman. STEEVENS.

⁵ That is, red nose, from the effect of malmsey wine. JOHNSON.

In the old song of *Sir Simon the King*, the burthen of each stanza is this:

“Says old Sir Simon the king,

“Says old Sir Simon the king,

“With his ale-dropt hose,

“And his malmsey-nose,

“Sing hey ding, ding a ding.” PERCY.

⁶ The landlady's corruption of homicidal and homicide. THEOBALD.

⁷ Wicliff, in his *Translation of the New Testament*, uses this word for *carnifex*, *Mark*, vi. 27: “Herod sent a man-queller, and commanded his head to be brought.” STEEVENS.

wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-feed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! ⁸ you rampallian! you fustilarian! ⁹ I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, sir John? what, are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

You should have been well on your way to York.—

Stand from him, fellow; Wherefore hang'st thou on him?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare,² if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed, to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal.

⁸ This speech is given to the Page in all the editions to the folio of 1664. It is more proper for Falstaff, but that the boy must not stand quite silent and useless on the stage. JOHNSON.

⁹ The first of these terms of abuse may be derived from *ramper*, *Fr.* to be low in the world. The other from *fustis*, a club; i. e. a person whose weapon of defence is a cudgel, not being entitled to wear a sword.

STEEVENS.

² The Hostess had threatened to ride Falstaff like the *Incubus* or *Night-Mare*; but his allusion, (if it be not a wanton one,) is to the *Gallows*, which is ludicrously called the *Timber*, or *two-legg'd Mare*.

STEEVENS.

I think the allusion is only a wanton one. MALONE.

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet,³ sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitfun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man⁴ of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife,⁵ come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar;⁶ telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone downstairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings?

³ A parcel-gilt goblet is a goblet gilt only on such parts of it as are embossed. On the books of the Stationers' Company, among their plate 1560, is the following entry: "Item, nine spoynes of silver, whereof vii gylte and ii *parcell-gylte*." The same records contain fifty instances to the same purpose: of these spoons the saint or other ornament on the handle was the only part gilt.

Holinshed, describing the arrangement of Wolsey's plate, says—"and in the council-chamber was all white, and *parcel-gilt* plate."

STEEVENS.

Langham, describing a bride-cup, says it was "foormed of a sweet sucket barrell, a faire turn'd foot set too it, all seemly besylvered and *parcel gilt*." RITSON.

Parcel gilt meant what is now called by artists *party-gilt*; that is, where part of the work is gilt, and part left plain or ungilded.

MALONE.

⁴ Such is the reading of the first edition; all the rest have—for likening him to a *singing man*. The original edition is right; the Prince might allow familiarities with himself, and yet very properly break the knight's head when he ridiculed his father. JOHNSON.

Liking is the reading of the quarto, 1600, and is better suited to dame Quickly than *likening*, the word substituted instead of it, in the folio.

MALONE.

⁵ A *Keech* is the fat of an ox rolled up by the butcher into a round lump. STEEVENS.

⁶ A *mess* seems to have been the common term for a small proportion of any thing belonging to the kitchen. STEEVENS.

So the the scriptural term:—"a *mess* of pottage." MALONE.

shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; you have,⁶ as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

H. St. Yea, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap⁷ without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness: if a man will make court'fy, and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor; I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation,⁸ and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

[*Taking her aside.*

Enter

⁶ In the first quarto it is read thus:—*You have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person. Without this, the following exhortation of the Chief Justice is less proper.* JOHNSON.

⁷ A Yorkshire word for rebuke. POPE.

Sneap signifies to *check*; as children easily *sneaped*; herds and fruits *sneaped* with cold weather. See Ray's *Collection*.

The word is derived from *snyb*, Scotch. We still use *snub* in the same sense. STEEVENS.

⁸ That is, answer in a manner suitable to your character. JOHNSON.

Enter GOWER.

Cb. Just. Now, master Gower; What news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry prince of Wales
Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—

Hof. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—Come, no more words of
it.

Hof. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to
pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking:⁹ and for thy
walls,—a pretty flight drollery, or the story of the prodigal,
or the German hunting in water-work,² is worth a thousand
of these bed-hangings,³ and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let
it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an it were not for
thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go,
wash thy face, and 'draw thy action:⁴ Come, thou must not
be in this humour with me; dost not know me? Come, come,
I know thou wast set on to this.

Hof. Pray thee, fir John, let it be but twenty nobles;
i'faith I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal.

⁹ Mrs. Quickly is here in the same state as the Earl of Shrewsbury,
who not having been paid for the diet, &c. of Marry Queen of Scots, while
she was in his custody in 1580, writes as follows to Thomas Bawdewyn:
“I wold have you bye me *glasses to drink in*: Send me word what olde
plat yeldes the ounce, for I wyll not leve me a *cuppe of sylware to drink in*,
butt I wyll see the next terme my creditors payde.” See Lodge's
Illustrations of English History, Vol. II. p. 252. STEEVENS.

² i. e. in water colours. WARBURTON.

So, in Holinshed, p. 819: “The king for himself had a house of
timber, &c. and for his other lodgings he had great and goodlie tents of
blew *waterwork* garnished with yellow and white.” It appears also from
the same *Chronicle*, p. 840, that these *painted cloths* were brought from
Holland. The *German hunting* was therefore a subject very likely to be
adopted by the artists of that country. STEEVENS.

The *German hunting*, is, I suppose, hunting the *wild boar*. Shak-
speare in another place speaks of “a full-acorn'd boar, a *German* one.”

FARMER.

³ We should read *dead-hangings*, i. e. faded. WARBURTON.

I think the present reading may well stand. He recommends painted
canvas instead of tapestry, which he calls *bed-hangings* in contempt, as
fitter to make curtains than to hang walls. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Draw* means here *withdraw*. M. MASON.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper: You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; [*To BARDOLPH.*⁶] hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, and Boy.*]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke,⁷ my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: What's the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse, Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland, and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently: Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that

⁶ In former editions the marginal direction is—*To the Officers.*

MALONE.

I rather suspect that the words *hook on, hook on*, are addressed to *Bardolph*, and mean, go you with her, hang upon her, and keep her in the same humour. STEEVENS.

⁷ The quarto reads at *Billingsgate*. The players set down the name of the place which was the most familiar to them. STEEVENS.

that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Another Street.

Enter Prince HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

P. Hen. 'Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me, to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; *viz.* these, and those that were the peach-colour'd ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that, the tennis court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows,⁸ whether those

⁸ This passage Mr. Pope restored from the first edition. I think it may as well be omitted. It is omitted in the first folio, and in all subsequent editions before Mr. Pope's, and was perhaps expunged by the author. The editors, unwilling to lose any thing of Shakspeare's, not only insert what he has added, but recal what he has rejected. JOHNSON.

I have not met with positive evidence that Shakspeare rejected any passages whatever. Such proof may indeed be inferred from the quartos which were published in his life-time, and are declared (in their titles) to have been enlarged and corrected by his own hand. These I would follow, in preference to the folio, and should at all times be cautious of opposing

those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen,⁹ shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increaseth, and kindreds are mightily strengthen'd.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly? Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou, and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.²

Poins. The reason?

P. Hen. What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins.

opposing its authority to that of the elder copies. Of the play in question, there is no quarto extant but that in 1600, and therefore we are unauthorized to assert that a single passage was omitted by consent of the poet himself. I do not think I have a right to expunge what Shakspeare should seem to have written, on the bare authority of the player editors. I have therefore restored the passage in question, to the text.

STEEVENS.

This and many other familiar passages were undoubtedly struck out of the playhouse copies by the Master of the Revels. MALONE.

⁹ I suspect we should read—*that bawl out of the ruins of thy linen*; i. e. his bastard children, wrapt up in his old shirts. The subsequent words confirm this emendation. The latter part of this speech, "And God knows," &c. is omitted in the folio. MALONE.

² *Ostentation* is here not boastful show, but simply show. JOHNSON.

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought : and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks ; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine : every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought, to think so ?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with my own ears : the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands ;³ and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff : he had him from me christian ; and look, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

Bard. 'Save your grace !

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph !

Bard. Come, you virtuous afs,⁴ [*To the Page.*] you bashful fool, must you be blushing ? wherefore blush you now ? What a maidenly man at arms are you become ? Is it such a matter, to get a pottlepot's maidenhead ?

Page. He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red lattice,⁵ and I could discern no part of his face from the window :

³ A tall or proper fellow of his hands was a stout fighting man.

JOHNSON.

In this place, however, it means a good looking, well made personable man. Poins might certainly have helped his being a fighting fellow.

RITSON.

A handsome fellow of my size ; or of my inches, as we should now express it. M. MASON.

Proper, it has been already observed, in our author's time signified *handsome*. MALONE.

⁴ Though all the editions give this speech to Poins, it seems evident, by the Page's immediate reply, that it must be placed to Bardolph : for Bardolph had called to the boy from an ale-house, and it is likely, made him half-drunk ; and, the boy being ashamed of it, it is natural for Bardolph, a bold unbred fellow, to banter him on his awkward bashfulness.

THEOBALD.

⁵ i. e. from an ale-house window. MALONE.

window : at last, I spied his eyes ; and, methought, he had made two holes in the alewife's new petticoat, and peep'd through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited ?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away !

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away !

P. Hen. Instruct us, boy : What dream, boy ?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dream'd she was delivered of a fire-brand ;⁶ and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation.⁷—
There it is, boy. [Gives him money.]

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers !—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph ?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town ; there's a letter for you.

P. Hen. Delivered with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas, your master ?⁸

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician : but that moves not him ; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen⁹ to be as familiar with me as my dog : and he holds his place ; for, look you, how he writes.

Poins. [Reads.] John Falstaff, knight.—Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself. Even like

⁶ Shakspeare is here mistaken in his mythology, and has confounded Althea's firebrand with Hecuba's. The firebrand of Althea was real : but Hecuba, when she was big with Paris, dreamed that she was delivered of a firebrand that consumed the kingdom. JOHNSON.

⁷ "A pennyworth of good interpretation," is, if I remember right, the title of some old tract. MALONE.

⁸ That is, the autumn, or rather the latter spring. The old fellow with juvenile passions. JOHNSON.

In *The First Part of King Henry IV.* the Prince calls Falstaff "the latter spring, —all-hallown summer." MALONE.

Martlemas is corrupted from *Martinmas*, the feast of *St. Martin*, the eleventh of November. The corruption is general in the old plays.

STEEVENS.

⁹ This swoln excrescence of a man. JOHNSON.

like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they say, *There is some of the king's blood spilt: How comes that?* says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap;³ *I am the king's poor cousin, sir.*

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter:—

Poins. Sir John Falstaff, knight to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.—Why, this is a certificate.

*P. Hen.*⁴ Peace!

Poins. I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity:⁵—he sure means brevity in breath; short-winded.—*I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell.*

Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and sir John, with all Europe.

My

³ Old copy—a borrow'd cap. STEEVENS.

But how is a borrow'd cap so ready? Read, a borrower's cap, and then there is some humour in it: for a man that goes to borrow money, is of all others the most complaisant; his cap is always at hand.

WARBURTON.

Falstaff's followers, when they stole any thing called it a purchase. A borrowed cap in the same dialect might be a stolen one; which is sufficiently ready, being, as Falstaff says, "to be found on every hedge."

MALONE.

Such caps as were worn by men in our author's age, were made of silk, velvet, or woollen; not of linen; and consequently would not be hung out to dry on hedges. STEEVENS.

I think Dr. Warburton's correction is right. A cap is not a thing likely to be borrowed, in the common sense of the word: and in the sense of stealing the sense should be a cap to be borrowed. Besides, conveying was the cant phrase for stealing. FARMER.

⁴ All the editors, except Sir Thomas Hanmer, have left this letter in confusion, making the Prince read part, and Poins part. I have followed his correction. JOHNSON.

⁵ The old copy reads *Romans*, which Dr. Warburton very properly corrected, though he is wrong when he appropriates the character to M. Brutus, who affected great brevity of style. I suppose by the honourable

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words.⁶ But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?⁷

Bard. At the old place, my lord: in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Ephesians,⁸ my lord; of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be?⁹

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin, as the parish heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master, that I am yet come to town: There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page.

honourable Roman is intended Julius Cæsar, whose *veni, vidi, vici*, seems to be alluded to in the beginning of the letter. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee.* The very words of Cæsar are afterwards quoted by Falstaff. HEATH.

⁶ Why just twenty, when the letter contained above eight times twenty? We should read *plenty*; and in this word the joke, as slender as it is, consists. WARBURTON.

⁷ Frank is sty. POPE.

⁸ Ephesian was a term in the cant of these times, of which I know not the precise notion: it was, perhaps, a toper. So, the Host, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “It is thine host, thine *Ephesian* calls.”

JOHNSON.

⁹ *Pagan* seems to have been a cant term, implying irregularity either of birth or manners. STEEVENS.

Page. And for mine, fir,—I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH and *Page.*]—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between faint Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins,² and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension!³ it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Warkworth. *Before the Castle.*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *Lady* NORTHUMBERLAND, and *Lady* PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter, Give even way unto my rough affairs:

Put

² This was a plot very unlikely to succeed where the prince and the drawers were all known, but it produces merriment, which our author found more useful than probability. JOHNSON.

Johnson forgets that all the family were in the secret, except Falstaff; and that the Prince and Poins were disguised. M. MASON.

But how does this circumstance meet with Dr. Johnson's objection? The improbability arises from Falstaff's being perfectly well acquainted with all the waiters in the house; and however disguised the Prince and Poins might be, or whatever aid they might derive from the landlord and his servants, they could not in fact pass for the old attendants, with whose person, voice, and manner, Falstaff was well acquainted. Accordingly he discovers the Prince as soon as ever he speaks. However, Shakespeare's chief object was to gain an opportunity for Falstaff to abuse the Prince and Poins, while they remain at the back part of the stage in their disguises: a *jeu de theatre* which he practised in other plays, and which always gains applause. MALONE.

³ Mr. Upton proposes that we should read thus by transposition: *From a god to a bull? a low transformation! ——— from a prince to a prentice? a heavy declension!* This reading is elegant, and perhaps right.

JOHNSON.

Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over. I will speak no more :
Do what you will ; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn ;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars !
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now ;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers ; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home ?
There were two honours lost ; yours, and your son's.
For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it !
For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven : and, by his light,
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts ; he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait :
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant ;⁴
For those that could speak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him : So that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
'That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him !
O miracle of men !—him did you leave,
(Second to none, unseconded by you,)
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage : to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name

Did

⁴ *Speaking thick*, is, *speaking fast*, crowding one word on another.

The opposition designed by the adverb *tardily*, also serves to support my explanation of the epithet *thick*. STEEVENS.

Did seem defensible : ⁵—so you left him :
 Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,
 To hold your honour more precise and nice
 With others, than with him; let them alone;
 The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong :
 Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
 'To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
 Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
 Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me,
 With new lamenting ancient oversights.
 But I must go, and meet with danger there;
 Or it will seek me in another place,
 And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
 Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
 Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
 Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
 To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
 First let them try themselves: So did your son;
 He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow;
 And never shall have length of life enough,
 To rain upon remembrance ⁶ with mine eyes,
 That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
 For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my mind,
 As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,
 That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
 Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
 But many thousand reasons hold me back:—
 I will resolve for Scotland; there am I,
 Till time and vantage crave my company. [Exeunt.]

⁵ *Defensible* does not in this place mean *capable of defence*, but *bearing strength, furnishing the means of defence*;—the passive for the active participle. MALONE.

⁶ Alluding to the plant *rosemary*, so called, and used in funerals.
 As rue was called *herb of grace*, from its being used in exorcisms; so
rosemary was called *remembrance*, from its being a cephalick.

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.*

Enter two Drawers.

1. *Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-Johns? thou know'st, fir John cannot endure an apple-John.⁷

2. *Draw.* Mafs, thou fay'st true: The prince once fet a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more fir Johns: and, putting off his hat, faid *I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, wither'd knights.* It anger'd him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1. *Draw.* Why then, cover, and fet them down: And fee if thou canst find out Sneak's noise,⁸ mistress. Tear-sheet would fain hear some musick. Despatch:—The room where they supp'd, is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2. *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master Poins anon: and they will put on two of our jerkins, and aprons; and fir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1. *Draw.* By the mafs, here will be old utis⁹ It will be an excellent stratagem.

2. *Draw.* I'll see, if I can find out Sneak.

[*Exit.*
Enter

⁷ This apple will keep two years, but becomes very wrinkled and shrivelled. It is called by the French, —*Deux-ans*. Thus, Cogan, in his *Haven of Health*, 1595: "The best apples that we have in England are pepins, *deufants*, coltards, darlings, and such other." STEEVENS.

⁸ *Sneak* was a street minstrel, and therefore the drawer goes out to listen if he can hear him in the neighbourhood. JOHNSON.

A noise of musicians anciently signified a concert or company of them.

Falstaff addresses them as a company in another scene of this play.

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Utis*, an old word yet in use in some counties, signifying a merry festival, from the French *buit*, *octo*, ab A. S. *Eahza*, *Octava festi alicujus*.—Skinner. POPE.

Old, in this place, does not mean ancient, but was formerly a common augmentative in colloquial language. *Old Utis* signifies festivity in a great degree. STEEVENS.

Enter Hostess and Doll Tear-sheet.

Host. I'faith, sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulfidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose: But, i'faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searhing wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say,—What's this? How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes fir John.

Enter FALSTAFF, singing.

Fal. *When Arthur first in court*²—Empty the jordan.—
And was a worthy king: [*Exit Drawer.*] How now, mistress Doll?

Host. Sick of a calm:³ yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect;⁴ an they once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals,⁵ mistress Doll.

Dol.

² The entire ballad is published in the first volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. STEEVENS.

The words in the ballad are

“*When Arthur first in court began,*

“*And was approved king.*” MALONE.

³ I suppose she means to say *of a qualm*. STEEVENS.

⁴ I know not why *sect* is printed in all the copies; I believe *sex* is meant. JOHNSON.

Sect is, I believe, right. Falstaff may mean all of her profession.

STEEVENS.

In Middleton's *Mad World my Masters*, 1608, (as Dr. Farmer has elsewhere observed,) a courtesan says, “it is the easiest art and cunning for our *sect* to counterfeit sick, that are always full of fits, when we are well.” I have therefore no doubt that *sect* was licentiously used by our author, and his contemporaries, for *sex*. MALONE.

I believe *sect* is here used in its usual sense, and not for *sex*. Falstaff means to say, that all *courtezans*, when their trade is at a stand, are apt to be sick. DOUCE.

⁵ Falstaff alludes to a phrase of the forest. *Lean* deer are called *rascal* deer. He tells her she calls him wrong, being *fat* he cannot be a *rascal*.

JOHNSON.

To

Dol. I make them ! gluttony and diseases make them ; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll : we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you ; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry ; our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls, and owches ;⁴—for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know : To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely ; to venture upon the charg'd chambers⁵ bravely :——

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself !

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion ; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord : you are both, in good troth, as rheumatick⁶ as two dry toasts ;⁷ you cannot one bear

To grow fat and bloated, is one of the consequences of the venereal disease ; and to that Falstaff probably alludes. There are other allusions in the following speeches, to the same disorder. M. MASON.

⁴ *Brooches* were chains of gold that women wore formerly about their necks. *Owches* were bosses of gold set with diamonds. POPE.

I believe Falstaff gives these splendid names as we give that of *carbuncle*, to something very different from gems and ornaments : but the passage deserves not a laborious research. JOHNSON.

Brooches were, literally, *clasps*, or *buckles*, ornamented with gems. Mr. Pope has rightly interpreted *owches* in their original sense. STEEVENS.

It appears from Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1595, that *owches* were worn by women in their hair, in Shakspeare's time. MALONE.

⁵ To understand this quibble, it is necessary to say, that a *chamber* signifies not only an apartment, but a piece of ordnance.

A *chamber* is likewise that part in a mine where the powder is lodged.

STEEVENS.

Chambers are very small pieces of ordnance which are yet used in London, on what are called *rejoicing days*, and were sometimes used in our author's theatre on particular occasions. MALONE.

⁶ She would say splenetic. HANMER.

I believe she means what she says. *Rheumatic*, in the cant language of the times, signified capricious, humourfome. In this sense it appears to be used in many other old plays. STEEVENS.

Dr. Farmer observes, that Sir Tho. Elyott in his *Castell of Helth*, 1572. speaking of different *complexions* has the following remark : “ Where cold with moisture prevaileth, that body is called *stematick*.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ Which cannot meet but they grate one another. JOHNSON.

bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! ⁸ one must bear, and that must be you: [*To Doll.*] you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hoghead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuff'd in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient Pistol's ⁹ below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

Hof. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best:—Shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now:—shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?—

Hof. Pray you pacify yourself, sir John; there comes no swaggerers here.²

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Hof. Tilly-fally, sir John, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tifick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then;—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he, *receive those that are civil; for faith he, you are in an ill name;—now he said so, I can tell whereupon; for, says he, you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: Receive*, says he, *no swaggering companions.*—There comes
none

⁸ Mrs. Quickly's blunder for *goujere*, i. e. *morbus Gallicus*.

⁹ The same as *ensign Pistol*. Falstaff was captain, Peto lieutenant, and Pistol ensign, or *ancient*. JOHNSON.

² A *swaggerer* was a roaring, bullying, blustering, fighting fellow.

none here;—you would bless you to hear what he said:—no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess: a tame cheater³ he; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: ⁴ But I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse, when one says—swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Pist. 'Save you, sir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.⁵

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What!
you

³ Gamester and cheater were, in Shakspeare's age, synonymous terms. Ben Jonson has an epigram on Captain Hazard, the *cheater*.

A *tame cheater*, however, as Mr. Whalley observes to me, appears to be a cant phrase. STEEVENS.

⁴ The humour of this consists in the woman's mistaking the title of *cheater*, (which our ancestors gave to him whom we now, with better manners, call a *gamester*;) for that officer of the exchequer called an *eschuator*, well known to the common people of that time; and named, either corruptly or satirically, a *cheater*. WARBURTON.

⁵ This should not be printed as a broken sentence. The duplication of the pronoun was very common: in *The London Prodigal* we have, "I scorn service, I."—"I am an ass, I," says the stage-keeper in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*. STEEVENS.

you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Dr. Johnson you mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung,⁶ away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the faucy cuttle with me.⁷ Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, fir?—What, with two points⁸ on your shoulder? much!⁹

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Hof. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not ashamed to be call'd—captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes, and dried eakes.² A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy;³ which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard.

⁶ In the cant of thievery, to *nip a bung* was to cut a purse; and among an explanation of many of these terms in *Martin Mark-all's Apologie to the Bel-man of London*, 1610, it is said that "*Bung* is now used for a pocket, heretofore for a purse." STEEVENS.

⁷ It appears from Greene's *Art of Coneycatching*, that *cuttle* and *cuttle-boung* were the cant terms for the knife used by the sharpers of that age to cut the bottoms of purses, which were then worn hanging at the girdle. Or the allusion may be to the foul language thrown out by Pistol, which she means to compare with such filth as the *cuttle-fish* ejects.

STEEVENS.

⁸ As a mark of his commission. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Much* was a common expression of disdain at that time, of the same sense with that more modern one, *Marry come up*. The Oxford editor, not apprehending this, alters it to *march*. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton is right. *Much!* is used thus in Ben Jonson's *Volpone*:

"—— But you shall eat it. *Much!*" STEEVENS.

² That is, he lives on the refuse provisions of bawdy houses and pastry-cooks shops. *Stew'd prunes*, when mouldy, where perhaps formerly sold at a cheap rate, as stale pies and *cakes* are at present. STEEVENS.

³ *Occupant* seems to have been formerly a term for a woman of the town, as *occupier* was for a wench. MALONE.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her:—I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first;—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also.³ Hold hook and line,⁴ say I. Down! down, dogs! down faitors!⁵ Have we not Hiren here?⁶

Hof. Good captain Peefel, be quiet; it is very late, i'faith: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall packhorses, And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia, Which cannot go but thirty miles a day, Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,⁷ And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with

King

³ These words, I believe, were intended to allude to a passage in an old play called *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594, from which Pistol afterwards quotes a line. MALONE.

⁴ These words are introduced in ridicule by Ben Jonson in *The Case is alter'd*, 1609. Of absurd and fustian passages from many plays, in which Shakspeare had been a performer, I have always supposed no small part of *Pistol's* character to be composed: and the pieces themselves being now irretrievably lost, the humour of his allusions is not a little obscured.

STEEVENS.

⁵ *Faitours*, says Minshew's *Dictionary*, is a corruption of the French word *faiseurs*, i. e. *factores*, doers; and it is used in the statute 7 Rich. II. c. 5. for evil doers, or rather for idle livers; from the French, *faitard*, which in Cotgrave's *Dictionary* signifies slothful, idle, &c. TOLLET.

—down faitors!] i. e. traitors, rascals. STEEVENS.

⁶ Mr. Tollet observes, that in Adams's *Spiritual Navigator*, &c. 1615, there is the following passage: "There be firens in the sea of the world. Syrens? *Hirens*, as they are now called. What a number of these firens, *Hirens*, cockatrices, courteghians,—in plain English, harlots,—swimme amongst us?" Pistol may therefore mean,—Have we not a *strumpet* here? and why am I thus used by her? STEEVENS.

⁷ *Cannibal* is used by a blunder for *Hannibal*. This was afterwards copied by Congreve's *Bluff* and Wittol. *Bluff* is a character apparently taken from this of ancient Pistol. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the character of a bully on the English stage might have been originally taken from Pistol; but Congreve seems to have copied his *Nol Bluff* more immediately from Jonson's Captain Bobadil. STEEVENS.

King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.⁸

Shall we fall foul for toys?

Hof. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins; Have we not Hiren here?

Hof. O' my word, captain, there's none such here.⁹ What the good-year! do you think, I would deny her? for God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then, feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis: Come, give's some sack.

*Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.*²

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:

Give me some sack;—and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

[*Laying down his sword.*

Come we to full points here;³ and are *et cetera's* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist.

⁸ Part of the words of an old ballad intitled, *What the father gathereth with the rake, the son doth scatter with the forke*:

“Let the welkin roare,

“He never give ore,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁹ i. e. shall I fear, that have this trusty and invincible sword by my side? For, as King Arthur's swords were called Caliburne and Ron; as Edward the Confessor's, Curtana; as Charlemagne's, Joyeuse; Orlando's, Durindana; Rinaldo's, Fushberta; and Rogero's, Balifarda; so Pistol, in imitation of these heroes, calls his sword *Hiren*. I have been told, Amadis de Gaul had a sword of this name. *Hirir* is to strike, and from hence it seems probable that *Hiren* may be derived; and so signify a swashing, cutting sword. THEOBALD.

I know not whence Shakspeare derived this allusion to Arthur's lance. “Accinctus etiam Caliburno gladio optimo, lancea nomine IRON, dexteram suam decoravit.” *M. Westmonasteriensis*, p. 98. BOWLE.

Geoffery of Monmouth, p. 65, reads *Ron* instead of *Iron*.

STEEVENS.

² Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

Si fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta,—

which is undoubtedly the true reading; but perhaps it was intended that Pistol should corrupt it. JOHNSON.

³ That is, shall we stop here, shall we have no further entertainment?

JOHNSON.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif: ⁴ What! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags? ⁵

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: ⁶ nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?—

[*Snatching up his sword.*]

Then death rock me asleep, ⁷ abridge my doleful days?

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say! ⁸

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving PISTOL out.*]

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tiritits and frights. So; murder, I warrant

⁴ i. e. kiss thy fist. Mr. Pope will have it, that *neif* here is from *nativa*; i. e. a woman-slave that is born in one's house; and that Pistol would kiss Falstaff's domestic mistress, Doll Tear-sheet. THEOBALD.

Nief, *neif*, and *naif*, are certainly law-terms for a woman-slave.

But I believe *neif* is used by Shakspeare for *fist*. It is still employed in that sense in the northern counties. STEEVENS.

⁵ That is, common hacknies. JOHNSON.

⁶ This expression occurs in *Every Man in his Humour*: "——made it run as smooth off the tongue as a *shove-groat shilling*."

I suppose it to have been a piece of polished metal made use of in the play of shovel-board. STEEVENS.

Slide-thrift, or *shove-groat*, is one of the games prohibited by statute 33 Henry VIII. c. 9. BLACKSTONE.

⁷ This is a fragment of an ancient song supposed to have been written by Anne Boleyn:

"O death rock me on slepe,

"Bring me on quiet rest," &c. STEEVENS.

⁸ It has been suggested that this is a name which Pistol gives to his sword; but surely he means nothing more than to call on one of the *sisters three* to aid him in the fray. MALONE.

I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[*Exeunt* PISTOL and BARDOLPH.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

Hof. Are you not hurt i'the groin? ⁸ methought, he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st? Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whoreson chops:—Ah, rogue! i'faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies: Ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvas thee between a pair of sheets.⁹

Enter Mufick.

Page. The mufick is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play;—Play, firs.—Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal, bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I'faith, and thou follow'dst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig,² when wilt thou leave

⁸ Falstaff had promised to marry Mrs. Quickly, who, on this occasion, appears to have had the widow Wadman's solitudes about her.

STEEVENS.

⁹ Doll's meaning here is sufficiently clear. There is however an allusion which might easily escape notice, to the material of which coarse sheets were formerly made. So, in the MS. Account-book of Mr. Philip Henslow, "7 Maye, 1594. Lent goody Nalle upon a payre of canvas sheates, for vs." MALONE.

² For *tidy*, Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *tiny*; but they are both words of endearment, and equally proper. *Bartholomew boar-pig* is a little pig made of paste, sold at Bartholomew fair, and given to children for a farring.

JOHNSON.

leave fighting o'days and foining o'nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter behind, Prince HENRY and POINS, disguised like drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head;³ do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They say, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard;⁴ there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flapdragons;⁵ and rides the wild mare with

Tidy has two significations, *timely*, and *neat*. In the first of these senses, I believe, it is used in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

"I myself have given good, *tidie* lambs." STEEVENS.

From Ben Jonson's play of *Bartholomew Fair*, we learn, that it was the custom formerly to have booths in Bartholomew Fair, in which pigs were dressed and sold, and to these it is probable the allusion is here, and not to the pigs of paste mentioned by Dr. Johnson.

The practice of roasting *pigs* at Bartholomew Fair continued until the beginning of the present century, if not later.

Tidy, I apprehend, means only *fat*, and in that sense it was certainly sometimes used. STEEVENS.

³ It was the custom for the bawds of that age to wear a *death's head* in a ring, very probably with the common motto, *memento mori*.

STEEVENS.

Falstaff's allusion, I should have supposed, was to the death's head, and motto on hatchments, grave-stones, and the like.—Such a ring, however, as Mr. Steevens describes, but without any inscription, being only brass, is in my possession. RITSON.

⁴ Tewksbury is a market town in the county of Gloucester, formerly noted for mustard-balls made there, and sent into other parts. GRAY.

⁵ *Conger* with *fennel* was formerly regarded as a provocative. It is mentioned by Ben Jonson in his *Bartholomew Fair*: "—like a long lac'd conger with green fennel in the joll of it."

Greene likewise in his *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, calls *fennel* "women's

with the boys; ⁶ and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; ⁷ and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories: ⁸ and such other gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their averdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel⁹ have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.²

Poins.

"women's weeds,"—"fit generally, for that sex, sith while they are maidens they wish wantonly."

The qualification that follows, viz. that of swallowing *candles' ends by way of flapdragons*, seems to indicate no more than that the Prince loved him because he was always ready to do any thing for his amusement, however absurd or unnatural. STEEVENS.

A *flapdragon* is some small combustible body, fired at one end and put afloat in a glass of liquor. It is an act of a toper's dexterity to toss off the glass in such a manner as to prevent the *flapdragon* from doing mischief.

JOHNSON.

⁶ He probably means the *two-legged mare* mentioned by Mr. Steevens in p. 417. MALONE.

If Poins had ever ridden the mare alluded to by Mr. Steevens, she would have given him such a fall as would effectually prevent him from mounting her a second time. We must therefore suppose it was a less dangerous beast, that would not have disabled him from afterwards jumping upon joint stools, &c. DOUCE.

⁷ The learned editor of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1775, observes that such is part of the description of a smart abbot, by an anonymous writer of the thirteenth century: "*Ocreas habebat in cruribus, quasi innatae essent, sine plicâ perfectas.*" MS. Bod. James. n. 6. p. 121.

STEEVENS.

⁸ We should read—*indiscreet*. WARBURTON.

I suppose by *discreet stories*, is meant what suspicious masters and mistresses of families would call *prudential information*; i. e. what ought to be known, and yet is disgraceful to the teller. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Nave* and *knave* are easily reconciled, but why *nave of a wheel*? I suppose from his roundness. He was called *round man* in contempt before. JOHNSON.

² This custom we may suppose was not peculiar to Falstaff, especially

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kifs me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction!⁶ what says the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon,⁷ his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables;⁸ his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering buffes.

Dol. Nay, truly; I kifs thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of?⁹ I shall receive money

as it occurred among the French, to whom we were indebted for most of our artificial gratifications. So, in *La Venerie*, &c. by Jaques de Fouilloux, &c. Paris, 4to. 1585: "Le seigneur doit auoir sa petite charette, là où il sera dedans, avec sa fillette, aagée de seize a dix sept ans, la quelle lui frotera la teste par les chemins." A wooden cut annexed represents this operation on an old man, who lies along in his carriage, with a girl sitting at his head. STEEVENS.

⁶ This was indeed a prodigy. The astrologers, says Ficinus, remark, that Saturn and Venus are never conjoined. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Trigonum igneum* is the astronomical term when the upper planets meet in a fiery sign. The fiery Trigon, I think, consists of *Aries*, *Leo*, and *Sagittarius*. STEEVENS.

⁸ We should read—*clasping too* his master's old tables; &c. i. e. embracing his master's cast-off whore, and now his bawd [*his note-book, his counsel-keeper*]. WARBURTON.

I believe the old reading to be the true one. Bardolph was very probably drunk, and might *lisp* a little in his courtship; or might assume an affected softness of speech. STEEVENS.

Certainly the word *clasping* better preserves the integrity of the metaphor; or perhaps, as the expression is *old tables*, we might read *licking*: Bardolph was *kissing* the *Hostess*; and old ivory books were commonly cleaned by *licking* them. FARMER.

The old table-book was a *counsel-keeper*, or a register of secrets; and so also was Dame Quickly. I have therefore not the least suspicion of any corruption in the text. *Lisping* is, in our author's dialect, making love, or in modern language, *saying soft things*. MALONE.

⁹ I know not exactly what a *kirtle* is. The following passage may serve to show that it was something different from a *gown*. How unkindly she

money on Thursday : thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come : it grows late, we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth thou'lt set me a weeping, an thou say'st so : prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return.
—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Hen. Poins. Anon, anon, fir.²

[*Advancing.*

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's? ³—And art thou Poins his brother? ⁴

P. Hen.

she takes the matter, and cannot be reconciled with less than a gown or a kirtle of silk."

Perhaps *kirtle*, in its common acceptation, means a *petticoat*.

Stubbs mentions *kirtles*, but is not precise in his description of them. Dr. Farmer supposes them to be the same as *safe-guards* or *riding-hoods*.

STEEVENS.

A *kirtle*, I believe, meant a *long cloak*. Minshew describes it as an *upper* or *exterior garment*, worn over another; what in French is called a *garde-robe*. See his *Dict.* 1617. The latter word is explained by Cotgrave thus: "A cloth or cloak worn or cast over a garment to keep it from dust, rain," &c. That writer however supposes *kirtle* and *petticoat* to be synonymous; for he renders the word *vasquine* thus: "A *kirtle*, or *petticoat*;" and *surcot* he calls an *upper kirtle*, or a garment worn over a *kirtle*.

When therefore a *kirtle* is mentioned simply, perhaps a *petticoat* is meant; when an *upper kirtle* is spoken of, a *long cloak* or *mantle* is probably intended; and I imagine a *half-kirtle*, which occurs in a subsequent scene in this play, meant a *short cloak*, half the length of the *upper kirtle*. The term *half-kirtle* seems inconsistent with Dr. Farmer's idea; as does Milton's use of the word in his *Masque*, "the flowery-kirtled Naiades."

Stubbs in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1595, describes a *kirtle* as distinct from both a gown and a *petticoat*.

My interpretation of *kirtle* is confirmed by Barret's *Alvearie*, 1580, who renders *kirtle*, by *subminia*, *cyclas*, *palla*, *pallula*, *χλαῖνα*, *surcot*.

Hence it appears, that a *woman's kirtle*, or rather *upper kirtle*, (as distinguished from a *petticoat*, which was sometimes called a *kirtle*,) was a long mantle which reached to the ground, with a head to it that entirely covered the face; and it was perhaps usually red. A *half-kirtle* was a similar garment, reaching only somewhat lower than the waist.

MALONE.

² The usual answer of drawers at this period. REED.

³ The improbability of this scene is scarcely balanced by the humour.

JOHNSON.

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, fir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Hof. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now the Lord blefs that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon Doll.*]

Dol. How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.⁵

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine,⁶ you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Hof. 'Blessing o' your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew, I was at your back; and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think, thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not! to dispraise me;⁷ and call me—pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal.

⁴ i. e. Poins's brother, or brother to Poins; a vulgar corruption of the genitive case. RITSON.

⁵ Alluding, I suppose, to the proverb, "Strike while the iron is hot." STEEVENS.

⁶ Thou inexhaustible magazine of tallow. JOHNSON.

⁷ The Prince means to say, "What! is it not abuse to dispraise me," &c. MALONE.

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him:—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

P. Hen. For the women.—

Fal. For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul!⁸ For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that: Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house,⁹ contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so:² What's a joint of mutton or two, in a whole Lent?³

P. Hen.

⁸ This is Sir T. Hanmer's reading. Undoubtedly right. The other editions had, — *she is in bell already, and burns poor souls*. The venereal disease was called in those times the *brennynge*, or *burning*. JOHNSON.

⁹ By several statutes made in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. for the regulation and observance of fish-days, *victuallers* are expressly forbidden to utter *flesh in Lent*, and to these Falstaff alludes. I conceive that the Hostess by her answer understands him literally, without the covert allusion suspected by Mr. Malone; [see note 3.] for she must have been too well acquainted with the law to mistake his meaning, and wit seems not to have been her talent. DOUCE.

² The brothels were formerly screened under pretext of being *victualling houses* and *taverns*. STEEVENS.

³ Perhaps a covert allusion is couched under these words. MALONE.

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,——

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

P. Hen. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts,
Come from the north: and, as I came along,
I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword, and cloak:—Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt P. HENRY, POINS, PETO, and BARD.*]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and
we must hence, and leave it unpick'd. [*knocking heard.*]
More knocking at the door?

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently; a dozen
captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, firrah. [*To the Page.*—Farewell,
hostess;—farewell, Doll.—You see, my good wenches, how
men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep,
when the man of action is call'd on. Farewell, good
wenches:—If I be not sent away post, I will see you again
ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak;—If my heart be not ready to burst;
Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*]

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these
twenty

twenty nine years, come peascod-time; but an honest, and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet,—

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Host. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.³

A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY in his nightgown, with a Page.

K. Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them: Make good speed.—

[*Exit Page.*]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?⁴

Wilt

³ This first scene is not in my copy of the first edition. JOHNSON.

There are two copies of the same date; and in one of these, the scene has been added. They are, in all other respects, alike. It should seem as if the defect in this quarto was undiscovered till most of the copies of it were sold, for only one that I have seen contains the addition. STEEVENS.

⁴ This alludes to the watchman set in garrison-towns upon some eminence, attending upon an alarum-bell, which was to ring out in case of

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the shipboy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,⁵
 That, with the hurly,⁶ death itself awakes?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose

To

of fire, or any approaching danger. He had a case or box to shelter him from the weather, but at his utmost peril he was not to sleep whilst he was upon duty. The *sealarum*-bells are mentioned in several other places of Shakspeare. HANMER.

In an ancient inventory cited in Strutt's *Jonha Angel-cynnan*, Vol. III. p. 70, there is the following article: "Item, a *laume* or WATCHE of iron, in an iron CASE, with 2 leaden plumets." Strutt supposes, and no doubt rightly, that *laume* is an error for *larum*. Something of this kind, I believe, is here intended by *watch-case*, since this speech does not afford any other expressions to induce the supposition that the King had a *sentry box* in his thoughts. HOLT WHITE.

⁵ The modern editors read *sbrowds*, meaning the *rope ladders* by which the masts of ships are ascended. The old copy—in *the slippery clouds*; but I know not what advantage is gained by the alteration, for *sbrowds* had anciently the same meaning as *clouds*. I could bring many instances of this use of the word from Drayton. So, in his *Miracles of Moses*:

"And the sterne thunder from the airy *sbrowds*,

"To the sad world, in fear and horror spake."

So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"——I have seen

"Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage and foam

"To be exalted with the threatening *clouds*." STEEVENS.

The instances produced by Mr. Steevens prove that *clouds* were sometimes called poetically airy *sbrouds*, or shrouds suspended in air; but they do not appear to me prove that any writer speaking of a ship, ever called the *sbrouds* of the ship by the name of *clouds*. I entirely, however, agree with him in thinking that *clouds* here is the true reading; and the passage produced from *Julius Cæsar*, while it fully supports it, shows the word is to be understood in its ordinary sense. MALONE.

My position appears to have been misunderstood. I meant not to suggest that the *sbrowds* of a ship were ever called *clouds*. What I designed to say was, that the *clouds* and the *sbrowds* of *beaven* were anciently synonymous terms, so that by the exchange of the former word for the latter, no fresh idea would, in fact, be ascertained; as the word *sbrowds* might be received in the sense of *clouds* as well as that of *ship-tackle*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Hurly* is noise, derived from the French *burler* to howl, as *burly-burly* from *Hurluberlu*, Fr. STEEVENS.

To the wet seaboy in an hour so rude;
 And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!⁷
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK and SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!

K. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

K. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords.
 Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege.

K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom
 How foul it is, what rank diseases grow,
 And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd;⁸
 Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
 With good advice, and little medicine:—
 My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.⁹

K. Hen. O heaven! that one might read the book of fate;
 And see the revolution of the times
 Make mountains level, and the continent

(Weary

⁷ Evidently corrupted from *happy lowly clown*. These two lines making the just conclusion from what preceded. "If sleep will fly a king and consort itself with beggars, then happy the *lowly clown*, and uneasy the crown'd head." WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has not admitted this emendation into his text: I am glad to do it the justice which its author has neglected. JOHNSON.

The sense of the old reading seems to be this: "You, who are happy in your humble situations, lay down your heads to rest! the head that wears a crown lies too uneasy to expect such a blessing." Had not Shakspeare thought it necessary to subject himself to the tyranny of rhyme, he would probably have said:—"then happy low, sleep on!"

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Distemper*, that is, according to the old physick, a disproportionate mixture of humours, or inequality of innate heat and radical humidity, is less than actual *disease*, being only the state which foreruns or produces diseases. The difference between *distemper* and *disease* seems to be much the same as between *disposition* and *habit*. JOHNSON.

⁹ I believe Shakspeare wrote *school'd*; tutor'd, and brought to submission. WARBURTON.

Cool'd is certainly right. JOHNSON.

(Weary of solid firmness,) melt itself
 Into the sea! and, other times, to see
 The beachy girdle of the ocean
 Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
 And changes fill the cup of alteration
 With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,²
 The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,
 What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—
 Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
 'Tis not ten years gone,
 Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
 Did feast together, and, in two years after,
 Were they at wars: It is but eight years, since
 This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
 Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
 And laid his love and life under my foot;
 Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
 Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,³
 (You, cousin Nevil,⁴ as I may remember,)

[To WARWICK.
 When

² These four lines are supplied from the edition of 1600.

WARBURTON.

My copy wants the whole scene, and therefore these lines.

There is some difficulty in the line,

What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—

because it seems to make past perils equally terrible with ensuing crosses.

JOHNSON.

This happy youth who is to foresee the future progress of his life, cannot be supposed at the time of his happiness to have gone through many perils. Both the perils and the crosses that the King alludes to, were yet to come; and what the youth is to foresee is, the many crosses he would have to contend with, even after he has passed through many perils. M. MASON.

³ He refers to *King Richard II.* Act IV. sc. ii. But whether the king's or the author's memory fails him, so it was, that Warwick was not present at that conversation. JOHNSON.

Neither was the King himself present, so that he must have received information of what passed from Northumberland. His memory, indeed, is singularly treacherous, as, at the time of which he is now speaking, he had actually ascended the throne. RITSON.

⁴ Shakspeare has mistaken the name of the present nobleman. The earldom of Warwick was at this time in the family of *Beauchamp*, and did

When Richard, —with his eye brim-full of tears,
 Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—
 Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;—
 Though then, heaven knows, I had no such intent;
 But that necessity so bow'd the state,
 That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:—
The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
*Shall break into corruption:—*so went on,
 Foretelling this same time's condition,
 And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
 Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:
 The which observ'd, a man may prophecy,
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things
 As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,
 And weak beginnings, lie intreasur'd.
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
 And, by the necessary form of this,⁵
 King Richard might create a perfect guess,
 That great Northumberland, then false to him,
 Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness;
 Which should not find a ground to root upon,
 Unless on you.

K. Hen.

did not come into that of the *Nevils* till many years after, in the latter end of the reign of King Henry VI. when it descended to *Anne Beauchamp*, (the daughter of the earl here introduced,) who was married to *Richard Nevil*, earl of Salisbury. STEEVENS.

Anne Beauchamp was the wife of that Richard Nevil, (in her right,) earl of Warwick, and son to Richard earl of Salisbury who makes so conspicuous a figure in our author's *Second* and *Third Parts of King Henry VI.* He succeeded to the latter title on his father's death in 1460, but is never distinguished by it. RITSON.

⁵ I think we might better read:

— the necessary form of things.

The word *this* has no very evident antecedent. JOHNSON.

If any change were wanting, I would read:

And, by the necessary form of these,

i. e. the things mentioned in the preceding line. STEEVENS.

And, by the necessary form of this, is, I apprehend, to be understood *this* history of the times deceased. HENLEY.

K. Hen. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities; ⁶—
And that same word even now cries out on us;
They say, the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd:—Please it your grace,
To go to bed; upon my life, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance, that Glendower is dead.⁷
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel:
And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.⁸ [Exeunt.]

⁶ I am inclined to read:

Then let us meet them like necessity.

That is, with the resistless violence of necessity; then comes more aptly the following line:

And that same word even now cries out on us.

That is, the word *necessity*. JOHNSON.

That is, let us meet them with that patience and quiet temper with which men of fortitude meet those events which they know to be inevitable.—I cannot approve of Johnson's explanation. M. MASON.

⁷ Glendower did not die till after King Henry IV.

Shakspeare was led into this error by Holinshed, who places Owen Glendower's death in the tenth year of Henry's reign. MALONE.

⁸ This play, like the former, proceeds in one unbroken tenor through the first edition, and there is therefore no evidence that the division of the acts was made by the author. Since, then, every editor has the same right to mark the intervals of action as the players, who made the present distribution, I should propose that this scene may be added to the foregoing act, and the remove from London to Gloucestershire be made in the intermediate time, but that it would shorten the next act too much, which has not even now its due proportion to the rest. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Court before Justice Shallow's House in Gloucestershire.

Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting; MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FREEBLE, BULLCALF, and Servants, behind.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, fir, give me your hand, fir: an early stirrer, by the rood.⁹ And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, fir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar: He is at Oxford, still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, fir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly: I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd—lusty Shallow, then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was call'd any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotswold man,²—you had not four such swinge-bucklers³ in all the inns

⁹ i. e. the cross. POPE.

Hearne, in his Glossary to Peter Langtoft, p. 544, under the word *cross*, observes, that although the *cross* and the *rood* are commonly taken for the same, yet the *rood* properly signified formerly the image of Christ on the cross; so as to represent both the cross and figure of our blessed Saviour, as he suffered upon it. The *roods* that were in churches and chapels were placed in shrines that were called *rood lofts*. REED.

² The games at Cotswold were, in the time of our author, very famous. Of these I have seen accounts in several old pamphlets; and Shallow, by distinguishing Will Squele, as a Cotswold man, meant to have him understood as one who was well versed in manly exercises, and consequently of a daring spirit, and an athletic constitution.

STEEVENS.

The

inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bonarobas⁴ were; and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when he was a crack,⁵ not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet.

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal.

The games of Cotswold, I believe, did not commence till the reign of James I. I have never seen any pamphlet that mentions them as having existed in the time of Elizabeth. Randolph speaks of their *revival* in the time of Charles I.; and from Dover's book they appear to have been revived in 1636. But this does not prove that they were exhibited in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. They certainly were in that of King James, and were probably *discontinued* after his death. However Cotswold might have been long famous for meetings of tumultuous swinge-bucklers.

MALONE.

³ *Swinge-bucklers* and *swash-bucklers* were words implying rakes or rioters in the time of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

West Smithfield (says the Continuator of Stowe's *Annals*, 1631,) was for many years called *Ruffians' Hall*, by reason it was the usual place of frays and common fighting, during the time that *sword and buckler* were in use; when every serving-man, from the base to the best, carried a buckler at his back, which hung by the hilt or pommel of his sword which hung before him. MALONE.

⁴ Ladies of pleasure. *Bona Roba*, Ital. STEEVENS.

See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598: "*Buona roba*, as we say good stuff; a good wholesome plump-cheeked wench." MALONE.

⁵ This is an old Islandic word, signifying a *boy* or *child*. One of the fabulous kings and heroes of Denmark, called *Hrolf*, was surnamed *Krake*.

TYRWHITT.

Shal. Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow;—And dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt lov'd him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapp'd i'the clout⁶ at twelve score;⁷ and carry'd you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half,⁸ that it would have done a man's heart good to see. —How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead!

Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him.

Sil. Here come two of fir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, fir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard.

⁶ i. e. hit the white mark. WARBURTON.

⁷ —at twelve score;] i. e. of yards. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, 1612:

“At markes full fortie score they us'd to prick and rove.

MALONE.

This mode of expression certainly in this instance, and I believe in general, means *yards*; but the line from Drayton makes this opinion doubtful, or shows the extreme inaccuracy of the poet, for no man was ever capable of shooting an arrow forty score yards. DOUCE.

⁸ That is, fourteen score of yards. JOHNSON.

Twelve score appears, however, from a passage in Churchyard's *Charitie*, 1595, to have been no shot of an extraordinary length:

“They hit the white that never shot before,

“No marke-men sure, nay bunglers in their kind,

“A sort of swads that scarce can shoot twelve score.”

STEEVENS.

The utmost distance that the archers of ancient times reached, is supposed to have been about three hundred yards. Old Double therefore certainly drew a good bow. MALONE.

Shakspeare probably knew what he was about when he spoke of archery, which in his time was practised by every one. He is describing Double as a very excellent archer, and there is no inconsistency in making such a one shoot fourteen score and a half; but it must be allowed that none but a most extraordinary archer would be able to hit a mark at twelve score. Some allowance however should be made when the speaker is considered. DOUCE.

Bard. My captain, fir, commends him to you; my captain, fir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, fir; I knew him a good backsword man: How doth the good knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

Bar. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated, than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, fir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good? yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase.⁹

Bard. Pardon me, fir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this good day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword, to be a soldierlike word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated; That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just:—Look, here comes good fir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: By my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good fir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow:—Master Sure-card, as I think.²

Shal.

⁹ *Accommodate* was a modish term of that time. Hence Bardolph calls it a word of *exceeding good command*. His definition of it is admirable, and highly satirical: nothing being more common than for inaccurate speakers or writers, when they should define, to put their hearers off with a synonymous term; or, for want of that, even with the same term differently *accommodated*: as in the instance before us. *WARBURTON.*

² It is observable, that many of Shakspeare's names are invented, and characteristical. Master *Forth-right*, the tilter; Master *Shoe-tie*, the traveller; Master *Smooth*, the silkman; Mrs. *Over-done*, the bawd; Kate *Keep-down*, Jane *Night-work*, &c. *Sure-card* was used as a term for a *boon companion*, so lately as the latter end of the last century, by one of the translators of *Suetonius*. *MALONE.*

Shal. No, fir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commif-
fion with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of
the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you
provided me here half a dozen fufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, fir. Will you fit?

Fal. Let me fee them, I befeech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the
roll?—Let me fee, let me fee. So, fo, fo, fo: Yea, marry,
fir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them
do fo, let them do fo.—Let me fee; Where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, fir John? a good limb'd fellow:
young, ftrong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! moft excellent, i'faith! things that
are mouldy, lack ufe: Very fingular good!—In faith, well
faid, fir John; very well faid.

Fal. Prick him. [To SHALLOW.

Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, an you could
have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for
one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery: you need not
to have prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out
than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you fhall go. Mouldy, it
is time you were fpent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; ftand afide; Know you where
you are?—For the other, fir John:—let me fee;—Simon
Shadow!

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to fit under: he's like to
be a cold foldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, fir.

Fal. Shadow, whose fon art thou?

Shad. My mother's fon, fir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: It is often so, indeed; but not much of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him;—for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.³

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir John.

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have prick'd you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

Fee. I would, Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would, thou wert a man's tailor; that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal.

³ That is, we have in the muster book many names for which we receive pay, though we have not the men. JOHNSON.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—

Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, fir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf, till he roar again.

Bull. O lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd?

Bull. O lord, fir! I am a diseas'd man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, fir; a cough, fir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, fir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order,⁴ that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more call'd than your number;⁵ you must have but four here, fir;—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, fir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in saint George's fields.⁶

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal.

⁴ i. e. take such measures. STEEVENS.

⁵ Five only have been called, and the number required is four. Some name seems to have been omitted by the transcriber. The restoration of this sixth man would solve the difficulty that occurs below; for when Mouldy and Bull-calf are set aside, Falstaff, as Dr. Farmer has observed, gets but three recruits. Perhaps our author himself is answerable for this slight inaccuracy. MALONE.

⁶ It appears from the following passage in *Churchyard's Dreame*, a poem that makes part of the collection entitled his *Chippes*, 4to. 1578, that this windmill was a place of notoriety:

“And from the windmill this dreamed he,

“Where hakney horses hired be.” STEEVENS.

Shal. She never could away with me.⁵

Fal. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba.⁶ Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, sir John, we have; our watch-word was, *Hem, boys!*—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE.*]

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but, rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee.

⁵ This expression of dislike is used by Maurice Kyffin, in his translation of the *Andria* of Terence, 1538: "All men that be in love *can ill away* to have wives appointed them by others." Perhaps the original meaning was—*such a one cannot travel on the same road with me.* STEEVENS.

⁶ —bona-roba.] A fine showy wanton. JOHNSON.

Bona-roba was in our author's time, the common term for a harlot.

STEEVENS.

Fee. By my troth I care not;—a man can die but once;—we owe God a death;—I'll ne'er bear a base mind;—an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so: No man's too good to serve his prince; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fee. 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF, and Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four, of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound⁷ to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf:—For you, Mouldy, stay at home still; you are past service:⁸—and, for your part, Bull-calf,—grow till you come unto it; I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man?

⁷ Here seems to be a wrong computation. He had forty shillings for each. Perhaps he meant to conceal part of the profit. JOHNSON.

⁸ This should surely be: "For you, Mouldy, you have stay'd at home." &c. Falstaff has before a similar allusion, "'Tis the more time thou wert used."

There is some mistake in the number of recruits: Shallow says, that Falstaff should have four there, but he appears to get but three: Wart, Shadow, and Feeble." FARMER.

I believe, "stay at home till you are past service," is right; the subsequent part of the sentence being likewise imperative; "and, for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come unto it." MALONE.

Perhaps this passage should be read and pointed thus: For you, Mouldy, stay at home still; you are past service:—— TYRWHITT.

I have admitted Mr. Tyrwhitt's amendment, as it is the least violent of the two proposed, being effected by a slight change in punctuation, and the supplement of a single letter. STEEVENS.

man? Care I for the limb, the thewes,⁹ the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket.² And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man? he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman³ may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife: And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver⁴ into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me al-
ways

⁹ i. e. the muscular strength or appearance of manhood.

In ancient writers this term usually implies manners, or behaviour only.

Shakspeare is perhaps singular in his application of it to the perfections of the body. STEEVENS.

² Swifter than he that carries beer from the vat to the barrel, in buckets hung upon a gibbet or beam crossing his shoulders. JOHNSON.

I do not think Johnson's explanation of this passage just.—The carrying beer from the vat to the barrel, must be a matter that requires more labour than swiftnefs. Falstaff seems to mean, “swifter than he that puts the bucket on the gibbet;” for as the buckets at each end of the gibbet must be put on at the same instant, it necessarily requires a quick motion. M. MASON.

³ This is an obsolete term for an enemy in war. STEEVENS.

⁴ —caliver—] A hand-gun. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Majque of Flowers*, 1613: “The serjeant of Kawasha carried on his shoulders a great tobacco-pipe as big as a caliver.”

It is singular that Shakspeare, who has so often derived his sources of merriment from recent customs or fashionable follies, should not once have mentioned tobacco, though at a time when all his contemporaries were active in its praise or its condemnation.

It is equally remarkable (as Dr. Farmer observes to me) that he has written no lines on the death of any poetical friend, nor commendatory verses on any living author, which was the constant practice of Jonson, Fletcher, &c. Perhaps the singular modesty of Shakspeare hindered him from attempting to decide on the merits of others, while his liberal turn of mind forbade him to express such gross and indiscriminate praises as too often disgrace the names of many of his contemporaries.

STEEVENS.

ways a little, lean, old, chapp'd, bald shot.⁷—Well said, i'faith Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tesser for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green,⁸ (when I lay at Clement's inn.⁹—I was then fir Dagonet in Arthur's show,)² there was a little quiver fellow,³ and 'a would manage you his piece thus:

⁷ *Shot* is used for *shooter*, one who is to fight by shooting. JOHNSON.

⁸ We learn from Stowe's *Chronicle*, (edit. 1615, p. 702,) that in the year 1585, 4000 citizens were trained and exercised at *Mile-end*.

STEEVENS.

⁹ "When I *lay*," here signifies, when I *lodged* or *lived*. Vol. I. fol. 119. T. WARTON.

² The story of *Sir Dagonet* is to be found in *La Morte d'Arthure*, an old romance much celebrated in our author's time, or a little before it.

JOHNSON.

Sir Dagonet is king Arthur's 'squire; but does he mean that he acted Sir Dagonet at Mile-end Green, or at Clement's-inn? By the application of a parenthesis only, the passage will be cleared from ambiguity, and the sense I would assign, will appear to be just.—*I remember at Mile-end Green (when I lay at Clement's-inn, I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show) there was, &c.* That is: "I remember when I was a very young man at Clement's-inn, and not fit to act any higher part than Sir Dagonet in the interludes which we used to play in the society, that among the soldiers who were exercised at Mile-end Green, there was," &c. The performance of this part of sir Dagonet was another of Shallow's feats at Clement's inn, on which he delights to expatiate; a circumstance in the mean time, quite foreign to the purpose of what he is saying, but introduced, on that account, to heighten the ridicule of his character. T. WARTON.

This account of the matter was so reasonable, that I believe every reader must have been satisfied with it; but a passage in a forgotten book, which has been obligingly communicated to me by the Reverend Mr. Bowle, induces me to think that the words before us have hitherto been misunderstood; that *Arthur's Show* was not an *interlude*, but an EXHIBITION OF ARCHERY; and that Shallow represented *Sir Dagonet*, not at Clement's Inn, but at Mile-end Green. Instead therefore of placing the words "I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show," in a parenthesis, (as recommended very properly by Mr. Warton on his hypothesis,) I have included in a parenthesis the words "when I lay at Clement's Inn." And thus the meaning is,—I remember, when I was student and resided at Clement's Inn, that on a certain *exhibition-day* at Mile-end Green, when I was Sir Dagonet, &c. MALONE.

³ *Quiver* is nimble, active, &c. "There is a maner fishe that hyght mugill, which is full *quiver* and swifte." *Bartolomeus*, 1535, bl. 1. HENDERSON.

thus : and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in : *rah, tab, tab*, would 'a say ; *bounce*, would 'a say ; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come :—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—God keep you, master Silence ; I will not use many words with you :—Fare you well, gentlemen both : I thank you : I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace ! As you return, visit my house : let our old acquaintance be renewed : peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow.

Shal. Go to ; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt SHALLOW and SILENCE.*]

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph ; lead the men away. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH, Recruits, &c.*]
As I return, I will fetch off these justices : I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying ! This same starv'd justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street ; ⁴ and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring : when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a fork'd radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife : he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick fight were invincible : ⁵ he was the very Genius of famine ; yet lecherous as a monkey,

⁴ *Turnbull* or *Turnmill-street*, is near Cow-cross, West-Smithfield.

The continuator of Stow's *Annals*, informs us that *West-Smithfield*, (at present the horse-market,) was formerly called *Ruffian's Hall*, where turbulent fellows met to try their skill at sword and buckler.

STEEVENS.

⁵ The old copies read, by an apparent error of the press, *invincible*. Mr. Rowe introduced the necessary change. STEEVENS.

That is, could not be mastered by any thick fight. Mr. Rowe and the other modern editors read, I think without necessity, *invincible*.

MALONE.

Invincible

a monkey, and the whores call'd him—mandrake :⁶ he came ever in the rearward of the fashion ; and sung those tunes to the over-scutch'd⁷ hufwives that he heard the carmen whistle, and fware—they were his fancies, or his good-nights.⁸ And now is this Vice's dagger⁹ become a squire ;
and

Invincible cannot possibly be the true reading, *invincible to*, not being English ; for who ever wrote or said—not be conquered *to* ?

Invincible by is the usual phrase. STEEVENS.

⁶ Bullein in his *Bullwark of Defence against all Sicknesse*, &c. fol. 1597, p. 41, speaking of *mandrake*, says : “——this herbe is called *Antbro-pomorphos*, because it beareth the image of a man : and that is false. For no herbe hath the shape of a man or woman ; no truly, it is not naturall of his owne growing : but by the crafty invention of some false men it is done by arte.”——“My friend Marcellus, the description of this *mandrake*, as I have sayd, was nothing but the imposterous subtilty of wicked people. Perhaps of fryers or superstitious monkes whych have wrytten thereof at length ; but as for *Dioscorides*, *Galen*, and *Plinie*, &c. they have not wrytten thereof so largely as for to have head, armes, fyn-gers,” &c. REED.

⁷ That is, whipt, carted. POPE.

I rather think that the word means *dirty* or *grimed*. The word *hufwives* agrees better with this sense. Shallow crept into mean houses, and boasted his accomplishments to *dirty* women. JOHNSON.

Ray, among his north country words, says that an *over-switch'd* *hufwife* is a strumpet. *Over-scutch'd* has undoubtedly the meaning which Mr. Pope has affixed to it. *Over-scutch'd* is the same as *over-scotch'd*. A *scutch* or *scotch* is a cut or lash with a rod or whip. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Fancies* and *Good-nights* were the titles of little poems. One of Gascoigne's *Good-nights* is published among his *Flowers*. STEEVENS.

⁹ By *Vice* here the poet means that droll character in the old plays (which I have several times mentioned in the course of these notes) equipped with asses ears and a wooden dagger. It was very satirical in Falstaff to compare Shallow's activity and impertinence to such a machine as a wooden dagger in the hands and management of a buffoon.

THOROLD.

Vice was the name given to a droll figure, heretofore much shown upon our stage, and brought in to play the fool and make sport for the populace. His dress was always a long jerkin, a fool's cap with ass's ears, and a thin wooden dagger, such as is still retained in the modern figures of Harlequin and Scaramouch. Minshew, and others of our more modern criticks, strain hard to find out the etymology of the word, and fetch it from the Greek : probably we need look no further for it than the old French word *Vis*, which signified the same as *Visage* does now. From this in part came *Visdase*, a word common among them for a fool, which
Menage

and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him: and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head,² for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name:³ for you might have truss'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return: and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me:⁴ If the young dace⁵ be a bait

Menage says is but a corruption from *Vis d'asne*, the face or head of an ass. It may be imagined therefore that *Vis d'ase*, or *Vis d'asne*, was the name first given to this foolish theatrical figure, and that by vulgar use it was shortened to plain *Vis* or *Vice*. HANMER.

The word *Vice* is an abbreviation of *Device*; for in our old dramatic shows, where he was first exhibited, he was nothing more than an artificial figure, a puppet moved by machinery, and then originally called a *Device* or *Vice*. In these representations he was a constant and the most popular character, afterwards adopted into the early comedy. The smith's machine called a *vice*, is an abbreviation of the same sort. — Hamlet calls his uncle "a *vice* of kings," a fantastic and *factitious* image of majesty, a mere puppet of royalty. T. WARTON.

² To *break* and to *burst* were, in our poet's time, synonymously used.

To *brast* had the same meaning. Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, calls a housebreaker "a breaker and *braster* of doors." The same author constantly uses *burst* as synonymous to *broken*.

STEEVENS.

³ That is, beat *gaunt*, a fellow so slender, that his name might have been *gaunt*. JOHNSON.

⁴ One of which was an universal medicine, and the other a transmuter of base metals into gold. WARBURTON.

I believe the commentator has refined this passage too much. A philosopher's two stones is only more than the philosopher's stone. The universal medicine was never, so far as I know, conceived to be a stone before the time of Butler's stone. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards ridicules Dr. Warburton's note on this passage, but without reason. Gower has a chapter in his *Confessio Amantis*, "Of the three stones that philosophes made:" and Chaucer, in his tale of the Canon's Yeman, expressly tells us, that one of them is *Alixar cleped*; and that it is a water made of the four elements. Face, in the *Alchymist*, assures us, it is "a stone, and not a stone." FARMER.

I think Dr. Johnson's explanation of this passage is the true one. "I will make him of *twice* the value of the philosopher's stone."

MALONE.

bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and Others.

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gualtree forest,⁶ an't shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discovers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done.

My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:—
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold fortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may overlive the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast.

Now, what news?

Mess.

⁵ That is, if the pike may prey upon the dace, if it be the law of nature that the stronger may seize upon the weaker, Falstaff may, with great propriety, devour Shallow. JOHNSON.

⁶ "The earle of Westmoreland, &c. made forward against the rebels, and coming into a plaine, within *Galtree* forest, caused their standards to be pitched down in like sort as the archbishop had pitched his, over against them." Holinshed, p. 529. STEEVENS.

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy :
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on,⁶ and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well-appointed leader⁷ fronts us here?

Mowb. I think, it is my lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord John and duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace;
What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth,⁸ guarded with rage,⁹
And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,

Had

⁶ I know not that I have ever seen *sway* in this sense; but I believe it is the true word, and was intended to express the uniform and forcible motion of a compact body. There is a sense of the noun in *Milton* kindred to this, where, speaking of a weighty sword, he says, "It descends with huge two-handed *sway*." JOHNSON.

The word is used in Holinshed, *English History*, p. 986:
Again, in *King Henry V*:

"Rather *swaying* more upon our part," &c. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Well-appointed* is completely accoutred. STEEVENS.

⁸ I believe Shakspeare wrote—*beady* youth. WARBURTON.

Bloody youth is only sanguine youth, or youth full of blood, and of those passions which blood is supposed to incite or nourish. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Guarded* is an expression taken from dress; it means the same as *faced, turned up*. Mr. Pope, who has been followed by succeeding editors, reads *goaded*. *Guarded* is the reading both of quarto and folio.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens is certainly right. We have the same allusion in a former part of this play.

"To face the garment of rebellion

"With some fine colour, that may please the eye

"Of fickle changelings," &c. MALONE.

Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
 Of base and bloody insurrection
 With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—
 Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;²
 Whose heard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
 Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
 Whose white investments figure innocence,³
 The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
 Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
 Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
 Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?
 Turning your books to graves,⁴ your ink to blood,
 Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine
 To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.
 Briefly to this end:—We are all diseas'd;
 And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
 Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
 And we must bleed for it: of which disease
 Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
 But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
 I take not on me here as a physician;
 Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
 Troop in the throngs of military men:
 But, rather, show a while like fearful war,
 To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;

And

² *Civil* is grave, decent, solemn. STEEVENS.

³ Formerly, (says Dr. Hody, *History of Convocations*, p. 141,) all bishops wore white even when they travelled. GREY.

⁴ For *graves* Dr. Warburton very plausibly reads *glaiwes*, and is followed by Sir Thomas Hanmer. JOHNSON.

We might perhaps as plausibly read *greaves*, i. e. armour for the legs, a kind of boots.

I know not whether it be worth adding, that the ideal metamorphosis of *leathern covers of books* into *greaves*, i. e. boots, seems to be more apposite than the conversion of them into instruments of war.

Mr. M. Mason, however, adduces a quotation (from the next scene) which seems to support Dr. Warburton's conjecture:

“Turning the word to *sword*, and life to death.”

STEEVENS.

I am afraid that the expression “turning the word to sword,” will be found but a feeble support for “*glaiwes*,” if it be considered as a mere *jeu de mots*. DOUCE.

And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
 Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
 I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
 What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
 And find our griefs⁵ heavier than our offences.
 We see which way the stream of time doth run,
 And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere⁶
 By the rough torrent of occasion :
 And have the summary of all our griefs,
 When time shall serve, to show in articles ;
 Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
 And might by no suit gain our audience :
 When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,
 We are denied access unto his person
 Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
 The dangers of the days but newly gone,
 (Whose memory is written on the earth
 With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples
 Of every minute's instance, (present now,)
 Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms :
 Not to break peace,⁷ or any branch of it ;
 But to establish here a peace indeed,
 Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd ?
 Wherein have you been galled by the king ?
 What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you ?
 That you should seal this lawless bloody book

Of

⁵ i. e. our grievances. MALONE.

⁶ In former editions :

And are enforced from our most quiet there.

This is said in answer to Westmoreland's upbraiding the Archbishop for engaging in a course which so ill became his profession :

“ ————— you, my lord archbishop,

“ Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd ; ” &c.

So that the reply must be this :

And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere. WARBURTON.

The alteration of Dr. Warburton destroys the sense of the passage. *There* refers to the new channel which the rapidity of the flood from the stream of time would force itself into. HENLEY.

⁷ “ He took nothing in hand against the king's peace, but that whatsoever he did, tended rather to advance the peace and quiet of the commonwealth.” Archbishop's speech in Holinshed. STEEVENS.

Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?⁸

Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.⁹

West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part; and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the days before;
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

West. O my good lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,²
And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,

Either

⁸ It was an old custom, continued from the time of the first croisades, for the Pope to consecrate the general's sword, which was employed in the service of the church. To this custom the line in question alludes.

WARBURTON.

i. e. the edge of *bitter* strife and *commotion*; the sword of rebellion.

MALONE.

⁹ The sense is this—"My brother general, the commonwealth, which ought to distribute its benefits equally, is become an enemy to those of his own house, to *brothers born*, by giving some to all, and others none; and this (says he) I make my quarrel or grievance that honours are *unequally* distributed;" the constant birth of malecontents, and source of civil commotions. WARBURTON.

In the first folio the second line is omitted, yet that reading, unintelligible as it is, has been followed by Sir T. Hanmer. How difficultly sense can be drawn from the best reading the explication of Dr. Warburton may show. I believe there is an error in the first line, which perhaps may be rectified thus:

My quarrel general, the commonwealth,

To brother born an household cruelty,

I make my quarrel in particular.

That is, my *general* cause of discontent is public mismanagement; my *particular* cause, a domestic injury done to my natural brother, who had been beheaded by the king's order. JOHNSON.

² That is—Judge of what is done in these times according to the exigencies that over-rule us. JOHNSON.

Either from the king, or in the present time,³
 That you should have an inch of any ground
 To build a grief on : ⁴ Were you not restor'd
 To all the duke of Norfolk's signories,
 Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's ?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
 That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me ?
 The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
 Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him :
 And then, when Harry Bolingbroke, and he,—
 Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
 Their neighing courfers daring of the spur,
 Their armed staves in charge,⁵ their beavers down,⁶
 Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,⁷
 And the loud trumpet blowing them together ;
 Then, then, when there was nothing could have staid
 My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
 O, when the king did throw his warder down,
 His own life hung upon the staff he threw :
 Then threw he down himself ; and all their lives,
 That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
 Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know not
 what :

The earl of Hereford⁸ was reputed then
 In England the most valiant gentleman ;
 Who

³ Whether the faults of government be imputed to the *time* or the *king*, it appears not that you have, for your part, been injured either by the *king* or the *time*. JOHNSON.

⁴ i. e. a grievance. MALONE.

⁵ An armed staff is a lance. To be in charge, is to be fixed in the rest of the encounter. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Beaver*, meant properly that part of the helmet which let down, to enable the wearer to drink ; but is confounded both here and in *Hamlet* with *visiere*, or used for *helmet* in general.

Shakspeare, however, is not answerable for any confusion on this subject. He used the word *beaver* in the same sense in which it was used by all his contemporaries. MALONE.

⁷ i. e. the perforated part of their helmets, through which they could see to direct their aim. *Visiere*, Fr. STEEVENS.

⁸ This is a mistake of our author's. He was *Duke* of Hereford. See *King Richard II.* MALONE.

Who knows, on whom fortune would then have smil'd ?
 But, if your father had been victor there,
 He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry :
 For all the country, in a general voice,
 Cry'd hate upon him ; and all their prayers, and love,
 Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
 And bless'd, and grac'd indeed, more than the king.
 But this is mere digression from my purpose.—
 Here come I from our princely general,
 To know your griefs ; to tell you from his grace,
 That he will give you audience : and wherein
 It shall appear that your demands are just,
 You shall enjoy them ; every thing set off,
 That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer ;
 And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween, to take it so ;
 This offer comes from mercy, not from fear :
 For, lo ! within a ken, our army lies ;
 Upon mine honour, all too confident
 To give admittance to a thought of fear.
 Our battle is more full of names than yours,
 Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
 Our armour all as strong, our cause the best ;
 Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good :—
 Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence :
 A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the prince John a full commission,
 In very ample virtue of his father,
 To hear, and absolutely to determine
 Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?

West. That is intended in the general's name :⁹
 I muse, you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this schedule ;

For

⁹ That is, this power is included in the name or office of a general,
 We wonder that you can ask a question so trifling. JOHNSON

Intended is —*understood*, i. e. meant without expressing, like *entendu*,
Fr. subauditur, Lat. STEEVENS.

For this contains of general grievances :—
 Each several article herein redress'd;
 All members of our cause, both here and hence,
 That are infnew'd to this action,
 Acquitted by a true substantial form;²
 And present execution of our wills
 To us, and to our purposes, consign'd;³
 We come within our awful banks again,⁴
 And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
 In fight of both our battles we may meet:

And

² That is, by a pardon of due form and legal validity. JOHNSON.

³ The old copies—*confm'd*. STEEVENS.

This schedule we see consists of three parts: 1. A redress of general grievances. 2. A pardon for those in arms. 3. Some demands of advantage for them. But this third part is very strangely expressed.

And present execution of our wills

To us, and to our purposes, confm'd.

The first line shows they had something to demand, and the second expresses the modesty of that demand. The demand, says the speaker, is *confined to us and to our purposes*. A very modest kind of restriction truly; only as extensive as their appetities and passions. Without question Shakspeare wrote—

To us and to our properties confm'd;

i. e. we desire no more than security for our liberties and properties: and this was no unreasonable demand. WARBURTON.

This passage is so obscure that I know not what to make of it. Nothing better occurs to me than to read *consign'd* for *confm'd*. That is, let the execution of our demands be put into our hands according to our declared purposes. JOHNSON.

Perhaps, we should read *confirm'd*. This would obviate every difficulty. STEEVENS.

I believe two lines are out of place. I read:

For this contains our general grievances,

And present execution of our wills;

To us and to our purposes confm'd. FARMER.

The present reading appears to me to be right; and what they demand is, a speedy execution of their wills, so far as they relate to themselves, and to the grievances which they *proposed* to redress. M. MASON.

⁴ *Awful banks* are the proper limits of reverence. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton reads *lawful*. We have *awful* in the last Act of this play:

“To pluck down justice from her *awful* bench.”

Here it certainly means *inspiring awe*. If *awful banks* be right, the words must mean *due and orderly limits*. MALONE.

And either end in peace, which heaven so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so. [Exit WEST.]

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom, tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that : if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist upon,⁵
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice,⁶ and wanton reason,
Shall, to the king, taste of this action :
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,⁷
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord ; Note this,—the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances :⁸
For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life,
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean ;⁹
And keep no telltale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance : For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion :

His

⁵ Thus the old copies. Modern editors—infirm. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the meaning is, as our conditions shall stand upon, shall make the foundation of the treaty. A Latin sense. MALONE.

⁶ —nice,] i. e. trivial. STEEVENS.

⁷ If royal faith can mean faith to a king, it yet cannot mean it without much violence done to the language. I therefore read, with Sir Thomas Hanmer, loyal faiths, which is proper, natural, and suitable to the intention of the speaker. JOHNSON.

⁸ I cannot but think that this line is corrupted, and that we should read :

Of picking out such dainty grievances. JOHNSON.

Picking means piddling, insignificant. STEEVENS.

⁹ Alluding to a table-book of state, ivory, &c. WARBURTON.

His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
 That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
 He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.
 So that this land, like an offensive wife,
 That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes;
 As he is striking, holds his infant up,
 And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
 That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
 On late offenders, that he now doth lack
 The very instruments of chastisement:
 So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
 May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true;—
 And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
 If we do now make our atonement well,
 Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
 Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
 Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand: Pleaseth your lordship,
 To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name then set
 forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace:—my lord, we
 come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the Archbishop, HASTINGS, and Others: from the other side, Prince JOHN of LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, Officers, and Attendants.

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin
 Mowbray:—
 Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;—

And

And so to you, lord Hastings—and to all.—
 My lord of York, it better shew'd with you,
 When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
 Encircled you, to hear with reverence
 Your exposition on the holy text;
 Than now to see you here an iron man,
 Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
 Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
 That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
 And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
 Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
 Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
 In shadow of such greatness! With you lord bishop,
 It is even so:—Who hath not heard it spoken,
 How deep you were within the books of God?
 To us, the speaker in his parliament;
 To us, the imagin'd voice of God himself;
 The very opener, and intelligencer,
 Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,²
 And our dull workings: ³ O, who shall believe,
 But you misuse the reverence of your place;
 Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
 As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
 In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,⁴
 Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
 The subjects of his substitute, my father;
 And, both against the peace of heaven and him,
 Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch.

Good my lord of Lancaster,
 I am not here against your father's peace:
 But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
 The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,⁵
 Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,

To

² This expression Milton has copied:

“Around him all the sanctities of heaven

“Stood thick as stars.” JOHNSON.

³ i. e. labours of thought. STEEVENS.

⁴ To take up is to levy, to raise in arms. JOHNSON.

⁵ I believe Shakspeare wrote *common fence*, i. e. drove by self-defence.
 WARBURTON.

Common sense is the general sense of general danger. JOHNSON.

To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
 The parcels and particulars of our grief;
 The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,
 Whereon this Hydra son of war is born:
 Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,⁶
 With grant of our most just and right desires;
 And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
 Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
 To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
 We have supplies to second our attempt;
 If they miscarry, theirs shall second them:
 And so, success of mischief⁷ shall be born;
 And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
 Whiles England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
 To found the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,
 How far-forth you do like their articles?

P. John. I like them all, and do allow⁸ them well:
 And swear here by the honour of my blood,
 My father's purposes have been mistook;
 And some about him have too lavishly
 Wrested his meaning, and authority.—
 My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
 Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
 Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
 As we will ours: and here, between the armies,
 Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
 That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
 Of our restored love, and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
 And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast.

⁶ Alluding to the dragon charmed to rest by the spells of Medea.

STEEVENS.

⁷ Success for succession. WARBURTON.

⁸ —and do allow—] i. e. approve. MALONE.

Hast. Go, captain, [*To an Officer.*] and deliver to the
army

This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:

I know, it will well please them; Hie thee, captain.

[*Exit Officer.*]

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace: And, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to you
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.—

Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances, men are ever merry;⁹
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz;² since sudden sorrow.
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

[*Shouts within.*]

P. John. The word of peace is render'd; Hark, how
they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful, after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.—

[*Exit WESTMORELAND.*]

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains³
March by us; that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

Arch.

⁹ Thus the poet describes Romeo, as feeling an *unaccustom'd* degree of
cheerfulness just before he hears the news of the death of Juliet.

STEEVENS.

² That is—Therefore, notwithstanding this sudden impulse to heaviness,
be merry, for such sudden dejections forebode good. JOHNSON.

³ That is, our army on each part, that we may both see those that
were to have opposed us. JOHNSON.

Arch. Go, good lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[Exit HASTINGS.]

P. John. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.—

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

P. John. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already :
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses
East, west, north, south ; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home, and sporting-place.

West. Good tidings, my lord Hastings ; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason :—
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mowbray,—
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

P. John. I pawn'd thee none :

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain ; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most christian care.

But, for you, rebels,—look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,

Fondly brought here,⁴ and foolishly sent hence.—

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray ;

Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—

Some guard these traitors to the block of death ;

Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath. [Exeunt.⁵

⁴ *Fondly* is foolishly. STEEVENS.

⁵ It cannot but raise some indignation to find this horrid violation of faith passed over thus slightly by the poet, without any note of censure or detestation. JOHNSON.

SCENE III.

*Another Part of the Forest.**Alarums. Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILE, meeting.**Fal.* What's your name, fir? of what condition are you; and of what place, I pray?*Cole.* I am a knight, fir; and my name is—Colevile of the dale.*Fal.* Well then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale: Colevile shall still be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough; so shall you still be Colevile of the dale.⁶*Cole.* Are not you fir John Falstaff?*Fal.* As good a man as he, fir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, fir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.*Cole.* I think, you are fir John Falstaff; and, in that thought, yield me.*Fal.* I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.*Enter Prince JOHN of LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, and Others.**P. John.* The heat is past,⁷ follow no further now;—Call⁶ But where is the wit, or the logic of this conclusion? I am almost persuaded that we ought to read thus:~~—Colevile shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a dale deep enough.—~~

He may then justly infer,

*So shall you still be Colevile of the dale. TYRWHITT.*The sense of *dale* is included in *deep*; a *dale* is a deep place; a *dungeon* is a deep place; he that is in a *dungeon* may be therefore said to be in a *dale*. JOHNSON.⁷ That is, the violence of resentment, the eagerness of revenge.

JOHNSON.

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[Exit WEST.

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

When every thing is ended, then you come:—

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,

One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have founder'd nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy: But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome,—I came, saw, and overcame.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot: To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins'-heads to her; believe not the word of the noble: Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole.

It is my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me;

You

You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they fold themselves : but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away ; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit ?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Colevile, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution :—

Blunt, lead him hence ; and see you guard him sure.

[*Exeunt some with COLEVILE.*]

And now despatch we toward the court, my lords ;

I hear, the king my father is fore sick :

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—

Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him ;

And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through
Glostershire : and, when you come to court, stand my good
lord, 'pray, in your good report.⁸

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff : I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.⁹ [*Exit.*]

Fal. I would, you had but the wit ; 'twere better than
your

⁸ We must either read, *pray let me stand*, or, by a construction somewhat harsh, understand it thus : *Give me leave to go—and—stand—*. To *stand in a report*, referred to the reporter, is to persist ; and Falstaff did not ask the prince to persist in his present opinion. JOHNSON.

Stand my good lord, I believe, means only *stand my good friend*, (an expression still in common use) in your favourable report of me.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens is certainly right. In a former scene of this play, the hostess says to the chief justice, "*good my lord*, be good unto me ; I beseech you, *stand* to me." Though an equivocal may have been there intended, yet one of the senses conveyed by this expression in that place is the same as here. MALONE.

Stand is here the imperative word, as *give* is before. *Stand my good lord*, i. e. be my good patron and benefactor. *Be my good lord* was the old court phrase used by a person who asked a favour of a man of high rank. So in a letter to the Earl of Northumberland, (printed in the appendix to *The Northumberland Household Book*,) he desires that Cardinal Wolsey would so far "*be his good lord*," as to empower him to imprison a person who had defrauded him. PERCY.

⁹ I know not well the meaning of the word *condition* in this place ; I believe

your dukedom.²—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;³—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof:⁴ for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack⁵ hath a twofold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me⁶ there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddy vapours which environ it: makes it apprehensive,⁷ quick, forgetive,⁸ full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, (the tongue,) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and

believe it is the same with temper of mind: I shall, in my good nature, speak better of you than you merit. JOHNSON.

I believe it means, *I, in my condition*, i. e. in my place as commanding officer, who ought to represent things merely as they are, shall speak of you better than you deserve.

Dr. Johnson's explanation, however, seems to be countenanced by Gower's address to Pistol, in *King Henry V.* Act V. sc. i: “—let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition.” STEEVENS.

² He had no dukedom. RITSON.

³ Falstaff here speaks like a veteran in life. The young prince did not love him, and he despaired to gain his affection, for he could not make him laugh. Men only become friends by community of pleasures. He who cannot be softened into gaiety, cannot easily be melted into kindness. JOHNSON.

⁴ i. e. any confirmed state of manhood. The allusion is to armour hardened till it abides a certain trial. STEEVENS.

⁵ This liquor is mentioned in *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher. STEEVENS.

The epithet *sherry* or *sherris*, when added to sack, merely denoted the particular part of Spain from whence it came. MALONE.

What is ludicrously advanced by Falstaff, was the serious doctrine of the *School of Salernum*. HOLT WHITE.

⁶ This use of the pronoun is a familiar redundancy among our old writers. BOWLE.

⁷ i. e. quick to understand.

In this sense it is now almost disused. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Forgetive* from *forge*; inventive, imaginative. JOHNSON.

and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice : but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face ; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm : and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart ; who, great, and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage ; and this valour comes of sherris : So that skill in the weapon is nothing, without sack ; for that sets it a-work : and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil ;⁹ till sack commences it,² and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant : for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris ; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be,—to forswear thin potations,³ and addict themselves to sack.

Enter

⁹ It was anciently supposed that all the mines of gold, &c. were guarded by evil spirits. STEEVENS.

² I believe, till sack gives it a beginning, brings it into action. Mr. Heath would read *commences* it. STEEVENS.

It seems probable to me, that Shakspeare in these words alludes to the Cambridge Commencement ; and in what follows to the Oxford *Act* : for by those different names our two universities have long distinguished the season, at which each of them gives to her respective students a complete authority to use those boards of learning which have entitled them to their several degrees in arts, law, physick, and divinity. TYRWHITT.

³ In the preferance given by Falstaff to sack, our author seems to have spoken the sentiments of his own time. In the *Ordinances of the Household of King James I.* dated in 1604, (the second year of his reign,) is the following article : “ And whereas in times past Spanish wines called *sacke*, were little or no whit used in our court, and that in late yeares, though not of ordinary allowance, &c.—we understanding that it is used as comon drinke and served at meales, as an ordinary to every meane officer, contrary to all order, using it rather for wantonessie and surfeiting, than for necessity, to a great wasteful expence,” &c.

Till the above mentioned period, the “ thin potations ” complained of by Falstaff, had been the common beverage. See the *Collection of Ordinances and Regulations for the Government of the Royal Household, &c.* published by the Society of Antiquaries, 4to. 1790.

The

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb,⁴ and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, Prince HUMPHREY, WARWICK, and Others.

K. Hen. Now, lords, if heaven doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctify'd.
Our navy is address'd,⁵ our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?

P. Humph. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Wind-
for.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.
K. Hen.

The ancient and genuine Sherry was a dry wine, and therefore fit to be drank with sugar. What we now use is in some degree sweetened by art, and therefore affords no adequate idea of the liquor that was Falstaff's favourite. STEEVENS.

⁴ A very pleasant allusion to the old use of sealing with soft wax.

WARBURTON.

⁵ i. e. Our navy is ready, prepared. STEEVENS.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

P. Humph. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence. How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother? He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas: Thou hast a better place in his affection, Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy; And noble offices thou may'st effect Of mediation, after I am dead, Between his greatness and thy other brethren:— Therefore, omit him not; blunt not his love: Nor lose the good advantage of his grace, By seeming cold, or careless of his will. For he is gracious, if he be observ'd; ⁶ He hath a tear for pity, and a hand Open as day for melting charity: Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint; As humorous as winter,⁷ and as sudden As flaws congealed in the spring of day.⁸ His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:

Chide

⁶ i. e. if he has respectful attention shown to him. STEEVENS.

⁷ That is, changeable as the weather of a winter's day. Dryden says of Almanzor, that he is humorous as wind. JOHNSON.

"As humorous as *April*," is sufficiently clear; but a *winter's day* has generally too decided a character to admit Dr. Johnson's interpretation, without some licence: a licence which yet our author has perhaps taken. He may, however, have used the word *humorous* equivocally. He abounds in capricious fancies, as winter abounds in moisture.

MALONE.

⁸ Alluding to the opinion of some philosophers, that the vapours being congealed in the air by cold, (which is most intense towards the morning,) and being afterwards rarified and let loose by the warmth of the sun, occasion those sudden and impetuous gusts of wind which are called *flaws*. WARBURTON.

Our author and his contemporaries frequently use the word *flaw* for a sudden gust of wind; but a gust of wind *congealed* is, I confess, to me unintelligible. Mr. Edwards says, that "*flaws* are small blades of ice which are struck on the edges of the water in winter mornings." The *spring of day* our author might have found in our liturgy:—"whereby the *day-spring* from on high hath visited us." MALONE.

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
 When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth :
 But, being moody, give him line and scope;
 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
 Confound themselves with working. Learn this Thomas,
 And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;
 A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in;
 That the united vessel of their blood,
 Mingled with venom of suggestion,⁹
 (As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)
 Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
 As aconitum,² or rash gunpowder.³

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him,
 Thomas?

Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

Cla. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
 And he, the noble image of my youth,
 Is overspread with them: Therefore my grief
 Stretches itself beyond the hour of death;
 The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
 In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
 And rotten times, that you shall look upon
 When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
 For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
 When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
 When means and lavish manners meet together,
 O, with what wings shall his affections⁴ fly
 Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:

The

⁹ Though their blood be inflamed by the *temptations* to which youth is peculiarly subject. MALONE.

² The old writers employ the Latin word instead of the English one, which we now use. STEEVENS.

³ *Rash* is quick, violent, sudden. This representation of the prince is a natural picture of a young man whose passions are yet too strong for his virtues. JOHNSON.

⁴ His passions; his inordinate desires. JOHNSON.

The prince but studies his companions,
 Like a strange tongue : wherein, to gain the language,
 'Tis needful, that the most immodest word
 Be look'd upon, and learn'd ; which once attain'd,
 Your highness knows, comes to no further use,
 But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms,
 The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
 Cast off his followers : and their memory
 Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
 By which his grace must mete the lives of others ;
 Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave her comb
 In the dead carrion.⁵—Who's here ? Westmoreland ?

Enter WESTMORELAND.

West. Health to my sovereign ! and new happiness
 Added to that that I am to deliver !
 Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand :
 Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
 Are brought to the correction of your law ;
 There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
 But peace puts forth her olive every where.
 The manner how this action hath been borne,
 Here, at more leisure, may your highness read ;
 With every course, in his particular.⁶

K. Hen. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
 Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
 The lifting up of day. Look ! here's more news.

Enter

⁵ As the bee having once placed her comb in a carcase, stays by her honey, so he that has once taken pleasure in bad company, will continue to associate with those that have the art of pleasing him. JOHNSON.

⁶ We should read, I think—in this *particular* ; that is, in this detail, in this account, which is minute and distinct. JOHNSON.

His is used for *its*, very frequently in the old plays. The modern editors have too often made the change ; but it should be remembered, (as Dr. Johnson has elsewhere observed,) that by repeated changes the history of a language will be lost. STEEVENS.

It may certainly have been used so here, as in almost every other page of our author. Mr. Henley however observes, that *his particular* may mean the detail contained in the letter of Prince John. *A Particular* is yet used as a substantive, by legal conveyancers, for a minute detail of things singly enumerated. MALONE.

Enter HARCOURT.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make me
sick?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:—
O me! come near me, now I am much ill. [Swoons.]

P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty!

Cla. O my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up!

War. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs:
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure,⁷ that should confine it in,

So

⁷ i. e. the wall. POPE.

Wrought it thin, is made it thin by gradual detriment. *Wrought* is the preterite of *work*. STEEVENS.

On this passage the elegant and learned Bishop of Worcester has the following criticism: "At times we find him (the imitator) practising a different art; not merely spreading as it were and laying open the same sentiment, but *adding* to it, and by a new and studied device improving upon it. In this case we naturally conclude that the refinement had not been made, if the plain and simple thought had not preceded and given

So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

P. Humph. The people fear me; ⁸ for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs, ⁹ and loathly births of nature:

The seasons change their manners, ² as the year ³
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, ⁴ no ebb between:
And the old folk time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did so, a little time before

That

given rise to it. You will apprehend my meaning by what follows.
Shakspeare had said of *Henry the Fourth*,

“ The incessant care and labour of his mind

“ Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,

“ So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

“ You have here the thought in its first simplicity. It was not unnatural, after speaking of the body as a case or tenement of the soul, *the mure that confines it*, to say, that as that case wears away and grows thin, life looks through, and is ready to break out.”

After quoting the lines of Daniel, who, (it is observed,) “ by refining on this sentiment, if by nothing else, shews himself to be the copyist,” the very learned writer adds,—“ here we see, not simply, that *life* is going to break through the infirm and much-worn habitation, but that the *mind* looks through, and *finds* his frailty, that it discovers that life will soon make his escape.—Daniel's improvement then looks like the artifice of a man that would outdo his master. Though he fails in the attempt; for his ingenuity betrays him into a false thought. The mind, looking through, does not find *its own frailty*, but the frailty of the *building* it inhabits.” *Hurd's Dissertation on the Marks of imitation.*

This ingenious criticism, the general principles of which cannot be controverted, shews, however, how dangerous it is to suffer the mind to be led too far by an hypothesis:—for after all, there is very good reason to believe that Shakspeare, and not Daniel, was the imitator.

His is used for *its*, and refers not to *mind*, (as is supposed above,) but to *wall*.—There is no reason to believe that this play was written before 1594, and it is highly probable that Shakspeare had read Daniel's poem before he sat down to compose these historical dramas. MALONE.

⁸ i. e. make me afraid. WARBURTON.

⁹ That is, equivocal births; animals that had no animal progenitors; productions not brought forth according to the stated laws of generation.

JOHNSON.

² This is finely expressed; alluding to the terms of *rough* and *barsh*, *mild* and *soft*, applied to weather. WARBURTON.

³ i. e. as if the year, &c.

In the subsequent line our author seems to have been thinking of *leap year*. MALONE.

⁴ This is historically true. It happened on the 12th of October, 1411. STEEVENS.

That our great grandfire, Edward, sick'd and died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

P. Humph. This apoplex will, certain, be his end.

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, 'pray.

*[They convey the King to an inner part of the room,
and place him on a bed.]*

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;

Unless some dull and favourable hand

Will whisper musick to my weary spirit.⁵

War. Call for the musick in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.⁶

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. Who saw the duke of Clarence?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the king?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?

Tell it him.

P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If he be sick

With joy, he will recover without physick.

War. Not so much noise, my lords:—sweet prince, speak
low;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?

P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.

[Exeunt all but Prince HENRY.]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,

Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That

⁵ *Dull* signifies melancholy, gentle, soothing. JOHNSON.

I believe it rather means *producing* dullness or heaviness; and consequently sleep. It appears from various parts of our author's works, that he thought musick contributed to produce sleep. MALONE.

⁶ It is still the custom in France to place the crown on the King's pillow, when he is dying. STEEVENS.

That keep'st the ports of slumber⁷ open wide
 To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!
 Yet not so found, and half so deeply sweet,
 As he, whose brow, with homely biggin bound,⁸
 Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
 When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
 Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
 That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
 There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:
 Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
 Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!—
 This sleep is found indeed; this is a sleep,
 That from this golden rigol⁹ hath divorc'd
 So many English kings. Thy due, from me,
 Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;
 Which nature, love, and filial tendernefs,
 Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
 My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;
 Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
 Derives itself to me. Lo, here it fits,—

[Putting it on his head.

Which Heaven shall guard: And put the world's whole
 strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force
 This lineal honour from me: This from thee
 Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

[Exit.

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest.

Cla. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
 Who

⁷ Are the gates of slumber.

Ports is the ancient military term for gates, STEEVENS.

The word is yet used in this sense in Scotland. MALONE.

⁸ A kind of a cap, at present worn only by children; but so called from the cap worn by the Beguines, an order of nuns. STEEVENS.

⁹ Rigol means a circle. I know not that it is used by any author but Shakspeare, who introduces it likewise in his *Rape of Lucrece*.

STEEVENS.

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The prince of Wales? Where is he? let me see him:

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go, seek him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?—

Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[*Exit Warwick.*]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,

And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt,

When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleep with thoughts,² their brains with care,

Their bones with industry;

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up,

The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest

Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:

When, like the bee, tolling from every flower³

The virtuous sweets;

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,

We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,

Are

² Concerning the education and promotion of their children.

Mr. Rowe and the subsequent editors read—with *thought*; but the change does not appear to me necessary. MALONE.

³ This speech has been contracted, dilated, and put to every critical torture, in order to force it within the bounds of metre, and prevent the admission of hemistichs. I have restored it without alteration, but with those breaks which appeared to others as imperfections. The reading of the quarto is *tolling*. The folio reads *culling*. *Tolling* is taking toll.

STEVENS.

Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments ⁴ to the ending father.—

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd ⁵ me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince HENRY.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry:—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt CLARENCE, Prince HUMPHREY, Lords, &c.*]

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours,
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and, at my death,
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:⁶
Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?

Then

⁴ His accumulations. JOHNSON.

⁵ i. e. ended; it is still used in this sense in legal conveyances.

REED.

⁶ Thou hast confirmed my opinion. JOHNSON.

Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;
 And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
 That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
 Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
 Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:
 Only compound me with forgotten dust;
 Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
 Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
 For now a time is come to mock at form,
 Harry the fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity!
 Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence?
 And to the English court assemble now,
 From every region, apes of idleness!
 Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
 Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,
 Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
 England shall double gild his treble guilt;⁷
 England shall give him office, honour, might:
 For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
 Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
 O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!

When

⁷ Evidently the nonsense of some foolish player: for we must make a difference between what Shakspeare might be supposed to have written off hand, and what he had corrected. These scenes are of the latter kind; therefore such lines are by no means to be esteemed his. But except Mr. Pope, (who judiciously threw out this line) not one of Shakspeare's editors seem ever to have had so reasonable and necessary a rule in their heads, when they set upon correcting this author.

WARBURTON.

I know not why this commentator should speak with so much confidence what he cannot know, or determine so positively what so capricious a writer as our poet might either deliberately or wantonly produce. This line is, indeed, such as disgraces a few that precede and follow it, but it suits well enough with the *daggers bid in thought, and whetted on thy stony heart*; and the answer which the Prince makes, and which is applauded [by the King] for wisdom, is not of a strain much higher than this ejected line. JOHNSON.

How much this play on words, faulty as it is, was admired in the age of Shakspeare, appears from the most ancient writers of that time having frequently indulged themselves in it. MALONE.

When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care? ⁸

O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,

[*Kneeling.*

The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
(Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
Teacheth ⁹) this prostrate and exterior bending! ²
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die;
And never live to show the incredulous world

The

⁸ i. e. *Curator*. A bold figure. So Eumæus is stiled by Ovid, *Epist.* 1:
“—immundæ cura fidelis haræ.” TYRWHITT.

One cannot help wishing Mr. Tyrwhitt's elegant explanation to be true; yet I doubt whether the poet meant to say more than—What wilt thou do, when riot is *thy regular business and occupation?* MALONE.

⁹ i. e. which my loyalty and inward sense of duty prompt me to. The words, “this prostrate and exterior bending,” are, I apprehend, put in opposition with “obedience,” which is used for *obeisance*. MALONE.

² *True* is loyal.—This passage is obscure in the construction, though the general meaning is clear enough. The order is, *this obedience which is taught this exterior bending by my duteous spirit*; or, *this obedience which teaches this exterior bending to my inwardly duteous spirit*. I know not which is right. JOHNSON.

The former construction appears to me the least exceptionable of the two; but both are extremely harsh, and neither of them, I think, the true construction. MALONE.

The latter words—“this prostrate and exterior bending”—appear to me to be merely explanatory of the former words—*this obedience*. Suppose the intermediate sentence—“which my most true and inward-duteous spirit teacheth”—to be included in a parenthesis, and the meaning I contend for will be evident. M. MASON.

I have adopted Mr. M. Mason's regulation. STEVENSON.

The noble change that I have purposed !
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
 (And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,)
 I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
 And thus upbraided it. *The care on thee depending,
 Hath fed upon the body of my father ;
 Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
 Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
 Preserving life in med'cine potable :³
 But thou, most fine, most honoured, most renowned,
 Hast eat thy bearer up.* Thus, my most royal liege,
 Accusing it, I put it on my head ;
 To try with it,—as with an enemy,
 That had before my face murder'd my father,—
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride ;
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
 Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
 Give entertainment to the might of it,
 Let God for ever keep it from my head !
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it !

K. Hen. O my son !

Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,
 That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
 Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
 Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed ;
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
 That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
 By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
 I met this crown ; and I myself know well,

How

³ There has long prevailed an opinion that a solution of gold has great medicinal virtues and that the incorruptibility of gold might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. Some have pretended to make *potable* gold, among other frauds practised on credulity. JOHNSON.

That *gold* may be made potable, is certain, notwithstanding Dr. Johnson's incredulity. The process is inserted in the Abbé Guenee's incomparable work, intitled, *Lettres de quelques Juifs à M. de Voltaire*, 5th edit. Vol. I. p. 416, a work which every person unacquainted with it, will be glad to be referred to. HANLEY.

How troublesome it sat upon my head :
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
 Better opinion, better confirmation ;
 For all the foil ⁴ of the achievement goes
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
 But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand ;
 And I had many living, to upbraid
 My gain of it by their assistances ;
 Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,
 Wounding supposed peace : ⁵ all these bold fears, ⁶
 Thou see'st, with peril I have answered :
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene
 Acting that argument ; and now my death
 Changes the mode : ⁷ for what in me was purchas'd, ⁸
 Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort ;
 So thou the garland wear'st successively. ⁹
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green ;
 And all thy friends, ² which thou must make thy friends,
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out ;
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
 To be again displac'd : which to avoid,
 I cut them off ; ³ and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the Holy Land ; ⁴

Left

⁴ Is spot, dirt, turpitude, reproach. JOHNSON.

⁵ Counterfeited, imagined, not real. JOHNSON.

⁶ Fear is here used in the active sense, for that which causes fear.

JOHNSON.

These bold fears are these audacious terrors. To fear is often used by Shakespeare for to fright. STEEVENS.

⁷ Mode is the form or state of things. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Purchas'd* seems to be here used in its legal sense, *acquired by a man's own act* (*perquisitio*) as opposed to an acquisition by *descent*. MALONE.

⁹ By order of succession. Every usurper snatches a claim of hereditary right as soon as he can. JOHNSON

² *And all thy friends,*] Should not we read? ———

And all my friends. ——— TYRWHITT.

³ As this passage stands, the King is advising the Prince to make those persons his friends, whom he has already cut off. We should surely therefore read, "I cut *some* off" instead of *them*. M. MASON.

⁴ The sense is: *Of those who assisted my usurpation, some I have cut off,*
and

Left rest, and lying still, might make them look
 Too near unto my state.⁵ Therefore, my Harry,
 Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
 May waste the memory of the former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
 How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!⁶
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
 Then plain and right, must my possession be:
 Which I, with more than with a common pain,
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

*Enter Prince JOHN of LANCASTER, WARWICK, Lords,
 and others.*

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal
 father!

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace, son
 John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
 From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
 My worldly business makes a period.—
 Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Hen. My lord of Warwick!

K. Hen.

and many I intended to lead abroad. This journey to the Holy Land, of which
 the King very frequently revives the mention, had two motives, religion
 and policy. He durst not wear the ill-gotten crown without expiation,
 but in the act of expiation he contrives to make his wickedness successful.

JOHNSON.

I confess, I have no distinct comprehension of the foregoing passage,
 which is ungrammatical as well as obscure. Dr. Johnson's explanation
 pre-supposes the existence of such a reading as is since offered by Mr. M.
 Mason, viz. *some* instead of *them*. STEEVENS.

⁵ The expedition that Cæsar meditated against the Parthians, immedi-
 ately before his death, has been ascribed to the same apprehension which
 dictated to Henry a journey to the Holy Land. MALONE.

⁶ This is a true picture of mind divided between heaven and earth.
 He prays for the prosperity of guilt while he deprecates its punishment.

JOHNSON.

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Laud be to God!—even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I suppos'd, the Holy Land:—
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie?
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Glostershire. *A Hall in Shallow's House.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pie,⁷ fir, you shall not away to-night.
——What, Davy, I say!

Fal.

⁷ This adjuration seems to have been very popular.

Cock is only a corruption of the Sacred Name, as appears from many passages in the old interludes.

Cock's body, cock's passion, &c. occur in the old morality of *Hycke Scorne*.

The *pie* is a table or rule in the old Roman officers, showing, in a technical way, how to find out the service which is to be read upon each day.

Among some “Ordinances, however, made at Eltham, in the reign of *K. Henry VIII.*” we have—“Item that the *Pye* of coals be abridged to the one halfe theretofore had been served.”

A printing letter of a particular size, called the *pica*, was probably denominiated from the *pie*, as the *brevier*, from the *breviary*, and the *primer* from the *primer*. STEEVENS.

What was called *The Pie* by the clergy before the Reformation, was called by the Greeks *Πίναξ*, or the index. Though the word *Πίναξ* signifies a plank in its original, yet in its metaphorical sense it signifies *συνὴ ἐξωγραφημένη*, a painted table or picture: and because indexes or tables of books were formed into square figures, resembling pictures or painters' tables, hung up in a frame, these likewise were called *Πίνακες*, or, being marked only with the first letter of the word, *Πί's* or *Pies*. All other derivations of the word are manifestly erroneous.

In a second preface *Concerning the service of the Church*, prefixed to the Common Prayer, this table is mentioned as follows: “Moreover the number and hardness of the rules called the *Pie*, and the manifold changes,” &c. RIDLEY.

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow,

Shal. I will not excuse you;⁹ you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, fir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.²—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, fir, thus;—those precepts cannot be served:³ and, again, fir,—Shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook;—Are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, fir.—Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast,⁴ and paid:—fir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, fir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—And, fir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?⁵

Shal. He shall answer it:—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legg'd hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, fir?

Shal.

⁹ The sterility of Justice Shallow's wit is admirably described, in thus making him, by one of the finest strokes of nature, so often vary his phrase, or express one and the same thing, and that the commonest.

WARBURTON.

² It appears from this instance, as well as many others, that anciently the lower orders of people had no surnames, or, if they had, were only called by the titles of their several professions. The *cook* of William Canynge, the royal merchant of Bristol, lies buried there under a flat stone, near the monument of his master, in the beautiful church of St. Mary Redcliffe: On this stone are represented the ensigns of his trade, a skimmer and a knife. STEEVENS.

³ *Precept* is a justice's warrant. To the offices which Falstaff gives Davy in the following scene, may be added that of justice's clerk. Davy has almost as many employments as Scrub in *The Stratagem*. JOHNSON.

⁴ That is, cast up, computed. M. MASON.

⁵ Hinckley is a considerable market town in Leicestershire.

NICHOLS.

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well; A friend i'the court is better than a penny in purse.⁶ Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will back-bite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten, fir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, fir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, fir: but yet, God forbid, fir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, fir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have serv'd your worship truly, fir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, fir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about Davy. [*Exit DAVY.*] Where are you, fir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*To the Page.*] Come, fir John. [*Exit SHALLOW.*]

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*] If I were saw'd into quantities, I should make four dozen such bearded hermit's-staves⁷ as master Shallow.⁸ It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish

⁶ "A friend in court is worth a penny in purse," is one of Camden's proverbial sentences. See his *Remaines*, 4to. 1605. MALONE.

⁷ He had before called him the starved justice. His want of flesh is a standing jest. JOHNSON:

⁸ *Shallow's* folly seems to have been almost proverbial. So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602: "——We must have false fires to amaze these spangle babies, these true heirs of master Justice Shallow."

foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a justice-like serving man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent,⁹ like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master:² if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions,)³ and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow,⁴ will do with a fellow that never had the ache⁵ in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*Within.*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

SCENE II.

Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter WARWICK, and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War.

⁹ i. e. *in concentu*, or in one mind, one party. So, *Macbeth*:

“If you shall cleave to my *consent*.”

The word, however, may be derived from *consentio*, *consensus*, Lat.

STEEVENS.

In concent is in union, in accord. In our author's time the word in this sense, was written *consent*, (as it here is in the old copy,) and that spelling continued to Cowley's time. MALONE.

² i. e. admitted to their master's confidence. STEEVENS.

³ There is something humourous in making a spendthrift compute time by the operation of an action for debt. JOHNSON.

⁴ —a sad brow,] i. e. a serious face. STEEVENS.

⁵ That is, a young fellow, one whose disposition to merriment, time and pain have not yet impaired. JOHNSON.

War. Exceeding well ; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature ;
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would, his majesty had called me with him :
The service that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think, the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know, he doth not ; and do arm myself,
To welcome the condition of the time ;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*Enter Prince JOHN, Prince HUMPHREY, CLARENCE,
WESTMORELAND, and others.*

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry :
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen !
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort !

Ch. Just. Alas ! I fear, all will be overturn'd.

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick.

P. Humph. Cla. Good morrow, cousin.

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember ; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well ! peace be with him that hath made us
heavy !

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier !

P. Humph. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend, in-
deed :

And I dare swear, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow ; it is, sure, your own.

P. John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation :
I am the sorrier ; 'would, 'twere otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speak sir John Falstaff fair ;
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,

Led

Led by the impartial conduct⁶ of my soul;
 And never shall you see, that I will beg
 A ragged and forestall'd remission.⁷—
 If truth and upright innocence fail me,
 I'll to the king my master that is dead,
 And tell him who hath sent me after him.
War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King HENRY V.

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and heaven save your majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
 Sits not so easy on me as you think.—
 Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;
 This is the English, not the Turkish court;⁸
 Not Amurath an Amurath⁹ succeeds,

But

⁶ Thus the quartos. The folio reads—*imperial*. STEEVENS.

Impartial is confirmed by a subsequent speech addressed by the King to the Chief Justice. MALONE.

⁷ *Ragged* has no sense here. We should read:

A rated and forestall'd remission.

i. e. a remission that must be sought for, and bought with supplication.

WARBURTON.

Different minds have different perplexities. I am more puzzled with *forestall'd* than with *ragged*; for *ragged*, in our author's licentious diction, may easily signify beggarly, mean, base, ignominious; but *forestall'd* I know not how to apply to *remission* in any sense primitive or figurative. I should be glad of another word, but cannot find it. Perhaps by *forestall'd* remission, he may mean a pardon begged by a voluntary confession of offence, and anticipation of the charge. JOHNSON.

A *forestalled remission*, seems to mean, a remission that it is predetermined shall not be granted, or will be rendered nugatory. Shakspeare uses, in more places than one, the word *forestall* in the sense of to *prevent*. Horatio says to Hamlet, "If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will *forestall* their repair hither." In this very play, the Prince says to the King:

"But for my tears, &c.

"I had *forestall'd* this dear and deep rebuke." M. MASON.

I believe, *forestall'd* only means *asked* before it is granted. If he will grant me pardon unasked, so; if not, I will not condescend to solicit it.

MALONE.

⁸ Not the court where the prince that mounts the throne puts his brothers to death. JOHNSON.

⁹ Amurath the Third (the sixth Emperor of the Turks) died on January

But Harry Harry : Yet be sad, good brothers,
 For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you ;
 Sorrow so royally in you appears,
 That I will deeply put the fashion on,
 And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad :
 But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
 Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
 For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
 I'll be your father and your brother too ;
 Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
 Yet weep, that Harry's dead ; and so will I :
 But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
 By number, into hours of happiness.

P. John, &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me :—and you most ;
 [To the Ch. Just.

You are, I think, assured I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
 Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No !

How might a Prince of my great hopes forget
 So great indignities you laid upon me ?
 What ! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
 The immediate heir of England ! Was this easy ?³
 May this be washed in Lethe, and forgotten ?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father ;

The

January the 18th, 1595-6. The people being generally disaffected to Mahomet, his eldest son, and inclined to Amurath, one of his younger children, the Emperor's death was concealed for ten days by the Janizaries, till Mahomet came from Amasia to Constantinople. On his arrival he was saluted Emperor, by the great Bassas, and others his favourers ; “ which done (says Knolles) he presently after caused all his brethren to be invited to a solemn feast in the court ; whereunto they, yet ignorant of their father's death, came chearfully, as men fearing no harm : but, being come, *were there all most miserably strangled.*” It is highly probable that Shakspeare here alludes to this transaction ; which was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer.

This circumstance, therefore may fix the date of this play subsequently to the beginning of the year 1596 ;—and perhaps it was written while this fact was yet recent. MALONE.

³ That is, was this not grievous ? Shakspeare has *easy* in this sense elsewhere. JOHNSON.

The image of his power lay then in me :
 And, in the administration of his law,
 Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
 Your highness pleased to forget my place,
 The majesty and power of law and justice,
 The image of the king whom I presented,
 And struck me in my very seat of judgement ; ⁴
 Whereon, as an offender to your father,

I gave

⁴ The Chief Justice, in this play, was Sir William Gascoigne.

And here it may be noted, that Shakspeare has deviated from history in bringing the Chief Justice and Henry V. together, for it is expressly said by Fuller, in his *Worthies of Yorkshire*, and that on the best authority, that Gascoigne died in the life-time of his father, viz. on the first day of November, 14 Henry IV. See *Dudg. Origines Juridic. in the Chronica Series*, fol. 54, 56. Neither is it to be presumed but that this laboured defence of his conduct is a fiction of the poet: and it may justly be inferred from the character of this very able lawyer, whose name frequently occurs in the year-book of his time, that, having had spirit and resolution to vindicate the authority of the law, in the punishment of the prince, he disdained a formal apology for an act that is recorded to his honour. Sir J. HAWKINS.

In the foregoing accounts of this transaction, there is no mention of the Prince's having *struck* Gascoigne, the Chief Justice. Holinshed, however, whom our author copied, speaking of the "wanton pastime" in which Prince Henry passed his youth, says, that "where on a time hee stroke the chiefe justice on the face with his fist, for emprisoning one of his mates, he was not only committed to straight prison himselfe by the sayde chief justice, but also of his father put out of the privie counsell and banished the courte." Holinshed has here followed Hall. Our author (as an anonymous writer has observed) [Mr. Ritson] might have found the same circumstance in the old play of *K. Henry V.*

With respect to the anachronism, Sir William Gascoigne certainly died before the accession of Henry V. to the throne, as appears from the inscription which was once eligible on his tombstone, in Harwood church in Yorkshire, and was as follows: "Hic jacet Wil'mus Gascoigne, nuper capit. justic. de banco, Hen. nuper regis Angliæ quarti, qui quidem Wil'mus ob. die domi'ca 17.^a die Decembris. an. dom. 1412, 14.^{to} Henrici quarti. factus iudex, 1401." See *Gent. Magazine*, Vol. LI. p. 624.

Shakspeare, however, might have been misled on the authority of Stowe, who in a marginal note, 1 Henry V. erroneously asserts that "William Gascoigne was chief justice of the Kings Bench from the *sixt* of Henry IV. to the *third* of Henry the Fifth:" or, (which is full as probable,) Shakspeare might have been careless about the matter.

MALONE.

I gave bold way to my authority,
 And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
 To have a son set your decrees at nought;
 To pluck down Justice from your awful bench;
 To trip the course of law,⁵ and blunt the sword
 That guards the peace and safety of your person:
 Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,
 And mock your workings in a second body.⁶
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
 Be now the father, and propose a son:⁷
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
 Behold yourself so by a son disdained;
 And then imagine me taking your part,
 And, in your power, soft silencing your son:
 After this cold consideration, sentence me;
 And, as you are a king, speak in your state,⁸—
 What I have done, that misbecame my place,
 My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;
 Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:
 And I do wish your honours may increase,
 Till you do live to see a son of mine
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
 So shall I live to speak my father's words;—
*Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
 That dares do justice on my proper son:
 And not less happy, having such a son,
 That would deliver up his greatness so
 Into the hands of justice.*—You did commit me:
 For which, I do commit into your hand
 The unstained sword that you have us'd to bear;

With

⁵ To defeat the process of justice; a metaphor taken from the act of tripping a runner. JOHNSON.

⁶ To treat with contempt your acts executed by a representative.

JOHNSON.

⁷ i. e. image to yourself a son, contrive for a moment to think you have one. STEEVENS.

⁸ In your regal character and office, not with the passion of a man interested, but with the impartiality of a legislator. JOHNSON.

With this remembrance,⁹—That you use the same
 With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand;
 You shall be as a father to my youth:
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;
 And I will stoop and humble my intents
 To your well-practis'd, wise directions.—
 And, princes, all, believe me, I beseech you;—
 My father is gone wild² into his grave,
 For in his tomb lie my affections;
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,³
 To mock the expectation of the world;
 To frustrate prophecies; and to raze out
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
 After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now;
 Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea;
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,⁴

And

⁹ That is, admonition. JOHNSON.

² Mr. Pope, by substituting *wail'd* for *wild*, without sufficient consideration, afforded Mr. Theobald much matter of ostentatious triumph. JOHNSON.

The meaning is—My *wild* dispositions having ceased on my father's death, and being now as it were buried in his tomb, he and wildness are interred in the same grave. MALONE.

³ *Sadly* is the same as soberly, seriously, gravely. *Sad* is opposed to *wild*. JOHNSON.

⁴ i. e. The assembly, or general meeting of the floods: for all rivers, running to the sea, are there represented as holding their sessions. This thought naturally introduced the following:

“Now call we our high court of parliament.”

But the Oxford editor, much a stranger to the phraseology of that time in general, and to his author's in particular, out of mere loss for his meaning, reads it backwards, *the floods of state*. WARBURTON.

The objection to Warburton's explanation is, that the word *state*, in the singular, does not imply the sense he contends for; we say an assembly of the *states*, not of the *state*. I believe we must either adopt Hanmer's amendment, or suppose that *state* means *dignity*; and that, “to mingle with the state of floods,” is to partake of the dignity of floods. I should prefer the amendment to this interpretation.

M. MASON.

I prefer

And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
 Now call we our high court of parliament :
 And let us choofe fuch limbs of noble counfel,
 That the great body of our ftate may go
 In equal rank with the beft govern'd nation ;
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us ;—
 In which you, father, fhall have foremoft hand.—

[*To the Lord Chief Juftice.*

Our coronation done, we will accite,
 As I before remember'd, all our ftate :
 And (God configning to my good intents,)
 No prince, nor peer, fhall have juft caufe to fay,—
 Heaven fhorten Harry's happy life one day. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Gloftershire. *The Garden of Shallow's Houfe.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, the Page, and DAVY.

Shal. Nay, you fhall fee mine orchard : where, in an
 arbour, we will eat a laft year's pippin of my own graffing,
 with a difh of caraways, and fo forth ;⁵—come, coufin Si-
 lence ;—and then to bed.

Fal.

I prefer the interpretation to the amendment. *State* moft evidently
 means *dignity*. STEEVENS.

—[*with the ftate of floods,*] With the majeftick dignity of the
 ocean, the chief of floods. So before, in this fcene :

“ And, as you are a king, fpeak in your *ftate*, ”—

State and *Eftate*, however, were ufed in our author's time for a *perfon*
 of high dignity, and may in that fenfe be applied to the fea, fuppoſing it
 to be perſonified. MALONE.

⁵ A comfit or confect on ſo called in our author's time. A paſſage in
De Vigneul Marvill's Melanges d'Hiftoire et de Litt. will explain this odd
 treat : “ Dans le dernier ſiecle ou l'on avoit le gout delicat, on ne
 croioit pas pouvoir vivre ſans Dragées. Il n'etoit fils de bonne mere,
 qui n'eut ſon Dragier ; et il eſt reporté dans l'hiftoire du duc de Guiſe,
 que quand il fut tué à Blois, il avoit ſon Dazgier à la main.”

WARBURTON.

Mr. Edwards has diverted himſelf with this note of Dr. Warburton's,
 but

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, fir John:—marry, good air.⁶—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy: well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man, and your husbandman.⁷

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, fir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper:—a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down:—come, cousin.

Sil.

but without producing a happy illustration of the passage. The dish of *caraways* here mentioned was a dish of apples of that name.

GOLDSMITH:

Whether Dr. Warburton, Mr. Edwards, or Dr. Goldsmith is in the right, the following passage in Decker's *Satiromastix*, has left undecided:

“By this handful of *carraways* I could never abide to say grace.”

“——by these *comfits* we'll let all slide.”

“By these *comfits* and these *carraways*; I warrant it does him good to swear.”——

“——I am glad, lady Petula, by this *apple*, that they please you.”

That *apples*, *comfits*, and *caraways*, at least were distinct things, may be inferred from the following passage in the old black letter interlude of the *Disobedient Child*, no date:

“What running had I for *apples* and nuttes,

“What callying for biskettes, *cumfettes*, and *carawaies*.”

There is a *pear*, however, called a *caraway*, which may be corrupted from *caillouel*, Fr. STEEVENS.

It would be easy to prove by several instances that *caraways* were generally part of the desert in Shakspeare's time. REED.

The following passage in Cogan's *Haven of Health*, 4to. bl. l. 1595, will at once settle this important question: “This is a confirmation of our use in England, for the serving of apples and other fruites last after meales. Howbeit we are wont to eat *carawaies* or biskets, or some other kind of *comfits* or *seedes* together with apples, thereby to breake wind ingendred by them: and surely it is a very good way for students.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ Justice Shallow alludes to a witticism frequent among rustics, who when talking of a healthy country pleasantly observe: “Yes, it is a good air, more run away than die.” HOLT WHITE.

⁷ Old copy—*husband*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. I am not sure that the emendation is necessary. “He was a wise *man*, and a good,” was the language of our author's time. See also Falstaff's preceding speech.

MALONE.

Sil. Ah, firrah! quoth-a,—we shall

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,

[Singing.

And praise heaven for the merry year;

When flesh is cheap and females dear,⁸

And lusty lads roam here and there,

So merrily,

And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet fir, fit; [*Seating BARDOLPH and the Page at another table.*] I'll be with you anon:—most sweet fir, fit.—Master page, good master page, fit: proface!⁹ What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear; The heart's all.² [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil.

⁸ This very natural character of justice Silence is not sufficiently observed. He would scarcely speak a word before, and now there is no possibility of stopping his mouth. He has a *catch* for every occasion:

When flesh is che ap, and females dear.

Here the double sense of the word *dear* must be remembered.—

Ever among is used by Chaucer in the *Romant of the Rose*:

“*Ever among* (sothly to faine)

“*I suffre noie and mochil paine.*” FARMER.

⁹ Italian from *profaccia*; that is, much good may it do you.

HANMER.

Sir Thomas Hanmer (says Dr. Farmer) is right, yet it is no argument for his author's Italian knowledge.

Old Heywood, the epigrammatist, addressed his readers long before:

“*Readers, reade this thus: for preface, proface.*

“*Much good may it do you,*” &c.

I am still much in doubt whether there be such an Italian word as *profaccia*. Baretti has it not, and it is more probable that we received it from the French; *proface* being a colloquial abbreviation of the phrase.—*Bon prou leur face*, i. e. Much good may it do them. See Cotgrave, in voce *Prou*. STEEVENS.

Sir T. Hanmer, (as an ingenious friend observes to me,) was mistaken in supposing *profaccia* a regular Italian word; the proper expression being *buon pro vi faccia*, much good may it do you! *Profaccia* is however, as I am informed, a *cant* term used by the common people in Italy, though it is not inserted in the best Italian dictionaries. MALONE.

² That is, the intention with which the entertainment is given. The humour consists in making Davy act as master of the house. JOHNSON.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife's as all;³ [Singing.

For women are shrews, both short and tall:

'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,⁴

And welcome merry sbrove-tide.⁵

Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think, master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.⁶

[Setting them before BARDOLPH.

Shal. Davy,—

Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight. [To BARD.]—A cup of wine, fir?

Sil. A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine, [Singing.

And drink unto the leman mine;

And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

Sil. And we shall be merry;—now comes in the sweet of the night.⁷

Fal.

³ Old copy—*has* all. Dr. Farmer very acutely observes, that we should read—my wife's *as* all, i. e. as all women are. This affords a natural introduction to what follows. STEEVENS.

⁴ Mr. Warton, in the *History of English Poetry*, observes, that this rhyme is found in a poem by Adam Davie, called *The Life of Alexander*

“Merry swithe it is in halle,

“When the berdes waveth alle.” STEEVENS.

This song is mentioned by a contemporary author, “——which done grace said, and the table taken up, the plate presently conveyed into the pantrie, the hall summons this consort of companions (upon payne to dyne with duke Humphrie, or to kisse the hare's foot) to appear at the first call: where a song is to be sung, the under song or holding whereof is, *It is merrie in haul where beards wag all.*” *The Serving-man's Comfort*, 1598. Sign. C. REED.

⁵ *Sbrove-tide* was formerly a season of extraordinary sport and feasting. In the Romish church there was anciently a feast immediately preceding Lent, which lasted many days, called CARNISCAPIUM. T. WARTON.

⁶ The apple commonly denominated ruffetine, in Devonshire is called the *buff-coat*. HENLEY.

⁷ I believe the latter words [those in the speech of *Silence*] make part of some old ballad.—In one of Autolycus's songs we find—

“Why

Fal. Health and long life to you, master Silence!

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come ⁸

I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: If thou want'st any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief? [*To the Page.*] and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes ⁹ about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.²

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, fir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thank thee:—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, fir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry, [*Knocking heard.*] Look who's at door there: Ho! who knocks? [*Exit DAVY.*]

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper.*]

Sil. Do me right,³

[*Singing.*]

And Dub me knight: ⁴

Samingo.⁵

Is't

“Why then comes in the sweet of the year.”

The words, *And we shall be merry*, have a reference to a song, of which Silence has already sung a stanza. His speeches in this scene are, for the most part, fragments of ballads. Though his imagination did not furnish him with any thing original to say, he could repeat the verses of others. MALONE.

⁸ This passage has hitherto been printed as prose, but I am told that it makes a part of an old song, and have therefore restored it to its metrical form. STEEVENS.

⁹ This was the term by which an airy, splendid, irregular fellow was distinguished. The soldiers of King Charles were called Cavaliers from the gaiety which they affected in opposition to the sour faction of the parliament. JOHNSON.

² *Once*, I believe, here signifies *some time*, or—*one time or another*. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Fenton says: “I pray thee, *once* to-night give my sweet Nan this ring.” STEEVENS.

³ *To do a man right*, and *to do him reason*, were formerly the usual expressions in pledging healths. He who drank a bumper, expected a bumper should be drank to his toast. STEEVENS.

Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.—

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. God save you, sir John!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.
—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think 'a be; but Goodman Puff of Barfon.⁶

Pist.

⁴ It was the custom of the good fellows of Shakspeare's days to drink a very large draught of wine, and sometimes a less palatable potation, on *their knees*, to the health of their mistresses. He who performed this exploit was dubb'd a *knight* for the evening. MALONE.

⁵ He means to say, *San Domingo*. HANMER.

Samingo, that is, *San Domingo*, as some of the commentators have rightly observed. But what is the meaning and propriety of the name here, has not yet been shown. Justice Silence is here introduced as in the midst of his cups: and I remember a black-letter ballad, in which either a *San Domingo*, or a *signior Domingo*, is celebrated for his miraculous feats in drinking. Silence, in the abundance of his festivity, touches upon some old song, in which this convivial *saint* or *signior*, was the *burden*. Perhaps too the pronunciation is here suited to the character.

T. WARTON.

This is, to the present situation of Silence; who has drunk so deeply at supper, that Falstaff afterwards orders him to be *carried* to bed.

MALONE.

Of the gluttony and drunkenness of the *Dominicans*, one of their own order says thus in Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. cxxxi: "Sanctus *Dominicus* sit nobis semper amicus, cui canimus—ficcatis ante lagenis—fratres qui non curant nisi ventres." Hence *Domingo* might (as Mr. Steevens remarks) become the burden of a drinking song. TOLLET.

⁶ A little before, William Visor of Wuncot is mentioned. Woodman-cot and Barton (says Mr. Edwards's MSS.) which I suppose are these

Pist. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—

Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world,

Pist. A fount for the world, and worldlings base!

I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?

Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.⁷

Sil. And Robinhood, Scarlet, and John.⁸

[Sings.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?

And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.⁹

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir;—If sir, you come with news
from

two places, and are represented to be in the neighbourhood of justice Shallow, are both of them in Berkeley hundred in Gloucestershire. This, I imagine, was done to disguise the satire a little; for Sir Thomas Lucy, who, by the coat of arms he bears, must be the real justice Shallow, lived at Charlecot near Stratford, in Warwickshire. STEEVENS.

Barston is a village in Warwickshire, lying between Coventry and Solyhull. PERCY.

Mr. Tollet has the same observation, and adds that *Woncot* may be put for *Wolpmanecote*, vulgarly *Owencote*, in the same county. Shakspeare might be unwilling to disguise the satire too much, and therefore mentioned places within the jurisdiction of Sir Thomas Lucy. STEEVENS.

Mr. Warton in a note on *The Taming of the Shrew*, says that *Wilnecote*, (or *Wincot*,) is a village in Warwickshire, near Stratford. I suppose therefore in a former scene we should read *Wincot* instead of *Woncot*.

MALONE.

⁷ Lines taken from an old bombast play of *King Cophetua*; of whom we learn from Shakspeare, there were ballads too. WARBURTON.

This is mere conjecture, for no such play is extant. From a passage in *King Richard II.* it may indeed be surmized that there was such a piece. The ballad of *The King (Cophetua) and the Beggar*, may be found in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. I. MALONE.

⁸ This scrap (as Dr. Percy has observed in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*) is taken from a stanza in the old ballad of *Robin Hood and the Pindar of Wakefield*. STEEVENS.

⁹ Should not we read?—in Fury's lap. RITSON.

from the court, I take it, there is but two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, fir, under the king, in some authority,

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian? ⁹ speak, or die.

Shal. Under king Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;

Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth:

When Pistol lies, do this; and fig² me, like

The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: ³ the things I speak, are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph; faddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good news?

Fal.

⁹ So again, Suffolk says in the Second Part of *Henry VI*:

“Great men oft die by vile *Bezonians*.”

It is a term of reproach, frequent in the writers contemporary with our poet. *Bisognofo*, a needy person; thence metaphorically, a base scoundrel. THEOBALD.

² To *fig*, in Spanish, *bigas dar*, is to insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger. From this Spanish custom we yet say in contempt, “a fig for you.” JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson has properly explained this phrase; but it should be added that it is of Italian origin. When the Milanese revolted against the emperor Frederic Barbarossa, they placed the empress his wife upon a mule with her head towards the tail, and ignominiously expelled her their city. Frederic afterwards besieged and took the place, and compelled every one of his prisoners on pain of death to take with his teeth a fig from the posteriors of a mule. The party was at the same time obliged to repeat to the executioner the words “*ecco la fica*.” From this circumstance “*far la fica*” became a term of derision, and was adopted by other nations. The French say likewise “*faire la figue*.” DOUCE.

³ This proverbial expression is oftener used than understood. The *door nail* is the *nail* on which in ancient *doors* the knocker strikes. It is therefore used as a comparison to any one irrecoverably dead, one who has fallen (as Virgil says) *multâ morte*, i. e. with abundant death, such as reiteration of strokes on the head would naturally produce.

STEEVENS.

Fal. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots; we'll ride all night :—O, sweet Pistol :—Away, Bardolph. [*Exit BARD.*]—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow; I know, the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!
Where is the life that late I led, say they: ⁴
 Why, here it is; Welcome these pleasant days.⁵ [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

London. *A Street.*

*Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess Quickly, and Doll Tear-sheet.*⁶

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 Bead. The constables have deliver'd her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer⁷ enough, I warrant her: There hath been a man or two lately kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook,⁸ you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee

⁴ Words of an old ballad. WARBUTON.

⁵ Perhaps, (as Sir Thomas Hanmer suggests,) the poet concluded this scene with a rhyming couplet, and therefore wrote:

———Welcome this pleasant day. STEEVENS.

⁶ This stage-direction in the quarto edit. of 1600, stands thus: "*Enter Sincklo, and three or four officers.*" And the name of Sincklo is prefixed to those speeches, which in the later editions are given to the Beadle. This is an additional proof that Sincklo was the name of one of the players. TYRWHITT.

⁷ So, in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587: "——in wedlocke all pensive fullenes and lowring-cheer ought to be utterly excluded," &c. STEEVENS.

⁸ It has been already observed in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, that nut-hook seems to have been in those times a name of reproach for a catchpoll. JOHNSON.

A nut-hook was, I believe, a person who stole linen, &c. out at windows,

thee what, thou damn'd tripe-visaged rascal; an the child I now go with, do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Hof. O the Lord, that fir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God, the fruit of her womb miscarry!

i Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions⁹ again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer!² I will

dows, by means of a pole with a hook at the end of it. Greene, in his *Arte of Coney-catching*, has given a very particular account of this kind of fraud; so that *nut-book* was probably as common a term of reproach as rogue is at present. In an old comedy intitled *Match me in London*, 1631, I find the following passage: "She's the king's *nut-book*, that when any filbert is ripe, pulls down the bravest boughs to his hand."

Hence perhaps the phrase *By book or by crook*, which is as old as the time of Tuffer and Spenser. The first uses it in his *Husbandry* for the month of March, the second in the third book of his *Faery Queene*. In the first volume of Holinshed's *Chronicle*, p. 183, the reader may find the cant titles bestowed by the vagabonds of that age on one another, among which are *bookers*, or anglers: and Decker, in *The Bell-man of London*, 5th edit. 1640, describes this species of robbery in particular.

STEEVENS.

⁹ That is, to stuff her out that she might counterfeit pregnancy.

STEEVENS.

² These old censers of thin metal had generally at the bottom the figure of some saint raised up with a hammer, in a barbarous kind of embossed or chased work. The hunger-starved beadle is compared, in substance, to one of these thin raised figures, by the same kind of humour that Pistol, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, calls Slender a latten bilboe.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is erroneous. The embossed figure to which Doll refers, was in the middle of the pierced convex lid of the censer; and not at the bottom, where it must have been out of sight.

That Doll Tear-sheet, however, may not be suspected of acquaintance with the censers mentioned in Scripture and confined to sacred use, it should be remarked, that the consummate flattery of ancient houses rendered censers or fire-pans, in which coarse perfumes were burnt, most necessary utensils. In *Much ado about Nothing*, Act I. sc. iii. Borachio says he had been "entertained for a perfumer to smoke a musty room at Leonato's:" and in a letter from the Lords of the Council, in the reign of K. Edward VI. (See Lodge's *Illustrations of British History*, &c. Vol. I.

p. 141.)

will have you as soundly fwinged for this, you blue-bottle-rogue! ³ you filthy famish'd correctioner! if you be not fwinged, I'll forswear half-kirtles.⁴

1 Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant; come.

Host. O, that right should thus overcome might? Well; of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come? bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay; come, you starved blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Host.

p. 141.) we are told that Lord Paget's house was so small, that "after one month it would wax *unsavory* for hym to contynue in," &c. Again, from the correspondence of the Earl of Shrewsbury with Lord Burleigh, during the confinement of Mary Queen of Scots at Sheffield-castle, in 1572. (See Vol. II. p. 68.) we learn that her Majesty was to be removed for five or six days "to klense her chambar, being kept very *unklenly*." STEEVENS.

³ A name, I suppose, given to the beadle from the colour of his livery. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is right with respect to the *livery*, but the allusion seems to be to the great *flesh fly*, commonly called a *blue-bottle*. FARMER.

The serving men were anciently habited in *blue*, and this is spoken on the entry of one of them. It was natural for Doll to have an aversion to the colour, as a *blue gown* was the dress in which a strumpet did penance. So, in *The Northern Lass*, 1633: "——let all the good you intended me be a lockram coif, a *blew gown*, a wheel, and a clean whip." Mr. Malone confirms Dr. Johnson's remark on the dress of the beadle, by the following quotation from *Michaelmas Term*, by Middleton, 1607: "And to be free from the interruption of *blue* beacles and other bawdy officers, he most politickly lodges her in a constable's house."

STEEVENS.

⁴ Probably the dress of the prostitutes of that time. JOHNSON.

A *half kirtle* was perhaps the same kind of thing as we call at present a short-gown, or a bed-gown. There is a proverbial expression now in use which may serve to confirm it. When a person is loosely dressed, the vulgar say—Such a one looks like a w—— in a bed-gown. See *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "——forty shillings I lent her to redeem two *half-silk kirtles*." STEEVENS.

The dress of the courtezans of the time confirms Mr. Steevens's observation. So, in *Michaelmas Term*, by Middleton, 1607: "Dost dream of virginity now? remember a *loose bodied gown*, wench, and let it go."

Yet from the description of a *kirtle* already given (see p. 444,) a half-kirtle should seem to be a *short cloak*, rather than a short gown. Perhaps such a cloak, without sleeves, was here meant. MALONE.

Hof. Thou atomy thou! ⁵

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal! ⁶

1. *Bead.* Very well.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

A publick place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.

1. *Groom.* More rushes, more rushes. ⁷

2. *Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

1. *Groom.*

⁵ *Atomy* for *anatomy*. *Atomy* or *otamy* is sometimes used by the ancient writers where no blunder or depravation is designed. STEEVENS.

The preceding expression seems to confirm Mr. Steevens's explanation. But whether the *Otamies* of Surgeons' Hall were known at this time, may perhaps be questioned. *Atomy* is perhaps here the motes or atoms in the sun beams, as the poet himself calls them, speaking of queen Mab's chariot:

"Drawn with a team of little *Atomies*." *Romeo and Juliet*.

And *Otamie* of honour, may very easily be so understood. WHALLEY.

Shakspeare himself furnishes us with a proof that the word in his time bore the sense which we now frequently affix to it, having employed it in *The Comedy of Errors* precisely with the signification in which the hostess here uses *atomy*:

"They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,

"A mere *anatomy*, a mountebank,—

"A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,

"A living dead man." MALONE.

⁶ In the language of the forest, *lean deer* were called *rascal deer*.

STEEVENS.

On this note the following observation has been made: "Doll could not speak but in the language of the forest. *Rascal*, does not signify *rascal*, but *lean deer*. See what it is to be on the watch to show a little musty reading and *unknown* knowledge."

Who, except this superficial writer, is so little acquainted with our author's manner, as not to know that he often introduces allusions to customs and practices with which he was himself conversant, without being solicitous whether it was probable that the speaker should have known any thing of the matter. Thus, to give one instance out of a thousand, he puts into the mouth of kings the language of his own stage, and makes them talk of *cues* and *properties*, who never had been in a tiring-room, and probably had never heard of either the one or the other. Of the language of the forest he was extremely fond; and the particular term *rascal* he has introduced in at least a dozen places. MALONE.

⁷ *More rushes, &c.*] It has been already observed, that, at ceremonial entertainments,

1. *Groom*. It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation : Despatch, despatch. [*Exeunt Grooms*.

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow ; I will make the king do you grace : I will leer upon him, as 'a comes by ; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight !

Fal. Come here, Pistol ; stand behind me.—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestow'd the thousand pound I borrow'd of you. [*To SHALLOW.*] But 'tis no matter ; this poor show doth better : this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.⁹

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night ; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him : thinking of nothing else ; putting all affairs else in oblivion ; as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.

Pist.

entertainments, it was the custom to strew the floor with rushes. *Cains de Ephemera.* JOHNSON.

Chambers, and indeed all apartments usually inhabited, were formerly strewed in this manner. As our ancestors rarely washed their floors, disguises of uncleanness became necessary things. In the present instance, however, the rushes are supposed to be scattered on the pavement of a street, or on a platform. STEEVENS.

⁹ The two little answers which are given to Pistol in the old copy, are transferred by Sir Thomas Hanmer to Shallow. The repetition of *it doth* suits Shallow best. JOHNSON.

In the quarto, Shallow's *first* speech in this scene as well as these two, is erroneously given to *Pistol*. The editors of the folio corrected the former, but overlooked these. They likewise, in my apprehension, overlooked an error in the end of Falstaff's speech below, though they corrected one in the beginning of it. MALONE.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est* :

'Tis all in every part.²

Shal. 'Tis so indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance, and contagious prison ;
Haul'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand :—

Rouze up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,
For Doll is in ; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*]

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter the King, and his train, the Chief Justice among them.

Fal. God save thy grace, king Hal !³ my royal Hal !

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of
fame !⁴

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy !

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits ? know you what 'tis you
speak ?

Fal. My king ! my Jove ! I speak to thee my heart !

King. I know thee not, old man : Fall to thy prayers ;

How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester !

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-sweli'd, so old, and so profane ;⁵

But,

² The sentence alluded to is :

“ 'Tis all in all, and all in every part.”

And so doubtless it should be read. 'Tis a common way of expressing one's approbation of a right measure to say, 'tis *all in all*. To which this fantastick character adds, with some humour, *and all in every part* : which, both together, make up the philosophick sentence, and complete the absurdity of Pistol's phraseology. **WARBURTON.**

³ A similar scene occurs in the anonymous *Henry V.* Falstaff and his companions address the king in the same manner, and are dismissed as in this play of Shakspeare. **STEEVENS.**

⁴ The word *imp* is perpetually used by Ulpian Fulwell, and other ancient writers, for progeny. **STEEVENS.**

⁵ In our author it often signifies *love of talk*, without the particular idea now given of it. So, in *Othello* : “ Is he not a profane and very liberal counsellor.” **JOHNSON.**

But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
 Make less thy body, hence,⁶ and more thy grace;
 Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape
 For thee thrice wider than for other men:—
 Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;⁷
 Presume not, that I am the thing I was:
 For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,
 That I have turn'd away my former self
 So will I those that kept me company.
 When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
 Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,
 The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
 Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—
 As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—
 Not to come near our person by ten mile.⁸

For

⁶ i. e. henceforward, from this time, in the future. STEEVENS.

⁷ Nature is highly touched in this passage. The king having shaken off his vanities, schools his old companion for his follies with great severity: he assumes the air of a preacher; bids him fall to his prayers, seek grace, and leave gormandizing. But that word unluckily presenting him with a pleasant idea, he cannot forbear pursuing it. *Know, the grave doth gape for thee thrice wider, &c.* and is just falling back into Hal, by an humorous allusion to Falstaff's bulk; but he perceives it immediately, and fearing Sir John should take the advantage of it, checks both himself and the knight, with

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;

and so resumes the thread of his discourse, and goes moralizing on to the end of the chapter. Thus the poet copies nature with great skill, and shows us how apt men are to fall back into their old customs, when the change is not made by degrees, and brought into a habit, but determined of at once on the motives of honour, interest, or reason. WARBURTON.

⁸ Mr. Rowe observes, that many readers lament to see Falstaff so hardly used by his old friend. But if it be considered, that the fat knight has never uttered one sentiment of generosity, and with all his power of exciting mirth, has nothing in him that can be esteemed, no great pain will be suffered from the reflection that he is compelled to live honestly, and maintained by the king, with a promise of advancement when he shall deserve it.

I think the poet more blameable for Poins, who is always represented as joining some virtues with his vices, and is therefore treated by the prince with apparent distinction, yet he does nothing in the time of action; and though after the bustle is over he is again a favourite, at last vanishes without notice. Shakspeare certainly lost him by heedlessness,

For competence of life, I will allow you ;
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil :
 And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
 We will,—according to your strength, and qualities,—
 Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,
 To see perform'd the tenor of our word.—

Set on. *[Exeunt King, and his train.]*

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, fir John ; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this ; I shall be sent for in private to him : look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement ; I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how ; unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good fir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word : this that you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, fir John.

Fal. Fear no colours ; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol ;—come, Bardolph :—I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince JOHN, the Chief Justice, Officers, &c.

Ch. Just. Go, carry fir John Falstaff to the Fleet ;⁹

Take
 in the multiplicity of his characters, the variety of his action, and his eagerness to end the play. JOHNSON.

The dismissal of Falstaff was founded on a historical fact. Stowe says, that “ King Henry, after his coronation, called unto him all those young lords and gentlemen that were the followers of his young acts, to every one of whom he gave rich gifts ; and then commanded, that as many as would change their manners, as he intended to do, should abide with him in his court ; and to all that would persevere in their former like conversation, he gave express commandment, upon pain of their heads, never after that day to come in his presence.” STEEVENS.

⁹ I do not see why Falstaff is carried to the Fleet. We have never lost sight of him since his dismissal from the king ; he has committed no new fault, and therefore incurred no punishment ; but the different agitations of fear, anger, and surprize in him and his company, made a
 good

Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,——

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak : I will hear you soon.
Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.*

[*Exeunt FAL. SHAL. PIST. BARD. Page, and Officers.*]

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the king's :
He hath intent, his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for ;
But all are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

P. John. The king hath call'd his parliament my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

P. John. I will lay odds, that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords, and native fire,
As far as France : I heard a bird so sing,²
Whose musick, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence ? [*Exeunt.*³

good scene to the eye ; and our author, who wanted them no longer on the stage, was glad to find this method of sweeping them away.

JOHNSON.

² This phrase, which I suppose to be proverbial, occurs in the ancient ballad of *The rising in the North* :

“ I heard a bird sing in mine eare,

“ That I must either fight or flee.” STEEVENS:

³ I fancy every reader, when he ends this play, cries out with Desdemona, “ O most lame and impotent conclusion ?” As this play was not, to our knowledge, divided into acts by the author, I could be content to conclude it with the death of Henry the Fourth :

“ In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.”

These scenes, which now make the fifth act of *Henry the Fourth*, might then be the first of *Henry the Fifth* ; but the truth is, that they do not unite very commodiously to either play. When these plays were represented, I believe they ended as they are now ended in the books ; but Shakspeare seems to have designed that the whole series of action from the beginning of *Richard the Second*, to the end of *Henry the Fifth*, should be considered by the reader as one work, upon one plan, only broken into parts by the necessity of exhibition.

None of Shakspeare's plays are more read than the *First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth*. Perhaps no author has ever in two plays afforded so much delight. The great events are interesting, for the fate

of

of kingdoms depends upon them; the slighter occurrences are diverting, and, except one or two, sufficiently probable; the incidents are multiplied with wonderful fertility of invention, and the characters diversified with the utmost nicety of discernment, and the profoundest skill in the nature of man.

The Prince, who is the hero both of the comic and tragic part, is a young man of great abilities and violent passions, whose sentiments are right, though his actions are wrong; whose virtues are obscured by negligence, and whose understanding is dissipated by levity. In his idle hours he is rather loose than wicked; and when the occasion forces out his latent qualities, he is great without effort, and brave without tumult. The trisler is roused into a hero, and the hero again reposes in the trisler. The character is great, original, and just.

Percy is a rugged soldier, cholerick and quarrelsome, and has only the soldier's virtues, generosity and courage.

But Falstaff unimitated, unimitable Falstaff, how shall I describe thee? thou compound of sense and vice; of sense which may be admired, but not esteemed; of vice which may be despised, but hardly detested. Falstaff is a character loaded with faults, and with those faults which naturally produce contempt. He is a thief and a glutton, a coward and a boaster, always ready to cheat the weak, and prey upon the poor; to terrify the timorous, and insult the defenceless. At once obsequious and malignant, he satirizes in their absence those whom he lives by flattering. He is familiar with the prince only as an agent of vice, but of this familiarity he is so proud, as not only to be supercilious and haughty with common men, but to think his interest of importance to the duke of Lancaster. Yet the man thus corrupt, thus despicable, makes himself necessary to the prince that despises him, by the most pleasing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety; by an unfailing power of exciting laughter, which is the more freely indulged, as his wit is not of the splendid or ambitious kind, but consists in easy scapes and sallies of levity, which make sport, but raise no envy. It must be observed, that he is stained with no enormous or sanguinary crimes, so that his licentiousness is not so offensive but that it may be borne for his mirth.

The moral to be drawn from this representation is, that no man is more dangerous than he that, with a will to corrupt, hath the power to please; and that neither wit nor honesty ought to think themselves safe with such a companion, when they see Henry seduced by Falstaff.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson objects with good reason, I think, to the "lame and impotent conclusion" of this play. Our author seems to have been as careless in the conclusion of the following plays as in that before us.

In *The Tempest* the concluding words are,

"—please you draw near."

In *Much ado about Nothing*:

"—Strike up pipers."

In *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"—You that way; we this way."

In *The Winter's Tale* :

“ ———Hastily lead away.”

In *Timon of Athens* :

“ Let our drums strike.”

In *Hamlet* :

“ Go, bid the soldiers shoot.” MALONE.

That there is no apparent full and energetic close to any of the plays enumerated by Mr. Malone, is undeniable ; but perhaps the epilogue spoken in the character of *Prospero*, the dance which terminates *Much Ado about Nothing*, a final and picturesque separation and procession of the personages in *Love's Labour's Lost* and the *Winter's Tale*, the symphony of warlike instruments at the end of *Timon*, and the peal of ordnance shot off while the survivors in *Hamlet* are quitting the stage, might have proved as satisfactory to our ancestors as the moral applications and polished couplets with which so many of our modern dramatick pieces conclude. STEEVENS.

EPILOGUE:

Spoken by a Dancer.

FIRST, my fear; then my court'sy: last, my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say, is of mine own making; and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you, (as it is very well,) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me;³ if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France:⁴ where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat

² This epilogue was merely occasional, and alludes to some theatrical transaction. JOHNSON.

³ The trick of influencing one part of the audience by the favour of the other, has been played already in the epilogue to *As you Like it*.

JOHNSON.

⁴ I think this is a proof that the French scenes in *King Henry V.* however unworthy of our author, were really written by him. It is evident from this passage, that he had at this time formed the plan of that play; and how was fair Katharine to make the audience merry, but by speaking broken English? The conversation and courtship of a great princess, in the usual style of the drama, was not likely to afford any merriment.

TYRWHITT.

*a sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard opinions ; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.*⁵ My
tongue

⁵ “ This (says Mr. Pope) alludes to a play in which Sir John Oldcastle was put for Falstaff; ” and “ the word *martyr*, ” (says another commentator,) “ hints at this miserable performance, and its fate, which was damnation. ” The play which these commentators suppose to be alluded to, is entitled *The History of the famous Victories of King Henry V.* printed in 1598. In this play there is a buffoon character called *Oldcastle*. I have already shown, as I conceive, that there is no ground whatsoever for supposing that Falstaff was ever called *Oldcastle*. The assertion that the anonymous *King Henry V.* was *damned*, is equally unfounded. On the contrary, for ten or twelve years before our *Henries* were produced, I make no doubt that it was a very popular performance. Tarleton the celebrated comedian, who died in 1588, we know, was much admired in the parts both of the *Clown* and the *Chief Justice* in that play.

The allusion in the passage before us is undoubtedly not to any play, nor to any character in any play, but to the real Sir John Oldcastle. In 1559, Bale published an account of his trial and condemnation, under the title of *A brief Chronycle concernynge the Examination and Death of the blessed Martyr of Christ, Syr Johan Oldcastell, &c.* a book that was probably much read in the reign of Elizabeth. In 1601 was published *The Mirror of Martyrs, or the Life and Death of that thrice valiant captaine and most godly martyr, Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham*.

Shakspeare, I think, meant only to say, that “ Falstaff may perhaps die of his debaucheries in France, ” — (having mentioned Falstaff's *death*, he then with his usual licence uses the word in a metaphorical sense, adding,) — “ unless he be already *killed* by the *bard* and unjust *opinions* ” of those who imagined that the knight's character (like that of his predecessor) was intended as a ridicule on Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham. This our author disclaims; reminding the audience, that there can be no ground for such a supposition. I call them (says he) *bard* and unjust *opinions*, “ for Sir John Oldcastle was no debauchee, but a protestant *martyr*, and our Falstaff is *not the man*; ” i. e. is no representation of him, has no allusion whatsoever to him.

Shakspeare seems to have been pained by some report that his inimitable character, like the despicable buffoon of the old play already mentioned, whose dress and figure resembled that of Falstaff, (see a note on *K. Henry IV.* P. I.) was meant to throw an imputation on the memory of Lord Cobham; which, in the reign of so zealous a friend in the Protestant cause as Elizabeth, would not have been easily pardoned at court. Our author, had he been so inclined, (which we have no ground for supposing,) was much too wise to have ever directed any ridicule at the great martyr for that cause, which was so warmly espoused by his queen and patroness. The former ridiculous representations of Sir John Oldcastle on the stage were undoubtedly produced by papists, and probably often exhibited, in inferior theatres, to crowded audiences, between the years 1580 and 1590. MALONE.

*tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you;—but, indeed, to pray for the queen.*⁶

⁶ I wonder no one has remarked at the conclusion of the epilogue, that it was the custom of the old players, at the end of their performance, to pray for their patrons. Thus, at the end of *New Custom*:

“Preserve our noble Queen Elizabeth, and her councill all.”

And in *Lochrine*:

“So let us pray for that renowned maid,” &c.

And in Middleton’s *Mad World my Masters*: “This shows like kneeling after the play; I praying for my lord *Owemuch* and his good countess our honourable lady and mistrefs.” FARMER.

Almost all the ancient interludes I have met with, conclude with some solemn prayer for the king or queen, house of commons, &c. Hence perhaps the *Vivant Rex & Regina*, at the bottom of our modern play-bills. STEEVENS.

KING HENRY V.

A 24

KING HENRY V.

* * This play was writ (as appears from a passage in the chorus to the fifth Act) at the time of the earl of Essex's commanding the forces in Ireland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and not till after *Henry the Sixth* had been played, as may be seen by the conclusion of this play. POPE.

The transactions comprised in this historical play commence about the latter end of the first, and terminate in the eighth year of this king's reign: when he married Katharine princess of France, and closed up the differences betwixt England and that crown. THEOBALD.

This play, in the quarto edition, 1608, is styled *The Chronicle History of Henry, &c.* which seems to have been the title anciently appropriated to all Shakspeare's historical dramas. So, in *The Antipodes*, a comedy, by R. Brome, 1638:

“These lads can act the emperors' lives all over,

“And Shakspeare's *Chronicled Histories* to boot.”

The players likewise in the folio edition, 1623, rank these pieces under the title of *Histories*.

It is evident, that a play on this subject had been performed before the year 1592. Nash, in *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, dated 1592, says: “——what a glorious thing it is to have *Henry the Fifth* represented on the stage, leading the French king prisoner, and forcing both him and the Dolphin to sweare fealte.” STEEVENS.

The piece to which Nash alludes, is the old anonymous play of *King Henry V.* which had been exhibited before the year 1589, Tarlton, the comedian, who performed in it both the parts of the Chief Justice and the Clown, having died in that year. It was entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and, I believe, printed in that year, though I have not met with a copy of that date. An edition of it printed in 1598, was in the valuable collection of Dr. Wright.

The play before us appears to have been written in the middle of the year 1599. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*.

The old *King Henry V.* may be found among *Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded, &c.* printed for S. Leacroft, 1778. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry *the Fifth* :

Duke of Gloster, } *brothers to the king.*
Duke of Bedford, }

Duke of Exeter, *uncle to the king.*

Duke of York, *cousin to the king.*

Earls of Salisbury, Westmoreland, and Warwick.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

Bishop of Ely.

Earl of Cambridge, } *conspirators against the king.*
Lord Scroop, }
Sir Thomas Grey, }

Sir Thomas Erpingham, Gower, Fluellen, Mackmorris,
Jamy, *officers in king Henry's army.*

Bates, Court, Williams, *soldiers in the same.*

Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, *formerly servants to Falstaff, now
soldiers in the same.*

Boy, *servant to them.* A Herald. Chorus.

Charles *the Sixth*, king of France.

Lewis, *the Dauphin.*

Dukes of Burgundy, Orleans, and Bourbon.

The Constable of France.

Rambures, and Grandpree, *French Lords.*

Governor of Harfleur. Mountjoy, *a French Herald,*
Ambassadors to the king of England.

Isabel, *queen of France.*

Katharine, *daughter of Charles and Isabel.*

Alice, *a lady attending on the princess Katharine.*

Quickly, Pistol's wife, *an hostess.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Messengers,
and Attendants.

The SCENE, *at the beginning of the play, lies in England;*
but afterwards, wholly in France.

Enter CHORUS.

O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention! ²
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold ³ the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirit, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
So great an object: Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram,
Within this wooden O, ⁴ the very casques, ⁵

That

² This goes upon the notion of the Peripatetic system; which imagines several heavens one above another; the last and highest of which was on fire. WARBURTON.

It alludes likewise to the aspiring nature of fire, which, by its levity, at the separation of the chaos, took the highest seat of all the elements.

JOHNSON.

³ Shakspeare does not seem to set distance enough between the performers and spectators. JOHNSON.

⁴ Nothing shows more evidently the power of custom over language, than that the frequent use of calling a circle an O could so much hide the meanness of the metaphor from Shakspeare, that he has used it many times where he makes his most eager attempts at dignity of style.

JOHNSON.

Johnson's criticism on Shakspeare's calling a circle an O, is rather injudiciously introduced in this place, where it was evidently the poet's intention to represent the circle in which they acted in as contemptible a light as he could. M. MASON.

An allusion to the theatre where this history was exhibited, being, from its *circular* form, called the *globe*.

I know not whether Shakspeare calls the Globe playhouse a *cock-pit*, from its being a *round* building, or else from its serving that purpose also: the latter appears probable, from his styling the floor an *unworthy scaffold*, which suggests the idea of its being temporary, and that the edifice answered both turns, by means of a slight alteration. HENLEY.

This theatre, like all our ancient ones, was denominated from its sign, viz. *The Globe*, and not from its shape. Had playhouses been named with reference to their form of construction, what sort of building could have corresponded with the title of a *Red Bull*, a *Curtain*, a *Fortune*, *Cross Keys*, a *Phoenix*, &c.?

Shakspeare,

That did affright the air at Agincourt?

O, pardon! since a crooked figure may

Attest, in little place, a million;

And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,

On your imaginary forces⁶ work:

Suppose, within the girdle of these walls

Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,

Whose high upreared and abutting fronts

The perilous, narrow ocean parts afunder.⁷

Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;

Into a thousand parts divide one man,⁸

And

Shakspeare, meaning to degrade the stage he was describing, may call it a *cock-pit*, because a *cock-pit* was the most diminutive enclosure present to his mind; or, perhaps, because there was a playhouse called *The Cock-pit*, at which *King Henry V.* might first have been acted. *N. B.* From Mr. Henley's own drawing of the *Globe*, the outside of it, at least, appears to have been octagonal. STEEVENS.

⁵ The helmets. JOHNSON.

The very casques, does not mean the identical casques, but the casques only, the casques *alone*. M. MASON.

The *very casques*, are—even the casques or helmets; much less the men by whom they were worn. MALONE.

⁶ *Imaginary* for *imaginative*, or your powers of fancy. Active and passive words are by this author frequently confounded. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Perilous narrow*, in burlesque and common language, meant no more than *very narrow*. In old books this mode of expression occurs perpetually. *A perilous broad brim to a bat, a perilous long sword, &c.*

STEEVENS.

The present reading is right, but there should be a comma between the words *perilous* and *narrow*, as it was by no means Shakspeare's intention to join them together, and to make a burlesque phrase of them, such as Steevens describes. The perilousness of the ocean to be passed by the army, before the meeting of the kings, adds to the grandeur and interest of the scene; and it is well known that *narrow seas* are the most *perilous*. So the Chorus in the next act insinuates that it was necessary:

“ ——— To charm the *narrow seas*

“ To give them gentle pafs.”

And in *The Merchant of Venice*, the *narrow seas* are made the scene of shipwrecks, where Salarino says, “ Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the *narrow seas*; the Goodwins I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal,” &c. M. MASON.

⁸ The meaning of this is, *Suppose every man to represent a thousand*; but it is very ill expressed. M. MASON.

And make imaginary puissance :⁹
 Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
 Printing their proud hoofs i'the receiving earth :
 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
 Carry them here and there;² jumping o'er times ;
 Turning the accomplishment of many years
 Into an hour-glass ; For the which supply,
 Admit me chorus to this history ;
 Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

⁹ This shows that Shakspeare was fully sensible of the absurdity of showing battles on the theatre, which indeed is never done but tragedy becomes farce. Nothing can be represented to the eye, but by something like it, and *within a wooden O* nothing very like a battle can be exhibited. JOHNSON.

² We may read *king* for *kings*. The prologue relates only to this single play. The mistake was made by referring *them* to *kings*, which belongs to *thoughts*. The sense is, *your thoughts must give the king his proper greatness ; carry therefore your thoughts here and there*, jumping over time, and crowding years into an hour. JOHNSON.

I am not sure that Dr. Johnson's observation is just. In this play, the king of France as well as England makes his appearance ; and the sense may be this — *It must be to your imaginations that our kings are indebted for their royalty*. Let the fancy of the spectator furnish out those appendages to greatness which the poverty of our stage is unable to supply. The poet is still apologizing for the defects of theatrical representation.

STEEVENS.

Johnson is in my opinion mistaken also in his explanation of the remainder of the sentence. *Carry them here and there*, does not mean, as he supposes, *Carry your thoughts here and there* ; for the Chorus not only calls upon the imagination of the audience to adorn his kings, but to carry them also from one place to another, though by a common poetical license the copulative be omitted. M. MASON.

KING HENRY V.

ACT I. SCENE I.²

London.³ *An Antechamber in the King's Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury,⁴ and Bishop of Ely.⁵

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill is urg'd,
Which, in the eleventh year o' the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scrambling and unquiet time⁶
Did push it out of further question.⁷

Ely.

² This first scene was added since the edition of 1608, which is much short of the present editions, wherein the speeches are generally enlarged and raised: several whole scenes besides, and all the chorusses also, were since added by Shakspeare. POPE.

³ It appears from Hall's and Holinshed's Chronicles that the business of this scene was transacted at Leicester, where King Henry V. held a parliament in the second year of his reign. But the Chorus at the beginning of the second act shows that the author intended to make London the place of his first scene. MALONE.

⁴ Henry Chicheley, a Carthusian monk, recently promoted to the see of Canterbury. MALONE.

⁵ John Fordham, consecrated 1388; died 1426. REED.

⁶ In the household book of the 5th earl of Northumberland, there is a particular section appointing the order of service for the *scrambling* days in Lent; that is, days on which no regular meals were provided, but every one *scambled*, i. e. *scrambled* and shifted for himself as well as he could.—So, in the old noted book intitled *Leicester's Commonwealth*, one of the marginal heads is, “*Scrambling between Leicester and Huntington at the upshot.*” Where in the text, the author says, “*Hastings, for ought I see, when hee commeth to the scrambling, is like to have no better luck by the beare [Leicester] then his ancestour had once by the boare.*” [K. Richard III.] edit. 1641, 12mo. p. 87. So again, Shakspeare himself makes King Henry V. say to the princess Katharine, “*I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore prove a good soldier-breeder.*” Act V. PERCY.

Shakspeare uses the same word in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

“*Scrambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys.*”

STEEVENS.

⁷ i. e. of further debate. MALONE.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession :
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us ; being valued thus,—
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights ;
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires ;
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses, right well supply'd ;
And to the coffers of the king, beside,
A thousand pounds by the year :⁸ Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too : yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came,⁹
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him ;
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made :
Never came reformation in a flood,²

With

⁸ Hall, who appears to have been Shakspeare's authority, in the above enumeration, says, "and the kyng to have clerely in his cofers *twentie thousand poundes.*" REED.

⁹ As paradise, when sin and Adam were driven out by the angel, became the habitation of celestial spirits, so the King's heart, since *consideration* has driven out his follies, is now the receptacle of wisdom and of virtue. JOHNSON.

Mr. Upton observes, that according to the scripture expression, *the old Adam*, or the *old man*, signified man in an unregenerated or gentile state.

MALONE.

² Alluding to the method by which Hercules cleansed the famous stables, when he turned a river through them. Hercules still is in our author's head when he mentions the Hydra. JOHNSON.

With such a heady current, scouring faults ;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his feat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,³
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire, the king were made a prelate :
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say,—it hath been all-in-all his study :
Lift his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in musick :
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter ; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,⁴
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,

To

³ This speech seems to have been copied from King James's prelates, speaking of their Solomon ; when archbishop Whitgift, who, as an eminent writer says, *died soon afterwards, and probably doated then*, at the Hampton-Court conference, declared himself *verily persuaded, that his sacred majesty spake by the spirit of God*. And, in effect, this scene was added after King James's accession to the crown : so that we have no way of avoiding its being esteemed a compliment to *him*, but by supposing it a compliment to *his bishops*. WARBURTON.

Why these lines should be divided from the rest of the speech and applied to King James, I am not able to conceive ; nor why an opportunity should be so eagerly snatched to treat with contempt that part of his character which was the least contemptible. King James's theological knowledge was not inconsiderable. To preside at disputations is not very suitable to a king, but to understand the questions is surely laudable. The poet, if he had James in his thoughts, was no skilful encomiast ; for the mention of Harry's skill in war, forced upon the remembrance of his audience the great deficiency of their present king ; who yet with all his faults, and many faults he had, was such, that Sir Robert Cotton says, *he would be content that England should never have a better, provided that it should never have a worse*. JOHNSON.

Those who are solicitous that justice should be done to the theological knowledge of our British Solomon, may very easily furnish themselves with specimens of it from a book entitled, *Rex Platonicus, sive de potentissimi Principis Jacobi Britanniarum Regis ad illustrissimam Academiam Oxoniensem adventu, Aug. 27, Anno 1605*. STEEVENS.

⁴ This line is exquisitely beautiful. JOHNSON.

To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences ;
 So that the art and practick part of life ⁵
 Must be the mistress to this theorick : ⁶
 Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,
 Since his addiction was to courses vain :
 His companies ⁷ unletter'd, rude, and shallow ;
 His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports ;
 And never noted in him any study,
 Any retirement, any sequestration
 From open haunts and popularity. ⁸

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle ;
 And wholesome berries thrive, and ripen best,
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality :
 And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
 Under the veil of wildness ; which, no doubt,
 Grew like the summer-grass, fastest by night,
 Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty. ⁹

Cant. It must be so : for miracles are ceas'd ;
 And therefore we must needs admit the means,
 How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
 How now for mitigation of this bill
 Urg'd by the commons ? Doth his majesty
 Incline to it, or no ?

Cant.

⁵ He discourses with so much skill on all subjects, that *the art and practice of life must be the mistress or teacher of his theorick* ; that is, *that his theory must have been taught by art and practice* ; which, says he, is strange, since he could see little of the true art or practice among his loose companions, nor ever retired to digest his practice into theory. *Art* is used by the author for *practice*, as distinguished from *science* or *theory*.

JOHNSON.

⁶ *Theorick* is what terminates in speculation. STEEVENS.

In our author's time, this word was always used where we now use *theory*. MALONE.

⁷ ——— *companies* —] is here used for *companions*. MALONE.

⁸ i. e. plebeian intercourse ; an unusual sense of the word : though perhaps the same idea was meant to be communicated by it in *King Henry IV.* Part I. where *King Richard II.* is represented as having

“ Enfeoff'd himself to popularity.” STEEVENS.

⁹ i. e. the wild fruit so called, that grows in the woods. STEEVENS.

² Increasing in its proper power. JOHNSON.

Cant. He seems indifferent ;
 Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,³
 Than cherishing the exhibitors against us :
 For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
 Upon our spiritual convocation ;
 And in regard of causes now in hand,
 Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
 As touching France,—to give a greater sum
 Than ever at one time the clergy yet
 Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord ?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty ;
 Save, that there was not time enough to hear
 (As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done,)
 The severals, and unhidden passages,⁴
 Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms ;
 And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
 Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off ?

Cant. The French ambassador, upon that instant,
 Crav'd audience : and the hour, I think, is come,
 To give him hearing : Is't four o'clock ?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then we go in, to know his embassy ;
 Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,
 Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you ; and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of State in the same.

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER,
 WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury ?

Exe.

³ *Swaying* is inclining. MALONE.

⁴ This line I suspect of corruption, though it may be fairly enough explained : the *passages* of his titles are the *lines* of succession by which his claims descend. *Unbidden* is open, clear. JOHNSON.

I believe we should read, *several*, instead of *severals*. M. MASON.

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.⁵

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?⁶

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task⁷ our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

Cant. God, and his angels, guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you,
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul⁸
With opening titles miscreate,⁹ whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation²
Of what your reverence shall incite us to:

Therefore

⁵ The person here addressed was Thomas Beaufort, earl of Dorset, who was half-brother to King Henry IV. being one of the sons of John of Gaunt, by Katharine Swynford. Shakspeare is a little too early in giving him the title of *duke of Exeter*; for when Harfleur was taken, and he was appointed governour of the town, he was only earl of Dorset. He was not made duke of Exeter till the year after the battle of Agincourt, Nov. 14, 1416. MALONE.

Perhaps Shakspeare confounded this character with that of John Holland, *duke of Exeter*, who was married to Elizabeth the king's aunt. He was executed at Plashey in 1400: but with this circumstance our author might have been unacquainted. STEEVENS.

⁶ Here began the old play. POPE.

⁷ Keep busied with scruples and laborious disquisitions. JOHNSON.

⁸ Take heed lest by nice and subtle sophistry you burthen your knowing soul, or *knowingly burthen your soul*, with the guilt of advancing a false title, or of maintaining, by specious fallacies, a claim which, if shown in its native and true colours, would appear to be false. JOHNSON.

⁹ Ill-begotten, illegitimate, spurious. JOHNSON.

² i. e. in proving and supporting that title which shall be now set up.

MALONE

Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,³
 How you awake the sleeping sword of war;
 We charge you in the name of God take heed:
 For never two such kingdoms did contend,
 Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
 Are every one a woe, a fore complaint,
 'Gainst him, whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
 That make such waste in brief mortality.
 Under this conjuration, speak, my lord:
 And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
 That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
 As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign,—and you
 peers,

That owe your lives, your faith, and services,
 To this imperial throne;—There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France,
 But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—
In terram Salicam mulieres nē succedant,
No woman shall succeed in Salique land:
 Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze,⁴
 To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
 The founder of this law and female bar.
 Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
 That the land Salique lies in Germany,

Between

³ The whole drift of the king is to impress upon the archbishop a due sense of the caution with which he is to speak. He tells him that the crime of unjust war, if the war be unjust, shall rest upon him:

Therefore take heed how you impawn your person.

So, I think, it should be read, *Take heed how you pledge yourself, your honour, your happiness in support of bad advice.*

Dr. Warburton explains *impawn* by *engage*, and so escapes the difficulty.

JOHNSON.

The allusion here is to the game of chess, and the disposition of the *pawns* with respect to the *king*, at the commencement of this mimetic contest. HENLEY.

To *engage* and to *pawn* were in our author's time synonymous. See Minshew's DICTIONARY in v. *engage*. But the word *pawn* had not, I believe, at that time, its present signification. To *impawn* seems here to have the same meaning as the French phrase *se commettre*.

MALONE.

⁴ Expound, explain, and sometimes comment upon. REED.

Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe :
 Where Charles the great, having subdued the Saxons,
 There left behind and settled certain French ;
 Who, holding in disdain the German women,
 For some dishonest manners of their life,
 Establish'd there this law,—to wit, no female
 Should be inheretrix in Salique land ;
 Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
 Is at this day in Germany call'd—Meisen.
 Thus doth it well appear, the Salique law
 Was not devised for the realm of France :
 Nor did the French possess the Salique land
 Until four hundred one and twenty years
 After defunction of king Pharamond,
 Idly suppos'd the founder of this law ;
 Who died within the year of our redemption
 Four hundred twenty-six ; and Charles the great
 Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
 Beyond the river Sala, in the year
 Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
 King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,
 Did, as heir general, being descended
 Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,
 Make claim and title to the crown of France.
 Hugh Capet also,—that usurp'd the crown
 Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male
 Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,—
 To fine his title with some show of truth,⁵

(Though,

⁵ This is the reading of the quarto of 1608 ; that of the folio is—To find his title. I would read :

To line his title with some shew of truth.

To line may signify at once to decorate and to strengthen. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ ————— did *line* the rebel

“ With hidden help and vantage ;——”

Dr. Warburton says, that *to fine his title*, is to refine or improve it. The reader is to judge.

I now believe that *find* is right ; the jury *finds* for the plaintiff, or *finds* for the defendant ; *to find his title* is, *to determine in favour of his title with some shew of truth.* JOHNSON.

{Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,)
 Convey'd himself⁶ as heir to the lady Lingare,
 Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
 To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
 Of Charles the great.⁷ Also king Lewis the tenth,⁸
 Who was the sole heir to the usurper Capet,

Could

To *fine* his title, is to make it *showy* or *specious* by some appearance of justice. STEEVENS.

I believe that *fine* is the right reading, and that the metaphor is taken from the *fining* of liquors. In the next line, the speaker says:

“Though in pure truth it was *corrupt* and naught.”

It is the jury that *finds* a verdict, not the plaintiff or defendant, and therefore a man cannot *find* his own title. M. MASON.

⁶ Derived his title. MALONE.

⁷ By *Charles the Great* is meant the emperor *Charlemagne*, son of *Pepin*; *Charlemain* is *Charlechauve*, or *Charles the Bald*, who, as well as *Charles le Gros*, assumed the title of *Magnus*. See *Goldasti Animadversiones in Einbardi præfationem*. Edit. 1711, p. 157. But then *Charlechauve* had only one daughter, named *Judith*, married, or, as some say, only betrothed, to our king *Ethelwulf*, and carried off, after his death, by *Baldwin the forester*, afterward earl of *Flanders*, whom, it is very certain, *Hugh Capet* was neither heir to, nor any way descended from. This *Judith*, indeed, had a great-grand-daughter called *Luitgarde*, married to a count *Wichman*, of whom nothing further is known. It was likewise the name of *Charlemagne's* fifth wife; but no such female as *Lingare* is to be met with in any French historian. In fact, these fictitious personages and pedigrees seem to have been devised by the English heralds, to “fine a title with some shew of truth,” which, “in pure truth was corrupt and naught.” It was manifestly impossible that *Henry*, who had no hereditary title to his own dominions, could derive one, by the same colour, to another person's. He merely proposes the invasion and conquest of France, in prosecution of the dying advice of his father:

“———— to busy giddy minds

“In foreign quarrels; that action, thence borne out,

“Might waste the memory of former days:”

that his subjects might have sufficient employment to mislead their attention from the nakedness of his title to the crown. The zeal and eloquence of the archbishop are owing to similar motives. RITSON.

⁸ The word *nintb* has been inserted by some of the modern editors. The old copies read *tentb*. *Nintb* is certainly wrong, and *tentb* certainly right. *Isabel* was the wife of *Philip the second*, father of *Lewis the ninth*, and grandfather of *Lewis the tenth*. RITSON.

This is a mistake, (as is observed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LIII. P. II. p. 588,) into which *Shakspeare* was led by *Holinshed*, whom he copied. *St. Lewis*, (for he is the person here described,) the grandson

Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the crown of France, till satisfy'd
 That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,
 Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,
 Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorain :
 By the which marriage, the line of Charles the great
 Was re-united to the crown of France.
 So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
 King Lewis his satisfaction,⁹ all appear
 To hold in right and title of the female ;
 So do the King's of France unto this day ;
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
 To bar your highness claiming from the female ;
 And rather choose to hide them in a net,
 Than amply to imbare their crooked titles²
 Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen.

grandson of Queen Isabel, the wife of Philip II. king of France, was Lewis the *Ninth*. He was the son of Lewis VIII. by the Lady Blanch of Castile. MALONE.

⁹ He had told us just above, that Lewis could not wear the crown with a safe conscience, "till satisfy'd," &c. THEOBALD.

² Mr. Pope reads :

Than openly imbrace,——

But where is the antithesis betwixt *hide* in the preceding line, and *imbrace*, in this ? The two old folios read :

Than amply to imbarre——

We certainly must read, as Mr. Warburton advised me :

Than amply to imbare——

lay open, display to view. I am surprized Mr. Pope did not start this conjecture, as Mr. Rowe had led the way to it in his edition ; who reads :

Than amply to make bare their crooked titles. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald might have found, in the 4to. of 1608, this reading :

Than amply to embrace their crooked causes :

out of which line Mr. Pope formed his reading, erroneous indeed, but not merely capricious. JOHNSON.

The quarto, 1600, reads—*imbace*.

I have met with no example of the word—*imbare*. To *unbar* is to *open*, and might have been the word set down by the poet, in opposition to—*bar*.

To *embar*, however, seems, from the following passage in the first book

K. Hen. May I, with right and conscience, makethis claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!

For in the book of Numbers is it writ,—

When the son dies, let the inheritance

Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,

Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;

Look back unto your mighty ancestors:

Go, my dread lord, to your great grandfire's tomb,

From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,

And your great uncle's, Edward the black prince;

Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,

Making defeat on the full power of France;

Whiles his most mighty father on a hill

Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp

Forage in blood of French nobility.³

O noble English, that could entertain

With half their forces the full pride of France;

And let another half stand laughing by,

All out of work, and cold for action!⁴

Ely.

book of Stanyhurst's translation of *Virgil*, 1583, to signify to *break or cut off abruptly*:

“Heere Venus *embarring* his tale,” &c.

Yet, as to *bar*, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, is to strengthen,—

“—— that is stronger made,

“Which was before *barr'd* up with ribs of iron,”—

so, *amply* to *unbar*, may mean to *weaken* by an open display of invalidity.

As *imbare*, however, is not unintelligible, and is defended by the following able criticks, I have left it in the text. STEEVENS.

I have no doubt but *imbare* is the right reading. Though the editor who has adopted it, seems to argue against it, it makes the sense more clear than any of the other readings proposed. *Inibare*, in the last line, is naturally opposed to *bide*, in that which precedes, and it differs but little from the reading of the quarto, 1600. The objection that there is no such word as *imbare*, can have but little weight. It is a word so fairly deduced, and so easily understood, that an author of much less celebrity than Shakspeare, had a right to coin it. M. MASON.

In the folio the word is spelt *imbarre*. *Imbare* is, I believe, the true reading. It is formed like *impaint*, *impawon*, and many other similar words used by Shakspeare. MALONE.

³ This alludes to the battle of Cressy, as described by Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 372. Col. i. BOWLE.

⁴ This epithet all the commentators have passed by, and I am unable to

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats :
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne ;
The blood and courage, that renowned them,
Runs in your veins ; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprizes.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know, your grace hath cause, and means, and
might ;
So hath your highness ;⁵ never king of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects ;
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood,⁶ and sword, and fire, to win your right :

In

to explain. I cannot but suspect it to be corrupt. A desire to distinguish themselves seems to merit the name of *ardour*, rather than the term here given to it.—If *cold* be the true reading, their coldness should arise from *inaction* ; and therefore the meaning must be, cold for want of action. MALONE.

I always regarded the epithet *cold* as too clear to need explanation. The soldiers were eager to *warm* themselves by *action*, and were cold for want of it. A more recondite meaning indeed may be found ; a meaning which will be best illustrated by a line in Strada's imitation of Statius :

Extremosque artus animosum frigus habebat. STEEVENS.

⁵ We should read :

—— your race had cause,
which is carrying on the sense of the concluding words of *Exeter* :

As did the former lions of your blood ;
meaning Edward III. and the Black Prince. WARBURTON.

I do not see but the present reading may stand as I have pointed it.
JOHNSON.

Warburton's amendment is unnecessary ; but surely we should point the passage thus :

*They know your grace, bath cause ; and means, and might,
So bath your highness ;*

Meaning that the king had not only a good cause, but force to support it. So, in this place, has the force of *also*, or *likewise*. M. MASON.

⁶ This and the foregoing line Dr. Warburton gives to Westmoreland,
but

In aid whereof, we of the spirituality
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the French;
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches,⁷ gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the courting snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,⁸
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour⁹ to us;
For you shall read, that my great grandfather,
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays;
Girding with grievous siege castles, and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook, and trembled at the ill-neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd² than harm'd, my
liege:
For hear her but exempl'd by herself,—

When

but with so little reason that I have continued them to Canterbury. The credit of old copies, though not great, is yet more than nothing.

JOHNSON.

⁷ The *marches* are the borders, the limits, the confines. Hence the *Lords Marchers*, i. e. the lords presidents of the *marches*, &c.

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Intendment* is here perhaps used for *intention*, which in our author's time signified *extreme exertion*. The *main intendment* may, however, mean the *general disposition*. MALONE.

Main intendment, I believe, signifies—*exertion in a body*. The king opposes it to the less consequential inroads of *detached parties*.

STEEVENS.

⁹ That is, inconstant, changeable. JOHNSON.

² i. e. frightened. MALONE.

When all her chivalry hath been in France,
 And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
 She hath herself not only well defended,
 But taken, and impounded as a stray,
 The king of Scots; whom she did send to France,
 To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings;
 And make your chronicle as rich with praise,³
 As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
 With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.

West. But there's a saying, very old and true,⁴—

If that you will France win,

Then with Scotland first begin:

For once the Eagle England being in prey,
 To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
 Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
 Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,
 To spoil and havock more than she can eat.⁵

Exe.

³ The similitude between the chronicle and the sea consists only in this, that they are both full, and filled with something valuable. The quarto has *your*, the folio *their* chronicle.

Your and *their* written by contraction *yr* are just alike, and *her* in the old hands is not much unlike *yr*. I believe we should read *her* chronicle.

JOHNSON.

Your chronicle means, I think, the chronicle of *your* kingdom, England. MALONE.

⁴ This speech, which is dissuasive of war with France, is absurdly given to one of the churchmen in confederacy to push the king upon it, as appears by the first scene in this act. Besides, the poet had here an eye to Hall, who gives this observation to the Duke of Exeter. But the editors have made Ely and Exeter change sides, and speak one another's speeches: for this, which is given to Ely, is Exeter's; and the following, given to Exeter, is Ely's. WARBURTON.

This speech is given in the folio to the Bishop of Ely. But it appears from Holinshed (whom our author followed,) and from Hall, that these words were the conclusion of the Earl of Westmoreland's speech; to whom therefore I have assigned them. In the quarto *Lord* only is prefixed to this speech. Dr. Warburton and the subsequent editors attributed it to *Exeter*, but certainly without propriety; for he on the other hand maintained, that "he whiche would Scotland winne, with France must first beginne." MALONE.

⁵ It is not much the quality of the mouse to tear the food it comes at, but to run over it and defile it. The old quarto reads, *spoile*; and the two first folios, *tame*: from which last corrupted word, I think, I have retrieved the poet's genuine reading, *taint*. THEOBALD.

Exe. It follows then, the cat must stay at home :
 Yet that is but a curs'd necessity.⁶
 Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
 And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
 While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
 The advised head defends itself at home :
 For government, though high, and low, and lower,
 Put into parts, doth keep in one concent ;⁷
 Congruing in a full and natural close,
 Like musick.

Cant. True : therefore doth heaven divide
 The state of man in divers functions,

Setting

⁶ So the old quarto [1600]. The folios read *crush'd* : neither of the words convey any tolerable idea ; but give us a counter-reasoning, and not at all pertinent. We should read *'scus'd* necessity. It is Exeter's business to show there is no real necessity for staying at home : he must therefore mean, that though there be a seeming necessity, yet it is one that may be well *excus'd* and *got over*. WARBURTON.

Neither the old readings nor the emendation seem very satisfactory. A *curs'd* necessity has no sense ; a *'scus'd* necessity is so harsh that one would not admit it, if any thing else can be found. A *crush'd* necessity may mean a necessity which is *subdued* and *overpowered* by contrary reasons. We might read—a *crude* necessity, a *necessity* not complete, or not well considered and digested ; but it is too harsh.

Sir T. Hanmer reads :

Yet that is not o'course a necessity. JOHNSON.

A *curs'd* necessity means, I believe, only an *unfortunate necessity*. *Curs'd*, in colloquial phrase, signifies any thing *unfortunate*. So we say, such a one leads a *curst* life ; another has got into a *curst* scrape. It may mean, a necessity *to be execrated*. STEEVENS.

Mr. M. Mason justly observes that this interpretation, though perhaps the true one, does not agree with the context ; [Yet that is but an *unfortunate* necessity, since we, &c.] and therefore proposes to read,

Yet that is not a curs'd necessity.

But and not are so often confounded in these plays, that I think his conjecture extremely probable. It is certainly (as Dr. Warburton has observed) the speaker's business to show that there is no real necessity for staying at home. MALONE.

⁷ I learn from Dr. Burney, that *consent* is connected harmony, in general, and not confined to any specific consonance. Thus, (says the same elegant and well-informed writer) *concentio* and *concentus* are both used by Cicero for the union of voices or instruments in what we should now call a chorus, or concert. STEEVENS.

Setting endeavour in continual motion;
 To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
 Obedience : ⁸ for so work the honey bees;
 Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
 The act of order ⁹ to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a king and officers of sorts : ²
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ;
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ; ³
 Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent-royal of their emperor :
 Who, busy'd in his majesty, surveys
 The singing masons ⁴ building roofs of gold ;
 The civil ⁵ citizens kneading up the honey ; ⁶
 The poor mechanick porters crowding in

Their

⁸ Neither the sense nor the construction of this passage is very obvious. The construction is, *endeavour*,—as an aim or butt to which endeavour, obedience is fixed. The sense is, that all endeavour is to terminate in obedience, to be subordinate to the publick good and general design of government. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Act* here means *law*, or *statute*; as appears from the old quarto, where the words are “——Creatures that by awe ordain an *act* of order to a peopled kingdom.”

Mr. Pope changed *act* to *art*, and was followed by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

² Officers of *sorts* means officers of different degrees. In a London haberdasher's bill to his customer in the country, I lately saw the following charge : “To thread of *sorts* ;” i. e. of different kinds.

STEEVENS.

In confirmation of Mr. Steevens's opinion it may be observed, that in *A true Relation of the admirable Voyage and Travel of William Bush, &c.* 4to. 1607, we have “——drummes and *sortes* of musicke.” REED.

³ To *venture trade* is a phrase of the same import and structure as to *bazard battle*. JOHNSON.

⁴ Our author probably had here two images in his thoughts. The hum of a bee is obvious. I believe he was also thinking of a common practice among masons, who, like many other artificers, frequently sing while at work : a practice that could not have escaped his observation.

MALONE.

⁵ i. e. sober, grave. STEEVENS.

⁶ To *knead* the honey gives an easy sense though not physically true. The bees do in fact *knead* the wax more than the honey, but that Shakespeare perhaps did not know. JOHNSON.

Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate ;
 The sad-ey'd justice, with his furly hum,
 Delivering o'er to éxecutors ⁷ pale
 The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
 That many things, having full reference
 To one concent, may work contrariouſly ;
 As many arrows, looſed ſeveral ways,
 Fly to one mark ;
 As many ſeveral ways meet in one town ;
 As many freſh ſtreams run in one ſelf ſea ;
 As many lines cloſe in the dial's center ;
 So may a thouſand actions, once afoot,
 End in one purpoſe, and be all well borne
 Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege,
 Divide your happy England into four ;
 Whereof take you one quarter into France,
 And you withal ſhall make all Gallia ſhake.
 If we, with thrice that power left at home,
 Cannot defend our own door from the dog,
 Let us be worried ; and our nation loſe
 The name of hardineſs, and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the meſſengers ſent from the Dauphin.

[*Exit an Attendant. The King aſcends his throne.*]

Now are we well reſolv'd : and, by God's help ;
 And yours, the noble ſinews of our power,—
 France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
 Or break it all to pieces : Or there we'll fit,
 Ruling, in large and ample empery,⁸
 O'er France, and all her almoſt kingly dukedoms ;
 Or lay theſe bones in an unworthy urn,
 Tombleſs, with no remembrance over them :
 Either our hiſtory ſhall, with full mouth,
 Speak freely of our acts ; or elſe our grave,
 Like Turkiſh mute, ſhall have a tongueleſs mouth,
 Not worſhip'd with a waxen epitaph.⁹

Enter

⁷ *Executors* is here uſed for *executioners*. MALONE.

⁸ This word, which ſignifies *dominion*, is now obſolete, though formerly in general uſe. STEEVENS.

⁹ The quarto 1608 reads, — *with a paper epitaph*.

Either

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now we are well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

Amb. May it please your majesty, to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Amb. Thus then, in few,
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right

Of

Either a *waxen* or a *paper* epitaph is an epitaph easily obliterated or destroyed; one which can confer no lasting honour on the dead.

To the ancient practice of writing on *waxen* tablets Shakspeare again alludes in the first scene of *Timon of Athens*:

“ ————— but moves itself

“ In a wide sea of *wax*.” STEEVENS.

The second reading is more unintelligible, to me at least, than the other: a grave not *dignified* with the slightest memorial. JOHNSON.

I think this passage has been misunderstood. Henry says, “he will *either* rule with full dominion in France, or die in the attempt, and lay his bones in a paltry urn, without a tomb, or any remembrance over him.” With a view to the alternative that he has just stated, he adds, by way of opposition and illustration, “either the English Chronicles shall speak, trumpet-tongued, to the world, of my victories in France, or, being defeated there, my death shall scarcely be mentioned in history; shall not be honoured by the best epitaph a prince can have, the *written* account of his achievements.”—A *paper* epitaph, therefore, or, in other words, an historical eulogy, instead of a *slight* token of respect, is mentioned by Henry as the most honourable memorial; and Dr. Johnson's objection founded on the incongruity of saying that his grave shall not be *dignified* by the *slightest* memorial, falls to the ground.

The misrepresentation, I conceive, arose from understanding a figurative expression literally, and supposing that a paper epitaph meant an epitaph written on a paper, to be *affixed to a tomb*.

Waxen, the reading of the folio, when it is used by Shakspeare metaphorically, signifies, soft, yielding, taking an impression easily.

MALONE.

Of your great predecessor, king Edward the third.
 In answer of which claim, the prince our master
 Says,—that you favour too much of your youth;
 And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France,
 That can be with a nimble galliard won;²
 You cannot revel into dukedoms there:
 He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
 This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
 Desires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,
 Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege,³

K. Hen. We are glad, the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;
 His present, and your pains, we thank you for:
 When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
 We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,
 Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard:
 Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
 That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
 With chaces.⁴ And we understand him well,
 How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
 Not measuring what use we made of them.
 We never valu'd this poor seat of England;⁵
 And therefore, living hence,⁶ did give ourself

To

² A *galliard* was an ancient dance, now obsolete. STEEVENS.

³ In the old play of *King Henry V.* already mentioned, this present consists of a *gilded tun of tennis-balls and a carpet.* STEEVENS.

⁴ *Chace* is a term at tennis. JOHNSON.

The *hazard* is a place in the tennis-court into which the ball is sometimes struck. STEEVENS.

⁵ By the *seat* of England, the King, I believe, means, the throne. So, Othello boasts that he is descended "from men of *royal siege.*" Henry afterwards says, he will rouse him in his *throne* of France. The words below, "I will keep my *state,*" likewise confirm this interpretation. MALONE.

⁶ This expression has strength and energy: he never valued England, and therefore lived *hence*, i. e. as if absent from it. But the Oxford editor alters *hence* to *here.* WARBURTON.

Living hence means, I believe, withdrawing from the court, the place in which he is now speaking.

Perhaps Prospero, in *The Tempest*, has more clearly expressed the same idea, when he says:

"The

To barbarous licence; As 'tis ever common,
 That men are merriest when they are from home.
 But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state;
 Be like a king, and show my fail of greatness,
 When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
 For that I have laid by⁷ my majesty,
 And plodded like a man for working-days;
 But I will rise there with so full a glory,
 That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
 Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
 And tell the pleasant prince,—this mock of his
 Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones;⁸ and his soul
 Shall stand fore charged for the wasteful vengeance
 That shall fly with them: for a many thousand widows
 Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
 Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
 And some are yet ungotten, and unborn,
 That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
 But this lies all within the will of God,
 To whom I do appeal; And in whose name,
 Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
 To venge me as I may, and to put forth
 My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
 So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,
 His jest will favour but of shallow wit,
 When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.—
 Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*
Exe.

“The government I cast upon my brother,
 “And to my state grew stranger.” STEEVENS.

In *King Richard II.* Act V. sc. ii. King Henry IV. complains that he had not seen his son for three months, and desires that he may be enquired for among the taverns, where he daily frequents,

“With unrestrain'd and loose companions.” MALONE.

⁷ To qualify myself for this undertaking, I have descended from my station, and studied the arts of life in a lower character. JOHNSON.

⁸ When ordnance was first used, they discharged balls, not of iron, but of stone. JOHNSON.

So, Holinshed, p. 947: “About seaven of the clocke marched forward the light pieces of ordinance, with stone and powder.”

STEEVENS.

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.

[*Descends from his throne.*]

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition :
For we have now no thought in us, but France ;
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected ; and all things thought upon,
That may, with reasonable swiftmess, add
More feathers to our wings ; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door,
Therefore, let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. Now all the youth of England⁹ are on fire,
And filken dalliance in the wardrobe lies ;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man :
They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse ;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air ;
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,²

Promis'd¹

⁹ I think Mr. Pope mistaken in transposing this chorus, [to the end of the first scene of the second act,] and Mr. Theobald in concluding the [first] act with it. The chorus evidently introduces that which follows, not comments on that which precedes, and therefore rather begins than ends the act ; and so I have printed it. JOHNSON.

² The imagery is wonderfully fine, and the thought exquisite. *Expectation sitting in the air* designs the height of their ambition ; and the *sword hid from the hilt to the point with crowns and coronets*, that all sentiments of danger were lost in the thoughts of glory. WARBURTON.

The

Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
 The French, advis'd by good intelligence
 Of this most dreadful preparation,
 Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
 Seek to divert the English purposes.
 O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
 Like little body with a mighty heart,—
 What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural!
 But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills³
 With treacherous crowns: and three corrupted men,—
 One, Richard earl of Cambridge;⁴ and the second,
 Henry lord Scroop⁵ of Masham; and the third,
 Sir Thomas Grey knight of Northumberland,—
 Have, for the guilt of France,⁶ (O guilt indeed!
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
 (If hell and treason hold their promises,)⁷
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
 Linger your patience on; and well digest

The

The idea is taken from the ancient representations of trophies in tapestry or painting. Among these it is very common to see swords encircled with naval or mural crowns. STEEVENS.

In the Horse Armoury in the Tower of London, Edward III. is represented with two crowns on his sword, alluding to the two kingdoms, France and England, of both of which he was crowned heir. Perhaps the poet took the thought from a similar representation. TOLLET.

This image, it has been observed by Mr. Henley, is borrowed from a wooden cut in the first edition of Holinshed's Chronicle. MALONE.

³ i. e. the king of France. MALONE.

⁴ Richard de Coninsbury, younger son of Edmund of Langley, duke of York. He was father of Richard, Duke of York, father of Edward the Fourth. WALPOLE.

⁵ Was a third husband of Joan, duchess of York, (she had four,) mother in-law of Richard, earl of Cambridge. MALONE.

⁶ *Gilt*, which in our author generally signifies *a display of gold* (as in this play,

“Our gayness and our *gilt* are all besmirch'd”) in the present instance means *golden money*. STEEVENS.

⁷ i. e. he who does the greatest honour to the title. By the same kind of phraseology the usurper in *Hamlet* is called the *Vice of kings*, i. e. the opprobrium of them. WARBURTON.

The abuse of distance, while we force a play.⁸
 The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed:
 The king is set from London; and the scene
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:
 There is the playhouse now,⁹ there must you sit:
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas²
 To give you gentle pafs; for, if we may,
 We'll not offend one stomach³ with our play.
 But, till the king come forth,⁴ and not till then,
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene

[Exit

⁸ The two first words were added (as it should seem) very properly.—
 To *force a play*, is to produce a play by compelling many circumstances
 into a narrow compass. STEEVENS.

⁹ I suppose every one that reads these lines looks about for a meaning
 which he cannot find. There is no connection of sense nor regularity of
 transition from one thought to the other. It may be suspected that some
 lines are lost, and in that case the sense is irretrievable. I rather think,
 the meaning is obscured by an accidental transposition, which I would
 reform thus:

*And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
 If bell and treason hold their promises.
 The sum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
 The king is set from London, and the scene
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton,
 Ere he take ship for France. And in Southampton
 Linger your patience on, and well digest
 The abuse of distance, while we force a play.
 There is the play-house now——.*

This alteration restores sense, and probably the true sense. The lines
 might be otherwise ranged, but this order pleases me best. JOHNSON.

² Though Ben Jonson, as we are told, was indebted to the kindness
 of Shakspeare for the introduction of his first piece, *Every Man in his
 Humour*, on the stage, and though our author performed a part in it,
 Jonson, in the prologue to that play, as in many other places, endea-
 voured to ridicule and depreciate him:

“He rather prays you will be pleas’d to see
 “One such to-day, as other plays should be;
 “Where neither chorus wafts you o’er the seas,” &c.

When this prologue was written is unknown. The envious author of
 it, however, did not publish it till 1616, the year of Shakspeare’s death.

MALONE.

³ That is, you shall pass the sea without the qualms of sea-sickness.

JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE I.

The same. Eastcheap.*Enter Nym and Bardolph.**Bard.* Well met, corporal Nym.*Nym.* Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.⁵*Bard.* What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?*Nym.* For my part, I care not : I say little ; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles ; ⁶—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight ; but I will wink, and hold out mine⁴ Here seems to be something omitted. Sir T. Hanmer reads :*But when the king comes forth,——*

which, as the passage now stands, is necessary. These lines, obscure as they are, refute Mr. Pope's conjectures on the true place of the chorus ; for they show that something is to intervene before the scene changes to Southampton. JOHNSON.

Mr. Roderick would read—*and but till then* ; that is, “ till the king appear next, you are to suppose the scene shifted to Southampton, and no longer ; for as soon as he comes forth, it will shift to France.” But this does not agree with the fact ; for a scene in London intervenes. MALONE.⁵ At this scene begins the connection of this play with the latter part of *King Henry IV.* The characters would be indistinct, and the incidents unintelligible, without the knowledge of what passed in the two foregoing plays. JOHNSON.⁶ I suspect *smiles* to be a marginal direction crept into the text. It is natural for a man, when he threatens, to break off abruptly, and conclude, *But that shall be as it may.* But this fantastical fellow is made to smile disdainfully while he threatens ; which circumstance was marked, for the player's direction, in the margin. WARBURTON.I do not remember to have met with these marginal directions for expression of countenance in any of our ancient manuscript plays : neither do I see occasion for Dr. Warburton's emendation, as it is vain to seek the precise meaning of every whimsical phrase employed by this eccentric character. Nym, however, having expressed his indifference about the continuation of Pistol's friendship, might have added, *when time serves, there shall be smiles*, i. e. he should be merry, even though he was to lose it ; or, that his face would be ready with a smile as often as occasion should call one out into service, though Pistol, who had excited so many, was no longer near him. Dr. Farmer, however, with great probability, would read,—*smites*, i. e. *blows*, a word used in the midland counties.

STEEVENS.

Perhaps Nym means only to say, I care not whether we are friends at present ; however, when time shall serve, *we shall be in good humour with each other* : but be it as it may. MALONE.

mine iron : It is a simple one ; but what though ? it will toast cheese ; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will : and there's the humour of it.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast, to make you friends ; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France ;⁷ let it be so, good corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it ? and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may :⁸ that is my rest,⁹ that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly : and, certainly, she did you wrong ; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell ; things must be as they may : men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time ; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may : though patience be a tired mare,² yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL and Mrs. QUICKLY.

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife :—good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host Pistol ?

Pist. Base tike,³ call'st thou me—host ?

Now,

⁷ We should read,—*we'll all go sworn brothers to France, or, we'll all be sworn brothers in France.* JOHNSON.

The humour of *sworn brothers* should be opened a little. In the times of adventure, it was usual for two chiefs to bind themselves to share in each other's fortune, and divide their acquisitions between them. So, in the Conqueror's expedition, Robert de Oily, and Roger de Ivery, were *fratres jurati* ; and Robert gave one of the honours he received to his *sworn brother* Roger. So these three scoundrels set out for France, as if they were going to make a conquest of the kingdom. WHALLEY.

⁸ Surely we ought to read, “ I will die as I may.” M. MASON.

⁹ i. e. what I am resolved on. STEEVENS.

² The folio reads, by corruption, *tired name*, from which Sir T. Hanmer, sagaciously enough, derived *tired dame*. Mr. Theobald retrieved from the quarto *tired mare*, the true reading. JOHNSON.

³ *Tijk*, is the Runic word for a little, or worthless dog. So, in *King Lear*,

“ Or bobtail *tike*, or trundle-tail.”

This word is still employed in Yorkshire, and means a clown, or rustic.

STEEVENS.

In Minshew's *Dictionary*, 16 17, *tike* is defined, “ a worme that sucks
the

Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [*Nym draws his sword.*] O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not drawn now! O Lord! here's corporal Nym's—now shall we have wilful adultery and murder committed. Good lieutenant Bardolph,—good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! ⁴ thou prick-ear'd cur ⁵ of Iceland!

Quick. Good corporal Nym, show the valour of a man, and put up thy sword.

Nym.

the blood." It is now commonly spelt *tick*, an animal that infests sheep, dogs, &c. This may have been Pistol's term. MALONE.

⁴ In the folio the word is spelt *Island*; in the quarto, *Ifeland*.

MALONE.

I believe we should read, *Iceland dog*. He seems to allude to an account credited in Elizabeth's time, that in the north there was a nation with human bodies and dogs' heads. JOHNSON.

The quartos confirm Dr. Johnson's conjecture. STEEVENS.

Iceland dog is probably the true reading; yet in Hakluyt's *Voyages*, we often meet with *island*. Drayton, in his *Moon-calf*, mentions *water-dogs*, and *islands*. And John Taylor dedicates his *Sculler* "To the whole kennel of Antichrist's hounds, priests, friars, monks, and jesuites, mastiffs, mongrels, *islands*, blood-hounds, bobtaile-tikes." FARMER.

Perhaps this kind of dog was then in vogue for the ladies to carry about with them.

It appears from a proclamation in *Rymer's Fædera*, that in the reign of Henry V. the English had a fishery on the coasts of Norway and *Iceland*; and Holinshed, in his *Description of Britain*, p. 231, says, "we have shoals or curs dailie brought out of *Ifeland*." STEEVENS.

Island [that is, *Iceland*] *cur* is again used as a term of contempt in *Epigrams served out in fifty-two several dishes*, no date, but apparently written in the time of James the first. MALONE.

⁵ A *prick-ear'd cur* is likewise in the list of dogs enumerated in *The Booke of Huntynge*, &c. bl. l. no date:

"—— trundle-tails and *prick-ear'd curs*." STEEVENS.

"There were newly come to the citie two young men that were Romans, which ranged up and downe the streetes, *with their ears upright*." *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*. This is said of two sharpers, and seems to explain the term *prick-ear'd*. HENDERSON.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*.

[*Sheathing his sword.*]

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!

The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;⁶
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels:
For I can take,⁷ and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me,⁸ I have an humour to knock you indifferently well: If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale.⁹

[*Pistol and Nym draw.*]

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier.

[*Draws.*
Pist.]

⁶ Such was the coarse language once in use among vulgar brawlers. So, in *The Life and Death of William Summers, &c.*

“ ——— Thou lyest in thy throat and in thy guts.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ I know not well what he can take. The quarto reads *talk*. In our author *to take*, is sometimes *to blast*, which sense may serve in this place.

JOHNSON.

The old reading, *I can take*, is right, and means, *I can take fire*. Though Pistol's cock was up, yet if he did not take fire, no flashing could ensue. The whole sentence consists in allusions to his name.

M. MASON.

⁸ *Barbason* is the name of a dæmon mentioned in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The unmeaning tumour of Pistol's speech very naturally reminds Nym of the founding nonsense uttered by conjurers.

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Exbale*, I believe, here signifies *draw*, or in Pistol's language, *bale*, or *lug out*. MALONE.

Therefore *exbale* means only—*therefore breath your last, or die*, a threat common enough among dramattick heroes of a higher rank than Pistol, who only expresses this idea in the fantastick language peculiar to his character. STEEVENS.

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate,
Give me thy fist, thy forefoot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Coupe le gorge*, that's the word?—I thee defy again.
O hound of Crete,² think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,

And from the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
For the only she; and—*Pauca*, there's enough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess; he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: 'faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king hath kill'd his heart.—Good husband, come home presently. [*Exeunt Mrs. QUICKLY and Boy.*

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together; Why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erflow, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound; Push home.

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist.

² He means to insinuate that Nym thirsted for blood. The hounds of Crete described by our author in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, appear to have been *bloodhounds*. MALONE.

This is an ingenious supposition; and yet I cannot help thinking that Pistol on the present, as on many other occasions, makes use of words to which he had no determinate meaning. STEEVENS.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings, I won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;—
Is not this just?—for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to fir John: Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fractured, and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours, and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live.³ [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Southampton. *A Council-Chamber.*

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West.

³ That is, we will live as quietly and peaceably together as lambkins. The meaning has, I think, been obscured by a different punctuation: "for, lambkins, we will live." MALONE.

Lambkins

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves !
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd with princely favours,—
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery !

*Trumpet sounds. Enter King HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE,
GREY, Lords, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of Masham,—
And you, my gentle knight,—give me your thoughts :
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us,
Will cut their passage through the force of France ;
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head assembled them ? ⁴

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that : since we are well persuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours ; ⁵
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,
Than is your majesty ; there's not, I think, a subject,
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness.

Under

Lambkins seems to me a fantastick title by which Pistol addresses his newly-reconciled friends, Nym and Bardolph. The words—*we will live*, may refer to what seems uppermost in his head, his expected profits from the camp, of which he has just given them reason to expect a share. I have not therefore departed from the old punctuation. STEEVENS.

⁴ This is not an English phraseology. I am persuaded Shakspeare wrote :

For which we have in aid assembled them ?

alluding to the tenures of those times. WARBURTON.

It is strange, that the commentator should forget a word so eminently observable in this writer, as *head* for an army formed. JOHNSON.

In head seems synonymous to the modern military term *in force*.

MALONE.

⁵ In friendly concord ; in unison with ours. MALONE.

Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. Even those, that were your father's enemies,
Have steep'd their galls in honey; and do serve you
With hearts create⁶ of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil;
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter;
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And, on his more advice,⁷ we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir, you show great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,⁸
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,⁹
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,

Though

⁶ Hearts *compounded* or *made up* of duty and zeal. JOHNSON.

⁷ On his return to more *coolness* of mind. JOHNSON.

⁸ i. e. sudden passions. WARBURTON.

Perturbation of mind, *Temper* is equality or calmness of mind, from an equipoise or due mixture of passions. *Distemper* of mind is the predominance of a passion, as *distemper* of body is the predominance of a humour. JOHNSON.

It has been just said by the king, that *it was excess of wine that set him on*, and *distemper* may therefore mean intoxication. *Distemper'd* in liquor, is still a common expression. STEEVENS.

⁹ If we may not *wink* at small faults, *how wide must we open our eyes* at great? JOHNSON.

Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey,—in their dear care,
And tender preservation of our person,—
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes;
Who are the late commissioners? ²

Cam. I one, my lord;
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And me, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is
yours;—

There yours, lord Scroop of Masham;—and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:—
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.—
My lord of Westmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,—
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen?
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion?—look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The mercy, that was quick ³ in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying them.—
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge here,—
You know, how apt our love was, to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,
This knight,—no less for bounty bound to us

Than

² That is, as appears from the sequel, who are the persons lately appointed commissioners? M. MASON.

³ That is, *living*. JOHNSON.

Than Cambridge is,—hath likewise sworn.—But O!
 What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop; thou cruel,
 Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
 Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
 That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
 That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
 Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use?
 May it be possible, that foreign hire
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
 That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
 That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
 As black from white,⁴ my eye will scarcely see it.
 Treason, and murder, ever kept together,
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
 Working so grossly⁵ in a natural cause,
 That admiration did not whoop at them:
 But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
 Wonder, to wait on treason, and on murder:
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
 H'ath got the voice in hell for excellence:
 And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
 Do botch and bungle up damnation
 With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
 From glistering semblances of piety;
 But he, that temper'd thee,⁶ bade thee stand up,
 Gave thee no instance why thou should'st do treason,
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
 If that same dæmon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
 Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,

He

⁴ Though the truth be as apparent and visible as black and white contiguous to each other. To *stand off*, is *être relevé*, to be prominent to the eye, as the strong parts of a picture. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Palpably*; with a plain and visible connexion of cause and effect.

JOHNSON.

⁶ Though *temper'd* may stand for *formed* or *moulded*, yet I fancy *tempted* was the author's word, for it answers better to *suggest* in the opposition.

JOHNSON.

Temper'd, I believe, is the true reading, and means—rendered thee pliable to his will. STEEVENS.

He might return to vasty Tartar⁷ back,
 And tell the legions—I can never win
 A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
 O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiance!⁸ Show men dutiful?
 Why, so didst thou: Seem they grave and learned?
 Why, so didst thou: Come they of noble family?
 Why, so didst thou: Seem they religious?
 Why, so didst thou: Or are they spare in diet;
 Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger;
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;⁹
 Not working with the eye, without the ear,²
 And, but in purged judgement, trusting neither?
 Such, and so finely boulted, didst thou seem:³
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To mark the full-fraught man, and best indued,⁴
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
 Another fall of man.—Their faults are open,
 Arrest them to the answer of the law;—
 And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe.

⁷ i. e. *Tartarus*, the fabled place of future punishment. MALONE.

⁸ Shakspeare uses this aggravation of the guilt of treachery with great judgement. One of the worst consequences of breach of trust is the diminution of that confidence which makes the happiness of life, and the dissemination of suspicion, which is the poison of society. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Complement* has in this instance the same sense as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. *Complements*, in the age of Shakspeare, meant the same as *accomplishments* in the present one. STEEVENS.

By the epithet *modest* the king means that Scroop's accomplishments were not ostentatiously display'd. MALONE.

² The king means to say of Scroop, that he was a cautious man, who knew that *fronti nulla fides*, that a specious appearance was deceitful, and therefore did not *work with the eye, without the ear*, did not trust the air or look of any man till he had tried him by enquiry and conversation. JOHNSON.

³ i. e. refined or purged from all faults. POPE.

Boulted is the same with *sifted*, and has consequently the meaning of *refined*. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Best indued* is a phrase equivalent to—gifted or endowed in the most extraordinary manner. STEEVENS.

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd ;
And I repent my fault, more than my death ;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me,—the gold of France did not seduce ;
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended :
But God be thanked for prevention ;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,⁵
Beseeching God, and you, to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprize :
My fault,⁶ but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy ! Hear your sentence.
You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd,⁷ and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death ;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,

His

⁵ The intended scheme that he alludes to, was the taking off Henry, to make room for his brother-in-law. MALONE.

⁶ One of the conspirators against Queen Elizabeth, I think Parry, concludes his letter to her with these words: "*a culpâ, but not a pœnâ, absolve me, most dear lady.*" This letter was much read at that time, [1585,] and our author doubtless copied it.

This whole scene was much enlarged and improved after the first edition ; the particular insertions it would be tedious to mention, and tedious without much use. JOHNSON.

The words of Parry's letter are, "Discharge me *à culpâ*, but not *à pœnâ*, good ladie." REED.

⁷ Mr. Ritson recommends the omission of this word, which deforms the measure. STEEVENS.

His subjects to oppression and contempt,
 And his whole kingdom unto desolation.
 Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
 Whose ruin you three fought, that to her laws
 We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
 Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
 The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
 Patience to endure, and true repentance
 Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt Conspirators, guarded.*]

Now, lords, for France; the enterprize whereof
 Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.

We doubt not of a fair and lucky war;
 Since God so graciously hath brought to light
 This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,
 To hinder our beginnings, we doubt not now,
 But every rub is smoothed on our way,
 Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
 Our puissance into the hand of God,
 Putting it straight in expedition.

Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:

No king of England, if not king of France.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

London. *Mrs. Quickly's House in Eastcheap.*

Enter PISTOL, *Mrs. QUICKLY*, NYM, BARDOLPH,
and Boy.

Quick. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee
 to Staines.⁸

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yern.—
 Bardolph, be blith;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;
 Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
 And we must yern therefore.

Bard. 'Would, I were with him, wheresome'er he is,
 either in heaven, or in hell!

Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's
 bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a
 finer

⁸ i. e. let me attend, or accompany-thee. REED.

finer end,⁸ and went away, an it had been any chrifom child;⁹
 'a parted even juſt between twelve and one, e'en at turning
 o'the

⁸ — finer end,] for *final*. JOHNSON.

Every man that dies, makes a *final* end; but Mrs. Quickly means to deſcribe Falſtaff's behaviour at his exit, as uncommonly placid. "He made a *fine* end," is at this day a vulgar expreſſion, when any perſon dies with reſolution and devotion. So Ophelia ſays of her father: "They ſay, *he made a good end*." M. MASON.

Our author has elſewhere uſed the comparative for the poſitive. Mrs. Quickly, however, needs no juſtification for not adhering to the rules of grammar.

What ſeems to militate againſt Dr. Johnson's interpretation is, that the word *final*, which he ſuppoſes to have been meant, is rather too learned for the hoſteſs. MALONE.

⁹ The old quarto has it — *criſomb'd* child.

"The *chryſom* was no more than the white cloth put on the new baptized child." See *Johnson's Canons of Eccleſ. Law*, 1720.

I have ſomewhere (but cannot recollect where) met with this further account of it; that the *chryſom* was allowed to be carried out of the church, to enwrap ſuch children as were in too weak a condition to be borne thither; the *chryſom* being ſuppoſed to make every place holy. This cuſtom would rather ſtrengthen the alluſion to the weak condition of Falſtaff.

The child itſelf was ſometimes called a *chryſom*, as appears from the following paſſage in *The Fancies Chaſte and Noble*, 1638:—"the boy ſurely I ever ſaid was a very *chriſome* in the thing you wot."

STEEVENS.

In the Liturgie, 2 E. VI. *Form of private Baptiſm*, is this direction: "Then the miniſter ſhall put the white veſture, commonly called the *chriſome*, upon the child," &c. The *Gloſſary* of Du Change, vide *Chriſmale*, explains this ceremony thus: "Quippe olim ut et hodie, baptizatorum, ſtatim atque chriſmate in fronte ungebantur, ne chriſma de flueret, capita panno candido obvolvebantur, qui octava demum die ab iis auferebatur." During the time therefore of their wearing this veſture, the children were, I ſuppoſe, called *chriſomes*. One is regiſtered under this deſcription in the regiſter of *Tbatbam, Berks*, 1605. (Hearne's *Appendix to the Hiſtory of Glaſtonbury*, p. 275.) "A younge *criſome* being a man child, beinge found drowned," &c. TYRWHITT.

The *chriſom* is properly explained as the white garment put upon the child at its baptiſm. And this the child wore till the time the mother came to be churched, who was then to offer it to the miniſter. So that, truly ſpeaking, a *chriſom child* was one that died after it had been baptized, and before its mother was churched. Erroneouſly, however, it was uſed for children that die before they are baptized; and by this denomination ſuch children were entered in the bills of mortality down to the

o'the tide :² for after I saw him fumble with the sheets,³ and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way ;⁴ for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields.⁵ How now, sir John ? quoth I :

the year 1726. But have I not seen, in some edition, *christom* child ? If that reading were supported by any copy of authority, I should like it much. It agrees better with my dame's enuntiation, who was not very likely to pronounce a hard word with propriety, and who just before had called *Abraham—Artbur*. WHALLEY.

Mr. Whalley is right in his conjecture. The first folio reads *christom*. Blount, in his GLOSSOGRAPHY, 1678, says, that *chrisoms* in the bills of mortality are such children as die within the month of birth, because during that time they use to wear the *chrisom-cloth*. MALONE.

² It has been a very old opinion, which Mead, *de imperio solis*, quotes, as if he believed it, that nobody dies but in the time of ebb : half the deaths in London confute the notion ; but we find that it was common among the women of the poet's time. JOHNSON.

³ The same indication of approaching death is enumerated by Celsus, Lommius, Hippocrates and Galen. COLLINS.

⁴ I believe this phrase is proverbial. STEEVENS.

⁵ The old copy [i. e. the first folio,] reads—*for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a table of green fields*. STEEVENS.

These words, *and a table of green fields*, are not to be found in the old editions of 1600 and 1608. This nonsense got into all the following editions by a pleasant mistake of the stage editors, who printed from the common piece-meal written parts in the play-house. A table was here directed to be brought in, (it being a scene in a tavern where they drink at parting), and this direction crept into the text from the margin. Greenfield was the name of the property-man in that time, who furnished implements, &c. for the actors, *A table of Greenfield's*. POPE.

So reasonable an account of this blunder, Mr. Theobald could not acquiesce in. He thought *a table of Greenfield's*, part of the text, only corrupted, and that it should be read, *he babbled of green-fields*, because men do so in the ravings of a calenture. But he did not consider how ill this agrees with the nature of the knight's illness, who was now in no *babbling* humour ; and so far from wanting cooling in *green fields*, that his feet were very cold, and he just expiring. WARBURTON.

Upon this passage Mr. Theobald has a note that fills a page, which I omit in pity to my readers, since he only endeavours to prove, what I think every reader perceives to be true, that at this time no *table* could be wanted. Mr. Pope, in an apperdx to his own edition in 12mo. seems to admit Theobald's emendation, which we would have allowed to be uncommonly happy, had we not been prejudiced against it by Mr. Pope's first note, with which, as it excites merriment, we are loath to part. JOHNSON.

I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him, 'a should not think of God; I hoped, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: So, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.⁶

Nym.

Had the former editors been apprized, that *table*, in our author, signifies a pocket book, I believe they would have retained it with the following alteration:—*for his nose was as sharp as a pen upon a table of green fells* — On *table books*, silver or steel pens, very sharp pointed, were formerly and still are fixed to the backs or covers. Mother Quickly compares Falstaff's nose (which in dying persons grows thin and sharp) to one of those *pens*, very properly, and she meant probably to have said, on a *table-book* with a *shagreen cover* or *shagreen table*; but, in her usual blundering way, she calls it a *table of green fells*, or a table covered with *green-skin*; which the blundering transcriber turned into *green-fields*; and our editors have turned the prettiest blunder in Shakspeare, quite out of doors. SMITH.

Dr. Warburton objects to Theobald's emendation, on the ground of the nature of Falstaff's illness; "who was so far from *babbling*, or wanting *cooling* in *green fields*, that his feet were cold, and he was just expiring." But his disorder had been a "burning quotidian tertian." It is, I think, a much stronger objection, that the word *Table*, with a capital letter, (for so it appears in the old copy,) is very unlikely to have been printed instead of *babbled*. This reading, is, however, preferable to any that has been yet proposed.

On this difficult passage I had once a conjecture. It was, that the word *table* is right, and that the corrupted word is *and*, which may have been misprinted for *in*; a mistake that has happened elsewhere in these plays: and thus the passage will run—*and his nose was as sharp as a pen in a table of green fields*.—A *pen* may have been used for a *pinfold*, and a *table* for a *picture*.

The pointed stakes of which pinfolds are sometimes formed, were perhaps in the poet's thoughts. MALONE.

It has been observed (particularly by the superstition of women,) of people near death, when they are delirious by a fever, that they talk of *removing*; as it has of those in a calenture, that they have their heads run on green fields. THEOBALD.

⁶ Such is the end of Falstaff, from whom Shakspeare had promised us in his epilogue to *K. Henry IV.* that we should receive more entertainment. It happened to Shakspeare, as to other writers, to have his imagination crowded with a tumultuary confusion of images, which, while they

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that a' did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation; ⁷ 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatick; and talk'd of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose; and 'a said, it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog off? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips. Look to my chattels, and my moveables:

Let

they were yet unsorted and unexamined, seemed sufficient to furnish a long train of incidents, and a new variety of merriment; but which, when he was to produce them to view, shrunk suddenly from him, or could not be accommodated to his general design. That he once designed to have brought Falstaff on the scene again, we know from himself; but whether he could contrive no train of adventures suitable to his character, or could match him with no companions likely to quicken his humour, or could open no new vein of pleasantry, and was afraid to continue the same strain lest it should not find the same reception, he has here, for ever discarded him, and made haste to despatch him, perhaps for the same reason for which Addison killed Sir Roger, that no other hand might attempt to exhibit him.

Let meaner authors learn from this example, that it is dangerous to sell the bear which is yet not hunted; to promise to the publick what they have not written.

This disappointment probably inclined Queen Elizabeth to command the poet to produce him once again, and to show him in love or courtship. This was, indeed, a new source of humour, and produced a new play from the former characters. JOHNSON.

⁷ Mrs. Quickly blunders, mistaking the word *incarnate* for a colour.

HENDERSON.

Let senses rule; ⁸ the word is, *Pitch and pay*; ⁹

Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog,² my duck;

Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy chrystals.³—Yoke-fellows in arms,

Let us to France! like horse-leeches, my boys;

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess.

[*Kissing her.*

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear; keep close,⁴ I thee command.

Quick. Farewell; adieu.

[*Exeunt.*

⁸ I think this is wrong, but how to reform it I do not see. Perhaps we may read:

Let sense us rule;

Pistol is taking leave of his wife, and giving her advice as he kisses her; he sees her rather weeping than attending, and, supposing that in her heart she is still longing to go with him part of the way, he cries, *Let sense us rule*, that is, *let us not give way to foolish fondness, but be ruled by our better understanding*. He then continues his directions for her conduct in his absence. JOHNSON.

Let senses rule evidently means, *let prudence govern you: conduct yourself sensibly*; and it agrees with what precedes and what follows. Mr. M. Mason would read, "*Let sentences rule*;" by which he means *sayings*, or *proverbs*; and accordingly (says he) Pistol gives us a string of them in the remainder of his speech. STEEVENS.

⁹ The caution was a very proper one to Mrs. Quickly, who had suffered before, by letting Falstaff run in her debt. STEEVENS.

One of the old laws of Blackwell-hall was, that a "*penny be paid by the owner of every bale of cloth for pitching*." FARMER.

² Alluding to the proverbial saying,—"*Brag is a good dog, but holdfast is a better*." DOUCE.

³ Dry thine eyes: but I think it may better mean, in this place, *wash thy glasses*. JOHNSON.

The first explanation is certainly the true one. STEEVENS.

⁴ An anonymous writer supposes that by the words—*keep close*, Pistol means *keep within doors*. That this was not the meaning, is proved decisively by the words of the quarrel. MALONE.

Perhaps, the words—*keep close*, were rendered perfectly intelligible by the action that accompanied them on the stage. STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

France. *A room in the French King's Palace.*

Enter the French King attended; the Dauphin, the Duke of BURGUNDY, the Constable, and others.

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us;

And more than carefully it us concerns,⁵
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,—
And you, prince Dauphin,—with all swift despatch,
To line, and new repair, our towns of war,
With men of courage, and with means defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us then, to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,⁶
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question,)
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no shew of fear;
No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her scepter so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humourous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Cor.

⁵ *More than carefully is with more than common care; a phrase of the same kind with better than well. JOHNSON.*

⁶ *i. e. render it callous, insensible. STEEVENS.*

Con.

O peace, prince Dauphin!

You are too much mistaken in this king;
 Question your grace the late ambassadors,—
 With what great state he heard their embassy,
 How well supplied with noble counsellors,
 How modest in exception,⁷ and, withal,
 How terrible in constant resolution,—
 And you shall find, his vanities forespent
 Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly;⁸
 As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
 That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable,
 But though we think it so, it is no matter:
 In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh

The

⁷ How diffident and decent in making objections. JOHNSON.

⁸ Shakspeare not having given us, in the First or Second part of *Henry IV.* or in any other place but this, the remotest hint of the circumstance here alluded to, the comparison must needs be a little obscure to those who do not know or reflect that some historians have told us, that Henry IV. had entertained a deep jealousy of his son's aspiring superior genius. Therefore to prevent all umbrage, the prince withdrew from public affairs, and amused himself in consorting with a dissolute crew of robbers. It seems to me, that Shakspeare was ignorant of this circumstance when he wrote the two parts of *Henry IV.* for it might have been so managed as to have given new beauties to the character of Hal, and great improvements to the plot. And with regard to these matters, Shakspeare generally tells us all he knew, and as soon as he knew it. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton, as usual, appears to me to refine too much. I believe, Shakspeare meant no more than that Henry, in his external appearance, was like the elder Brutus, wild and giddy, while in fact his understanding was good.

Thomas Otterbourne and the translator of Titus Livius indeed say, that Henry the Fourth in his latter days was jealous of his son, and apprehended that he would attempt to depose him; to remove which suspicion, the prince is said (from the relation of an earl of Ormond, who was an eye witness of the fact,) to have gone with a great party of his friends to his father, in the twelfth year of his reign, and to have presented him with a dagger, which he desired the king to plunge into his breast, if he still entertained any doubts of his loyalty: but, I believe, it is no where said, that he threw himself into the company of dissolute persons to avoid giving umbrage to his father, or betook himself to irregular courses with a political view of quieting his suspicions. MALONE.

The enemy more mighty than he seems,
 So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
 Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,⁹
 Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat, with scanting
 A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we king Harry strong;
 And, princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him.
 The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;
 And he is bred out of that bloody strain,²
 That haunted us³ in our familiar paths:
 Witness our too much memorable shame,
 When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
 And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
 Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales;
 Whiles that his mountain fire,—on mountain standing,
 Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
 Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him
 Mangle the work of nature, and deface
 The patterns that by God and by French fathers
 Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
 Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
 The native mightiness and fate of him.⁴

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Henry King of England
 Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go and
 bring them.

[Exeunt Mess. and certain Lords.]

You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit: for coward dogs
 Most spend their mouths,⁵ when what they seem to threaten,
 Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,

Take

⁹ *Projection*, I believe, is here used for *fore-cast* or *preconception*. It may, however, mean *preparation*. MALONE.

² —strain,] lineage. REED.

³ To *haunt* is a word of the utmost horror, which shows that they dreaded the English as goblins and spirits. JOHNSON.

⁴ His *fate* is what is allotted him by destiny, or what he is fated to perform. JOHNSON.

⁵ That is, *bark*; the sportsman's term. JOHNSON.

Take up the English short ; and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head :
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin,
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and train.

Fr. King. From our brother England ?

Exe. From him ; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
To him, and to his heirs ; namely, the crown,
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,
'Tis no finifter, nor no aukward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line,⁶ [*Gives a paper.*
In every branch truly demonstrative ;
Willing you, overlook this pedigree :
And, when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows ?

Exe. Bloody constraint ! for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it :
And therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove ;
(That, if requiring fail, he will compel ;)
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown : and to take mercy
On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws : and on your head
Turns he the widows' tears, the orphan's cries,

The

⁶ This genealogy ; this deduction of his lineage. JOHNSON.

The dead men's blood,⁶ the pining maidens' groans,
 For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
 That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
 This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;
 Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
 To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further :
 To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
 Back to our brother of England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
 I stand here for him ; What to him from England ?

Exe. Scorn, and defiance ; slight regard, contempt,
 And any thing that may not misbecome
 The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
 Thus says my king : and, if your father's highness
 Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
 Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
 He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,
 That caves and womby vaultages of France
 Shall chide your trespass,⁸ and return your mock
 In second accent of his ordnance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,
 It is against my will : for I desire
 Nothing but odds with England ; to that end,
 As matching to his youth and vanity,
 I did present him with those Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
 Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe :
 And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
 (As we, his subjects, have in wonder found,)
 Between the promise of his greener days,
 And these he masters now ; now he weighs time,
 Even to the utmost grain ; which you shall read
 In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King.

⁷ The disposition of the images were more regular, if we were to read thus :

————— upon your head

Turning the dead men's blood, the widow's tears,

The orphans' cries, the pining maidens' groans. JOHNSON.

⁸ To chide is to resound, to echo. STEEVENS.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon despatch'd, with fair conditions:

A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seen
The well-appointed⁹ king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty;² and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, shipboys climbing:
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting

⁹ i. e. well furnished with all the necessaries of war. STEEVENS.

² All the editions downwards, implicitly, after the first folio, read—*Dover pier.* But could the poet possibly be so discordant from himself (and the *Chronicles*, which he copied,) to make the king here embark at Dover: when he has before told us so precisely, and that so often over, that he embarked at Southampton? I dare acquit the poet from so flagrant a variation. The indolence of a transcriber, or a compositor at press, must give rise to such an error. They, seeing *pier* at the end of the verse, unluckily thought of *Dover pier*, as the best known to them; and so unawares corrupted the text. THEOBALD.

Among the records of the town of Southampton, they have a minute and authentick account (drawn up at that time) of the encampment of Henry the Fifth near the town, before this embarkment for France. It is remarkable, that the place where the army was encamped, then a low level plain or a down, is now entirely covered with sea, and called West-port. T. WARTON.

Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think,
 You stand upon the rivage,³ and behold
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
 For so appears this fleet majestical,
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy;⁴
 And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
 Guarded with grandfires, babies, and old women,
 Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance:
 For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
 Work, work, your thoughts, and therein see a siege:
 Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
 Suppose, the ambassador from the French comes back;
 Tells Harry—that the king doth offer him
 Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
 The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
 With linstock⁵ now the devilish cannon touches,
 [Alarum; and chambers⁶ go off.
 And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
 And eke out our performance with your mind. [Exit,

SCENE I.

The same. Before Harfleur.

*Alarums. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD,
 GLOSTER, and Soldiers, with scaling ladders.*

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;

Or

³ The bank or shore. JOHNSON.

⁴ The stern being the hinder part of the ship, the meaning is, let your minds follow close after the navy. STEEVENS.

I suspect the author wrote, *steerage*. MALONE.

⁵ The staff to which the match is fixed when ordnance is fired.

JOHNSON.

I learn from Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 1627, that the "*Lim-stock* is a handsome carved stick, more than halfe yard long, with a cocke at the one end, to hold fast his match," &c. STEEVENS.

⁶ Small pieces of ordnance. STEEVENS.

Or close the wall ⁷ up with our English dead!
 In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
 As modest stillness, and humility:
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tyger;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head,⁸
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
 As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
 O'erhang and jutty⁹ his confounded base,²
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit³
 To his full height!—On, on, you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,

Have,

⁷ Here is apparently a chasm. One line at least is lost, which contained the other part of a disjunctive proposition. The king's speech is, *dear friends, either win the town, or close up the wall with dead.* The old quarto gives no help. JOHNSON.

I do not perceive the chasm which Dr. Johnson complains of. What the king means to say, is,—Re-enter the breach you have made, or fill it up with your own dead bodies; i. e. Pursue your advantage, or give it up with your lives.—Mount the breach in the wall, or repair it by leaving your own carcases in lieu of the stones you have displaced: in short—Do one thing or the other. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Portage*, open space, from *port*, a gate. Let the eye appear in the head as cannon through the battlements, or embrasures, of a fortification.

JOHNSON.

So we now say—the *port*-holes of a ship. M. MASON.

⁹ The force of the verb to *jutty*, when applied to a rock projecting into the sea, is not felt by those who are unaware that this word antiently signified a mole-raised to withstand the encroachment of the tide. In an act, 1 Edw. VI. c. 14, provision is made for “the maintenaunce of piers, *jutties*, walles, and bankes against the rages of the sea.” HOLT WHITE.

Jutty-heads, in sea-language, are platforms standing on piles, near the docks, and projecting without the wharfs, for the more convenient docking and undocking ships. See Chambers's Dict. STEEVENS.

² His *worn* or *wasted* base. JOHNSON.

One of the senses of to *confound*, in our author's time, was, to *destroy*. See Minshew's Dict. in v. MALONE.

³ A metaphor from the bow. JOHNSON.

Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.⁴
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,
 That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you!
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,⁵
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
 Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
 Cry—God for Harry! England! and saint George!

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

Forces pass over; then enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL,
and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal,⁶ stay; the knocks are too
 hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives:⁷
 the

⁴ — argument.] Is matter, or subject. JOHNSON.

⁵ Slips are a contrivance of leather, to start two dogs at the same time. C.

⁶ — corporal,] We should read lieutenant. It is Bardolph to whom he speaks. STEEVENS.

Though Bardolph is only a corporal in *King Henry IV.* as our Author has in this play, from inadvertence or design, made him a lieutenant, I think with Mr. Steevens, that we should read *lieutenant*. The truth is, I believe, that the variations in his title proceeded merely from Shakespeare's inattention. MALONE.

⁷ A set of lives, of which, when one is worn out, another may serve. JOHNSON.

Perhaps only two; as a case of pistols; and, in Ben Jonson, a case of masques. WHALLEY.

I believe Mr. Whalley's explanation is the true one. A case of pistols, which was the current phrase for a pair or brace of pistols, in our author's time, is at this day the term always used in Ireland, where much of the language of the age of Elizabeth is yet retained. MALONE.

the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound;
Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;

And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. 'Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would
give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

Pist. And I:
If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as bird doth sing on
bough.⁸

*Enter FLUELLEN.*⁹

Flu. Got's plood!—Up to the preaches, you rascals! will
you not up to the preaches? [*Driving them forward.*]

Pist. Be merciful, great duke,² to men of mould!
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!
Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours!—your honour wins bad
humours.⁴

[*Exeunt NYM, PISTOL, and BARDOLPH, followed
by FLUELLEN.*]

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swash-
ers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though
they would serve me, could not be a man to me; for, in-
deed,

⁸ This should be printed as verse, being perhaps the remainder of
Pistol's song. DAVCE.

⁹ This is only the Welsh pronunciation of *Lluellen*. Thus also
Ffloyd instead of *Lloyd*. STEEVENS.

² That is, great commander.

The Trojan *duke* is only a translation of *dux* Trojanus. So also in
many of our old poems, *Duke Theseus*, *Duke Hannibal*, &c. In Pistol's
mouth the word has here peculiar propriety. MALONE.

³ To men of *earth*, to poor mortal men. JOHNSON.

⁴ In a former scene Nym says, "the king hath run bad humours on
the knight." We should therefore perhaps read *runs* here also. But
there is little certainty in any conjecture concerning the dialect of Nym
or Pistol. MALONE.

deed, three such anticks do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-liver'd, and red-faced; by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof, 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard, that men of few words are the best men;⁵ and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own; and that was against a post, when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it,—purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case; bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym, and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew, by that piece of service, the men would carry coals.⁶ They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [Exit Boy.

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines: For, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you,) is digt himself four yards under the countermines:⁷ by Cheslu, I think, 'a will plow up all,⁸ if there is not better directions.

Gow.

⁵ That is, *bravest*; so in the next lines, *good deeds* are *brave actions*.

JOHNSON.

⁶ It appears that in Shakspeare's age, *to carry coals* was, I know not why, *to endure affronts*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, one serving-man asks another whether he will *carry coals*. JOHNSON.

⁷ Fluellen means, that the enemy had digged himself *countermines* four yards under the *mines*. JOHNSON.

⁸ That is, he will *blow up all*. JOHNSON.

Gow. The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, i'faith.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the 'orld: I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY, at a distance.

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous valorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions; by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say, gud-day, captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, goot captain Jamy.

Gow. How, now, captain Macmorris? have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish la, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and by my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I pefeech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to satisfy my opinion, and partly, for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It shall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I shall quit you⁹ with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that shall I, marry.

Mac.

⁹ That is, I shall, with your permission, *requite you*, that is, *answer you*, or interpose with my arguments, as I shall find opportunity. JOHNSON.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Christ save me : the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseech'd, and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and, by Christ, do nothing; 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand, and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there is nothing done, so Christ sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the mefs, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gude service, or aile ligge i the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sal I surely do, that is the breff and the long: Mary, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you 'tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation——

Mac. Of my nation? What is my nation? is a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What is my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Christ save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault. [A parley sounded.

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there's an end.²

[Exeunt.

² It were to be wished, that the poor merriment of this dialogue had not been purchased with so much profaneness. JOHNSON.

SCENE III.

The same. Before the gates of Harfleur.

The Governour and some Citizens on the walls; the English forces below. Enter King HENRY, and his train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governour of the town?

This is the latest parle we will admit:

Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves;

Or, like to men proud of destruction,

Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,

(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,)

If I begin the battery once again,

I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,

Till in her ashes she lie buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;

And the flesh'd soldier,—rough and hard of heart,—

In liberty of bloody hand, shall range

With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass

Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering infants.

What is it then to me, if impious war,—

Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,—

Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats

Enlink'd to waste and desolation?³

What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,

If your pure maidens fall into the hand

Of hot and forcing violation;

What rein can hold licentious wickedness,

When down the hill he holds his fierce career?

We may as bootless spend our vain command

Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,

As send precepts to the Leviathan

To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,

Take pity of your town, and of your people,

Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;

Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace

O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds⁴

Of

³ All the savage practices naturally concomitant to the sack of cities.

JOHNSON.

⁴ This is a very harsh metaphor. To *overblow* is to drive away, or to keep off. JOHNSON.

Of deadly murder, spoil, and villainy.
 If not, why, in a moment, look to see
 The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
 Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
 And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes;
 Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
 Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
 At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
 What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
 Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end,
 The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
 Returns us — that his powers are not yet ready
 To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread king,
 We yield our town, and lives, to thy soft mercy:
 Enter our gates; dispose of us, and ours;
 For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates. — Come, uncle Exeter,
 Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
 And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
 Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle, —
 The winter coming on, and sickness growing
 Upon our soldiers, — we'll retire to Calais.
 To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
 To-morrow for the march are we address'd.⁵

[*Flourish. The King, &c. enter the town.*]

SCENE IV.⁶

Rouen. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.

Kath. *Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le language.*

Alice.

⁵ i. e. prepared. STEEVENS.

⁶ I have left this ridiculous scene as I have found it; and am sorry to have no colour left, from any of the editions, to imagine it interpolated. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer has rejected it. The scene is indeed mean enough, when it is read; but the grimaces of two French women, and the odd

Alice. *Un peu madame.*

Kath. *Je te prie, m'enseignes; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous la main, en Anglois?*

Alice. *La main? elle est appelée, de hand.*

Kath. *De hand. Et les doigts.*

Alice. *Les doigts? may foy, je oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts? je pense, qu'ils sont appelé de fingres; ouy, de fingers.*

Kath. *La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois viftement. Comment appelez vous les ongles?*

Alice. *Les ongles? les appellons, de nails.*

Kath. *De nails. Escontez; dites moy, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, de nails.*

Alice. *C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.*

Kath. *Dites moy en Anglois, le bras.*

Alice. *De arm, madame.*

Kath. *Et le coude.*

Alice. *De elbow.*

Cath.

accent with which they uttered the English, made it divert upon the stage. It may be observed, that there is in it not only the French language, but the French spirit. Alice compliments the princess upon her knowledge of four words, and tells her that she pronounces like the English themselves. The princess suspects no deficiency in her instructress, nor the instructress in herself. Throughout the whole scene there may be found French servility, and French vanity.

I cannot forbear to transcribe the first sentence of this dialogue, from the edition of 1608, that the reader, who has not looked into the old copies, may judge of the strange negligence with which they are printed.

“*Kate. Alice venecia, vous arves cates en, vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara, coman sue palla vou la main en francoy.* JOHNSON.

We may observe in general, that the early editions have not half the quantity; and every sentence, or rather every word, most ridiculously blundered. These, for several reasons, could not possibly be published by the author; and it is extremely probable that the French ribaldry was at first inserted by a different hand, as the many additions most certainly were after he had left the stage.—Indeed, every friend to his memory will not easily believe, that he was acquainted with the scene between *Katharine* and the *old Gentlewoman*: or surely he would not have admitted such obscenity and nonsense. FARMER.

It is very certain, that authors in the time of Shakspeare did not correct the press for themselves. I hardly ever saw in one of the old plays a sentence of either *Latin*, *Italian*, or *French*, without the most ridiculous blunders. STEEVENS.

Cath. De elbow. Je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès a present.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez moy, *Alice*; escoutez: De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie; De elbow. Comment appelez vous le col?

Alice. De neck, madame.

Kath. De neck: Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de neck: le menton, de sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur; en verité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu; et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas deja oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée?

Kath. Non, je reciteray à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de mails,—

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis je; de elbow, de neck, et de sin: Comment appelez vous le pieds et la robe?

Alice. De foot, madame; et de con.

Kath. De foot, et de con? O Seigneur Dieu! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot, & de con, neant-moins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de neck, de sin, de foot, de con.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois; al'ons nous a disner.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE V.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter the French King, the Dauphin, duke of BOURBON, the Constable of France, and others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the river Some.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O *Dieu vivant!* shall a few sprays of us,—
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,⁷
Our scions, put in wild and savage⁸ stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!
Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a flobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.⁹

Con. *Dieu de batailles!* where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades,² their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles

Upon

⁷ In this place, as in others, *luxury* means *lust*. JOHNSON.

⁸ Is here used in the French original sense, for *silvan*, *uncultivated*, the same with *wild*. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Shotten* signifies any thing *projected*: so *nook shotten isle*, is an isle that shoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land, the very figure of Great-Britain. WARBURTON.

² The exact meaning of *sur-reyn'd* I do not know. It is common to give horses over-ridden or feverish, ground malt and hot water mixed, which is called a *masb*. To this he alludes. JOHNSON.

I suppose, *sur-rein'd* means *over-ridden*; horses on whom the rein has remained too long. MALONE.

Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people³
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;
Poor—we may call them, in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us; and plainly say,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us—to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high,⁴ and swift corantos;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald? speed him
hence;

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—
Up, princes; and, with spirit of honour edg'd,
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;⁵
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillion, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Rouffi, and Fauconberg
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
For your great feats, now quit you of great shames.

Bar

³ I cannot help supposing, for the sake of metre, that Shakspeare wrote—*house thatch*. *House-top* is an expression which the reader will find in *St. Matthew*, xxiv. 17. STEEVENS.

⁴ Sir T. Hanmer observes, that in this dance there was much turning and much capering. Shakspeare mentions it more than once.

STEEVENS.

⁵ Milton somewhere bids the English take notice how their names are misspelt by foreigners, and seems to think that we may lawfully treat foreign names in return with the same neglect. This privilege seems to be exercised in this catalogue of French names, which, since the sense of the author is not affected, I have left as I found it. JOHNSON.

I have changed the spelling; for I know not why we should leave blunders or antiquated orthography in the proper names, when we have been so careful to remove them both from all other parts of the text. Instead of *Charles De-la-bret*, we should read *Charles D'Albret*; but the metre will not allow of it. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare followed Holinshed's Chronicle, in which the Constable is called *Delabreth*, as he here is in the folio. MALONE.

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
 With pennons⁶ painted in the blood of Harfleur:
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow⁷
 Upon the vallies; whose low vassal feat
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
 Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—
 And in a captive chariot, into Rouën
 Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.

Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,
 His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march;
 For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
 And, for achievement, offer us his ransom.⁸

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy;
 And let him say to England, that we send
 To know what willing ransom he will give.—
 Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouën.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.—
 Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all;
 And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [Exeunt.]

⁶ *Pennons* armorial were small flags, on which the arms, device and motto of a knight were painted.

Pennon is the same as *pendant*. STEEVENS.

⁷ The poet has here defeated himself by passing too soon from one image to another. To bid the French rush upon the English as the torrents formed from melted snow stream from the Alps, was at once vehement and proper, but its force is destroyed by the grossness of the thought in the next line. JOHNSON.

⁸ I can make no sense of these words as they stand, though it is to be supposed that the editors understood them, since they have passed them by unnoticed. I have little doubt but the words *his* and *for*, in the last line, have been misplaced, and that the line should run thus:

And his achievement offer us for ransom.

And accordingly the king of France sends to Henry to know what ransom he will give. By his *achievement* is meant the town of Harfleur, which Henry had taken. In the former part of this act he says:

“I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,

“Till in her ashes she be buried.” M. MASON.

Instead of achieving a victory over us, make a proposal to pay us a certain sum as a ransom. MALONE.

SCENE VI.

*The English Camp in Picardy.**Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN.*

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen? came you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent service committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my livings, and my uttermost powers: he is not, (God be praised and plessed!) any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an ensign there at the pridge,—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orld; but I did see him do gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd—ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Do you not know him? Here comes the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
Of buxom valour,⁹ hath,—by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,²—

Flu.

⁹ i. e. valour under good command, obedient to its superiors.

STEEVENS.

² Fortune is described by Cebes, and by Pacuvius in the fragments of Latin authors, p. 60, and the first book of the Pieces to Herennius, precisely in these words of our poet. It is unnecessary to quote them.

S. W.

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is blind :³ And she is painted also with a wheel ; to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and variation, and mutabilities : and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls ;—In good truth, the poet is make a most excellent description of fortune : fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him ;
For he hath stol'n a *pix*,⁴ and hanged must 'a be.

A damned

³ Here the fool of a player was for making a joke, as Hamlet says, *not set down for him, and showing a most pitiful ambition to be witty*. For Fluellen, though he speaks with his country accent, yet is all the way represented as a man of good plain sense. Therefore, as it appears he knew the meaning of the term *blind*, by his use of it, he could never have said that *Fortune was painted blind, to signify she was blind*. He might as well have said afterwards, *that she was painted inconstant, to signify she was inconstant*. But there he speaks sense ; and so, unquestionably, he did here. We should therefore strike out the first *blind*, and read :

Fortune is painted with a muffler, &c. WARBURTON.

The old reading is the true one. *Fortune the Goddess* is represented blind, to show that *fortune, or the chance of life*, is without discernment.

STEEVENS.

This picture of *Fortune* is taken from the old history of *Fortunatus* ; where she is described to be a fair woman, *muffled over the eyes*.

FARMER.

A *muffler* appears to have been a fold of linen which partially covered a woman's face. STEEVENS.

Minshew in his *Dictionary*, 1617, explains "a woman's *muffler*," by the French word *cachenez*, which Cotgrave defines "a kind of mask for the face ;" yet, I believe it was made of linen, and that Minshew only means to compare it to a mask, because they both might conceal part of the face. It was, I believe, a kind of hood, of the same form as the riding-hood now sometimes worn by men, that covered the shoulders, and a great part of the face. This agrees with the only other passage in which the word occurs in these plays : "——I spy a great beard under her *muffler*." *Merry Wives of Windsor*. MALONE.

⁴ The old editions read—*pax*. "And this is conformable to history," says Mr. Pope, "a soldier (as Hall tells us) being hang'd at this time for such a fact."——Both Hall and Holinshed agree as to the point of the *theft* ; but as to the thing *stolen*, there is not that conformity betwixt them and Mr. Pope. It was an ancient custom, at the celebration of
ma's,

A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For *pix* of little price,
Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach:

Speak,

mass, that when the priest pronounced these words, *Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum!* both clergy and people kiss'd one another. And this was called *osculum pacis*, the kiss of *Peace*. But that custom being abrogated, a certain image is now presented to be kiss'd which is called a *Pax*. But it was not this image which Bardolph stole; it was a *pix*, or little chest (from the Latin word, *pix*, a box,) in which the consecrated *host* was used to be kept. "A foolish soldier," says Hall expressly, and Holinshed after him, "stole a *pix* out of a church, and unreverently did eat the holy hostes within the same contained." THEOBALD.

What Theobald says is true, but might have been told in fewer words: I have examined the passage in Hall. Yet Dr. Warburton rejected that emendation, and continued Pope's note without animadversion.

It is *pax* in the folio, 1623, but altered to *pix* by Theobald and Sir T. Hanmer. They signified the same thing. See *Pax at Mass*, *Minsheu's Guide into the Tongues*. *Pix* or *pax* was a little box in which were kept the consecrated wafers. JOHNSON.

That a *pix* and a *pax* were different things, may also be seen from the following passage in the history of our *Bl. ss'd Lady of Loretto*, 12mo. 1608, p. 595: "——a cup, and a sprinkle for holy water, a *pix* and a *pax*, all of excellent chrystal, gold and amber." STEEVENS.

Pix, is apparently right. In Henry the VIIth's will, it is said, "Forasmuch as we have often and many tymes to our inwarde regrete and displeasure seen at our Jen, in diverse many churches of oure reame, the holie sacrament of the aulter, kept in ful simple, and inhonest *pixes*, specially *pixes* of copre and tymbre; we have appointed and commaunded the treasurer of our chambre, and maistre of our juell-houss, to cause to be made furthwith, *pixes* of silver and gilt, in a greate nombre, for the keeping of the holie sacrament of the aultre, after the fashion of a *pixe* that we have caused to be delivered to them. Every of the said *pixes*, to be of the value of iiii*l*. garnished with our armes, and rede roses and poart-colis crowned." P. 38. REED.

The old copies have *pax*, which was a piece of board on which was the image of Christ on the cross; which the people used to kiss after the service was ended.

Holinshed (whom our author followed) says, "a foolish soldier stole a *pixe* out of a church, for which cause he was apprehended, and the king would not once remove till the *box* was restored, and the offender strangled." MALONE.

Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to executions; for disciplines ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd; and *figo* for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! ⁵

[Exit PISTOL.]

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd; a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day: But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a foldier. And such fellows are perfect in great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote, where services were done;—at such and such a sconce,⁶ at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: And what a beard of the general's cut,⁷ and a horrid suit of the camp,⁸ will

⁵ This is no allusion to the *figo* already explained in *King Henry IV.* Part II.; but to the custom of giving poison'd figs to those who were the objects either of Spanish or Italian revenge. STEEVENS.

I believe the *Fig of Spain* is here used only as a term of contempt. REED.

⁶ — a sconce,] appears to have been some hasty, rude, inconsiderable kind of fortification. STEEVENS.

So, Falstaff, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "I will ensconce (i. e. entrench) myself behind the arras." BLACKSTONE.

⁷ It appears from an old ballad inserted in a miscellany, entitled *Le Prince d'Amour*, 8vo. 1660, that our ancestors were very curious in the fashion of their beards, and that a certain cut or form was appropriated to the foldier, the bishop, the judge, the clown, &c. The *spade*-beard, and perhaps the *stiletto*-beard also, was appropriated to the first of these characters.

will do among foaming bottles, and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on! but you must learn to know such flanders of the age,⁹ or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain Gower;—I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the 'orld he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridge.²

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

Flu. Got pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? camest thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages: Marry, th'athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen.

characters. It is observable that our author's patron, Henry Earl of Southampton, who spent much of his time in camps, is drawn with the latter of these beards; and his unfortunate friend, Lord Essex, is constantly represented with the former. MALONE.

⁸ Thus the folio. The quartos 1600, &c. read—a *horrid* shout of the camp. STEEVENS.

Suit, I have no doubt, is the true reading. Soldiers *shout* in a field of battle, but not in a camp. *Suit* in our author's time appears to have been pronounced *shoot*: hence probably the corrupt reading of the quarto.

MALONE.

⁹ This was a character very troublesome to wise men in our author's time. "It is the practice with him (says Ascam) to be warlike, though he never looked enemy in the face; yet some warlike sign must be used, as a slovenly buskin, or an over-staring frowned head, as though out of every hair's top should suddenly start a good big oath." JOHNSON.

² "Speak with him from the pridge, Mr. Pope tells us, is added to the latter editions; but that it is plain from the sequel, that the scene here continues, and the affair of the bridge is over." This is a most inaccurate criticism. Though the affair of the bridge be over, is that a reason, that the king must receive no intelligence from thence? Fluellen, who comes from the bridge, wants to acquaint the king with the transactions that had happened there. This he calls *speaking to the king from the bridge*. THEOBALD.

With this Dr. Warburton concurs. JOHNSON.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th'athversary hath been very great, very reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and welks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed,³ and his fire's out.⁴

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off:—and we give express charge, that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language; For when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

*Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY.*⁵

Mont. You know me by my habit.⁶

K. Hen. Well then, I know thee; What shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep; Advantage is a better soldier, than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good

³ It appears from what Pistol has just said to Fluellen, that Bardolph was *not* yet executed; or at least, that Fluellen did not know that he was executed. But Fluellen's language must not be too strictly examined.

MALONE.

⁴ This is the last time that any sport can be made with the red face of Bardolph, which, to confess the truth, seems to have taken more hold on Shakspeare's imagination than on any other. The conception is very cold to the solitary reader, though it may be somewhat invigorated by the exhibition on the stage. This poet is always more careful about the present than the future, about his audience than his readers.

JOHNSON.

⁵ *Mont-joie* is the title of the first king at arms in France, as *Garret* is in our own country. STEEVENS.

⁶ That is, by his herald's coat. The person of a herald being inviolable, was distinguished in those times of formality by a peculiar dress, which is likewise yet worn on particular occasions. JOHNSON.

good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe :—now we speak upon our cue,⁸ and our voice is imperial : England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom ; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested ; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor ; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number ; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—defiance : and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master ; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name ? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,

And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now ;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment :⁹ for, to say the sooth,
(Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,)
My people are with sickness much enfeebled ;
My numbers lessen'd ; and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French ;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought, upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen,—Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus !—this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me ; I must repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am ;
My ransom, is this frail and worthless trunk ;
My army, but a weak and sickly guard ;

Yet

⁸ In our turn. This phrase the author learned among players, and has imparted it to kings. JOHNSON.

⁹ i. e. hindrance. *Empeachment*, French. STEEVENS.

Impeachment, in the same sense, has always been used as a legal word in deeds, as—“without impeachment of waste ;” i. e. without restraint or hindrance of waste. REED.

Yet, God before,² tell him we will come on,
 Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
 Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
 Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
 If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
 We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
 Discolour:³ and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
 The sum of all our answer is but this:
 We would not seek a battle as we are;
 Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it;
 So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

[*Exit* MONTJOY.]

Glo. I hope, they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
 March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:—
 Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves;
 And on to-morrow bid them march away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

The French Camp near Agincourt.

*Enter the Constable of France, the Lord RAMBURES, the
 Duke of ORLEANS, Dauphin, and others.*

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world.—
 'Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse
 have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable,
 you talk of horse and armour,—

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any prince in
 the world.

Dau. What a long night is this!—I will not change
 my

² This was an expression in that age for *God being my guide*, or, when
 used to another, *God be thy guide*. JOHNSON.

³ It appears from many ancient books that it was always customary to
 reward a herald, whether he brought defiance or congratulation.

STEEVENS.

my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca, ba!* He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; ⁴ *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him; he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call—beasts.⁵

Con.

⁴ Alluding to the bounding of tennis-balls, which were stuffed with hair, as appears from *Much Ado about Nothing*: “And the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls.” WARBURTON.

⁵ It is plain that *jades* and *beasts* should change places, it being the first word and not the last, which is the term of reproach; as afterwards it is said:

“I had as lief have my mistress a *jade*.” WARBURTON.

There is no occasion for this change.

Jade is sometimes used for a post-horse. *Beast* is always employed as a contemptuous distinction. STEEVENS.

I agree with Warburton in supposing that the words—*beasts* and *jades*, have changed places. Steevens says, that *beast* is always employed as a contemptuous distinction, and to support this assertion he quotes a passage from *Macbeth*, and another from *Timon*, in which it appears that men were called *beasts*, where abuse was intended. But though the word *beast* be a contemptuous distinction, as he terms it, when applied to a man, it does not follow that it should be so when applied to a horse.

He forgets the following speech in *Hamlet* which militates strongly against his assertion:

“——— he grew unto his feat,
“ And to such wond'rous doing brought his horse,
“ As he had been incorp's'd, and demi-natur'd
“ With the brave beast.”

But the word *jade* is always us'd in a contemptuous sense; and in the passage which Steevens quotes from the Second Part of *Henry IV.* the *able* horse is called a *poor* jade, merely because the poor beast was supposed to be jaded. The word is there an expression of pity, not of contempt.

M. MASON.

I cannot forbear subjoining two queries to this note.

In the passage quoted by Mr. M. Mason from *Hamlet*, is not the epithet *brave* added, to exempt the word *beast* from being received in a slight sense of degradation?

Is

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown,) to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: *Wonder of nature*,⁶—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. *Ma foi!* the other day, methought, your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did your's.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau.

Is not, in the instance quoted by me from *Henry IV.* the epithet *poor* supplied, to render *jade* an object of compassion?

Jade is a term of no very decided meaning. It sometimes signifies a hackney, sometimes a *vicious* horse, and sometimes a *tired* one; and yet I cannot help thinking, in the present instance, that as a *horse* is degraded by being called a *jade*, so a *jade* is vilified by being termed a *beast*.

STEEVENS.

I do not think there is any ground for the transposition proposed by Dr. Warburton, who would make *jades* and *beasts* change places. Words under the hand of either a transcriber or compositor, never thus leap out of their places. The Dauphin evidently means, that no other horse has so good a title as his, to the appellation peculiarly appropriated to that fine and useful animal. The *general* term for *quadrupeds* may suffice for all other horses. MALONE.

⁶ Here, I suppose, some foolish poem of our author's time is ridiculed; which indeed partly appears from the answer. WARBURTON.

The phrase is only reprehensible through its misapplication. It is surely proper when applied to a *woman*, but ridiculous indeed when addressed to a *horse*. STEEVENS.

Dau. O! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait troffers.⁷

Con. You have good judgement in horfemanship.

Dau. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a fow to my mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubier*: thou makest use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour, that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously; and 'twere more honour, some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. 'Would, I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty English prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myself.

[Exit.

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con.

⁷ This word, which very frequently occurs in the old dramatick writers, is still preserved, but now written—*trousers*. STEEVENS.

Con. I think, he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity: and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lacquey: ⁸ 'tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate.⁹

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb ² with—There is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due.

Con. Well placed; there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with—A pox of the devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much—A fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.

Con.

⁸ He has beaten nobody but his footboy. JOHNSON.

⁹ This is said with allusion to falcons which are kept *hooded* when they are not to fly at game, and, as soon as the hood is off, *bait* or flap the wing. The meaning is, the Dauphin's valour has never been let loose upon an enemy, yet, when he makes his first essay, we shall see how he will flutter. JOHNSON.

² Alluding to the practice of capping verses. JOHNSON.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish³ fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crush'd like rotten apples: You may as well say,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then we shall find to-morrow—they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; Come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but let me see,—by ten, We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Enter CHORUS.

Chorus. Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,

Fills

3 — *peevish* —] in ancient language, signified—foolish, silly.

Fills the wide vessel of the universe.³
 From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
 The hum of either army stilly sounds,⁴
 That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch :
 Fire answers fire ; and through their paly flames,
 Each battle sees the other's umber'd face :⁵

Steed

³ *Universe* for *horison* : for we are not to think Shakspeare so ignorant as to imagine it was night over the whole globe at once. He intimates he knew otherwise, by that fine line in *The Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ ——— following darkness like a dream.”

Besides, the image he employs shows he meant but half the globe ; the horizon round, which has the shape of a vessel or goblet. WARBURTON.

There is a better proof, that Shakspeare knew the order of night and day, in *Macbeth* :

“ Now o'er the *one half* world

“ Nature seems dead.”

But there was no great need of any justification. The *universe*, in its original sense, no more means this globe singly than the circuit of the horizon ; but, however large in its philosophical sense, it may be poetically used for as much of the world as falls under observation. Let me remark further, that ignorance cannot be certainly inferred from inaccuracy. Knowledge is not always present. JOHNSON.

The wide vessel of the universe is derived, I apprehend, from a different source than that which Dr. Warburton supposes. Shakspeare in another play stiles night the *blanket of the dark* : it is probable that the affinity between *blanket* and *sheet* suggested to him the further relation between *sheet* and *vessel*, which occurs in the *Acts*, ch. x. v. 11 :—“ and saw heaven opened, and a certain *vessel* descending unto him, as if it had been a great SHEET, knit at the four corners, and let down unto the earth.” HENLEY.

⁴ ——— stilly sounds,] i. e. gently, lowly. So, in the Sacred writings : “ a still small voice.” MALONE.

⁵ Of this epithet used by Shakspeare in his description of fires reflected by night, Mr. Pope knew the value, and has transplanted it into the *Iliad* on a like occasion :

“ Whose umber'd arms by turns thick flashes send.”

Umber is a brown colour. So, in *As you like it* :

“ And with a kind of *umber* smirch my face.”

The distant visages of the soldiers would certainly appear of this hue, when beheld through the light of midnight fires. STEEVENS.

Umber'd certainly means here *discoloured* by the gleam of the fires. *Umber* is a dark yellow earth brought from Umbria in Italy, which being mixed with water produces such a dusky yellow colour as the gleam of fire by night gives to the countenance. Our author's profession probably furnished him with this epithet ; for from an old manuscript play in my possession, entitled *The Telltale*, it appears that *umber* was used in the
 stage.

Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
 Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
 And the third hour of drowsy morning name.⁶
 Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
 The confident and over-lusty⁷ French
 Do the low-rated English play at dice;⁸
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
 Investing lank-lean cheeks,⁹ and war-worn coats,
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band,

Walking

stage-exhibitions of his time. In that piece one of the marginal directions is, "*He umbers her face.*" MALONE.

⁶ The old copy—*nam'd*. STEEVENS.

How much better might we read thus?

The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,

And the third hour of drowsy morning name. TYRWHITT.

I have admitted this very necessary and elegant emendation.

STEEVENS.

Sir T. Hanmer, with almost equal probability, reads:

And the third hour of drowsy morning's nam'd. MALONE.

⁷ — *over-lusty* —] i. e. *over-saucy*. STEEVENS.

⁸ i. e. do play them away at dice. WARBURTON.

⁹ *A gesture investing cheeks and coats* is nonsense. We should read:

Invest in lank-lean cheeks —

which is sense, i. e. their sad gesture was cloath'd, or set off, in lean cheeks and worn coats. The image is strong and picturesque.

WARBURTON.

I fancy Shakspeare might have written:

In fasting, lank-lean cheeks,—&c. Heath.

Change is unnecessary. The harshness of the metaphor is what offends, which means only, that their looks are invested in mournful gestures. STEEVENS.

Gesture only relates to their *cheeks*, after which word there should be a comma, as in the first folio. TOLLET.

Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
 Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head !
 For forth he goes, and visits all his host ;
 Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile ;
 And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note,
 How dread an army hath enrounded him ;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
 Unto the weary and all-watched night :
 But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,
 With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty ;
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks :
 A largess universal, like the sun,
 His liberal eye doth give to every one,
 Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,
 A little touch of Harry in the night :
 And so our scene must to the battle fly ;
 Where, (O for pity !) we shall much disgrace—
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
 Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,—
 The name of Agincourt : Yet, sit and see ;
 Minding true things,² by what their mockeries be. [Exit.

SCENE I.

The English Camp at Agincourt.

Enter King HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOSTER.

K. Hen. Gloster, 'tis true, that we are in great danger ;
 The greater therefore should our courage be.—
 Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty !
 There is some foul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out ;
 For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful, and good husbandry :
 Besides, they are our outward consciences,
 And preachers to us all ; admonishing,

That

² To mind is the same as to call to remembrance. JOHNSON.

That we should dress us fairly for our end.³
 Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
 And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old sir Thomas Erpingham :⁴
 A good soft pillow for that good white head
 Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege ; this lodging likes me better,
 Since I may say—now lie I like a king.

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains,
 Upon example ; so the spirit is eased :
 And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
 'The organs, though defunct and dead before,
 Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
 With casted slough and fresh legerity.⁵
 Lend me thy cloak, sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
 Commend me to the princes in our camp ;
 Do my good morrow to them ; and, anon,
 Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER and BEDFORD.

Erp. Shall I attend your grace ?

K. Hen.

No, my good knight ;

Go with my brothers to my lords of England :
 I and my bosom must debate awhile,
 And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry !

[*Exit* ERPINGHAM.

K. Hen.

³ *Dress us*, I believe, means here, *address us* ; i. e. prepare ourselves. MALONE.

Dress, in its common acceptation, may be the true reading.

STEEVENS.

⁴ Sir Thomas Erpingham came over with Bolingbroke from Bretagne, and was one of the commissioners to receive King Richard's abdication.

EDWARDS'S MS.

Sir Thomas Erpingham was in Henry V's time warden of Dover castle. His arms are still visible on one side of the Roman pharos. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Slough* is the skin which the serpent annually throws off, and by the change of which he is supposed to regain new vigour and fresh youth. *Legerity* is lightness, nimbleness. JOHNSON.

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. *Qui va là?*

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; Art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so: What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, and imp of fame;⁶

Of parents good, of fist most valiant:

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings

I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Hen. Harry *le Roy*.

Pist. *Le Roy!* a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that
day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The *figo* for thee then!

K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol call'd.

[*Exit.*

K. Hen. It sorts⁷ well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower. It
is the greatest admiration in the universal 'orld, when the
true and auncient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not
kept:

⁶ An *imp* is a *shoot* in its primitive sense, but means a *son* in Shakespeare. STEEVENS.

⁷ It sorts—] i. e. it agrees. STEEVENS.

kept: if you will take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars,⁸ and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an afs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an afs, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN.*]

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think, we shall never see the end of it.—

Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wreck'd upon a sand, that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think, the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the element shows to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human

⁸ Amongst the laws and ordinances militarie set down by Robert Earl of Leicester in the Low Countries, printed at Leyden, 1586, one is, that "No man shall make anie outcrie or noise in any watch, ward, ambush, or anie other place where silence is requisite, and necessarie, upon paine of losse of life or limb at the general's discretion." REED.

human conditions:⁹ his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing;² therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will: but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king; I think, he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then, 'would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransom'd, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone; howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could not die any where so contented, as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after;³ for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But, if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopp'd off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day,⁴ and cry all—We died at such a place; some, swearing;

⁹ ———conditions:] are *qualities*. The meaning is, that objects are represented by his senses to him, as to other men by theirs. What is danger to another is danger likewise to him; and, when he feels *fear*, it is like the fear of meaner mortals. JOHNSON.

² This passage alludes to the ancient sport of falconry. When the hawk, after soaring aloft, or *mounting* high, descended in its flight, it was said to *stoop*. PERCY.

³ This sentiment does not correspond with what Bates has just before said. The speech, I believe, should be given to *Court*. MALONE.

⁴ i. e. the *last* day, the day of judgement. Our author has, in other instances, used the *comparative* for the *superlative*. STEEVENS.

swearing; some, crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some upon their children rawly left.⁵ I am afraid there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey, were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assail'd by robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation:— But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment,⁶ though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punish'd, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they

⁵ That is, *without preparation, hastily, suddenly.* What is not *matured* is *raw*. JOHNSON.

Rawly left, is *left young and helpless.* RITSON.

⁶ That is, punishment in their native country. HEATH.

Native punishment is such as they are born to, if they offend.

they are now visited. Every subject's duty ⁷ is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote ⁸ out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain,⁹ every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. 'Mafs, you'll pay him then! ² That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun,³ that a poor and private displeasure can do

⁷ This is a very just distinction, and the whole argument is well followed, and properly concluded. JOHNSON.

⁸ Old copy—*moth*, which was only the ancient spelling of *mote*. I suspected, but did not know, this to be the case, when I proposed the true reading of a passage in *K. John*. MALONE.

⁹ In the quarto this little speech is not given to the same soldier who endeavours to prove that the king was answerable for the mischiefs of war; and who afterwards gives his glove to Henry. The persons are indeed there only distinguished by figures, 1, 2, 3.—But this circumstance, as well as the tenour of the present speech, shews, that it does not belong to Williams, who has just been maintaining the contrary doctrine. It might with propriety be transferred to Court, who is on the scene, and says scarcely a word. MALONE.

² To *pay* in old language meant to *thrash* or *beat*; and here signifies to bring to account, to punish. The text is here made out from the folio and quarto. MALONE.

³ In the old play [the quarto, 1600,] the thought is more opened. *It is a great displeasure that an elder gun can do against a cannon, or a subject against a monarch.* JOHNSON.

do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round; ⁴ I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hang'd.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns ⁵ to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: But it is no English treason, to cut French crowns; and, to-morrow, the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Upon the king! ⁶ let us our lives, our souls,

Our

⁴ i. e. too rough, too unceremonious. STEEVENS.

⁵ This conceit, rather too low for a king, has been already explained, as alluding to the venereal disease. JOHNSON.

There is surely no necessity for supposing any allusion in *this passage* to the venereal disease. The conceit here seems to turn merely upon the equivocal sense of *crown*, which signifies either *a coin*, or *a bead*.

TYRWHITT.

⁶ This beautiful speech was added after the first edition. POPE.

There is something very striking and solemn in this soliloquy, into which the king breaks immediately as soon as he is left alone. Something like this, on less occasions, every breast has felt. Reflection and seriousness rush upon the mind upon the separation of a gay company, and especially after forced and unwilling merriment. JOHNSON.

Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
 Our sins, lay on the king ;—we must bear all.
 O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
 Subjected to the breath of every fool,
 Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!
 What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
 That private men enjoy?
 And what have kings, that privates have not too,
 Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
 And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
 What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
 Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
 What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
 O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
 What is the soul of adoration?⁷
 Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
 Creating awe and fear in other men?
 Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd,
 Than they in fearing.
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
 But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
 Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
 With titles blown from adulation?

Will

⁷ The first copy reads,

What? is thy soul of adoration?

This is incorrect, but I think we may discover the true reading easily enough to be,

What is thy soul, O adoration?

That is, O reverence paid to kings, *what art thou within? What are thy real qualities? What is thy intrinsic value?* JOHNSON.

I have received Mr. Malone's amendment, which he thus explains :
 —“What is the real worth and intrinsic value of adoration?”

The quarto has not this speech. The folio reads,

What? is thy soul of odoration? STEEVENS.

The latter word was corrected in the second folio. For the other emendation, now made, I am answerable. *Thy, thee, and they*, are frequently confounded in the old copies.

Dr. Johnson reads,

What is thy soul, O adoration?

But the mistake appears to me more likely to have happened in the word *thy* than in *of*. MALONE.

Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
 I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
 'Tis not the balm, the scepter, and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The enterrissed robe of gold and pearl,
 The farced title running 'fore the king,⁸
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high shore of this world,
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;⁹
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread:
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
 But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,
 Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
 Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
 And follows so the ever-running year
 With profitable labours, to his grave:
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
 Had the fore hand and vantage of a king.
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.²

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,

Seek

⁸ *Farced* is *stuffed*. The tumid puffy titles with which a king's name is always introduced. This I think is the sense. JOHNSON.

⁹ These lines are exquisitely pleasing. *To sweat in the eye of Phoebus, and to sleep in Elysium*, are expressions very poetical. JOHNSON.

² The sense of this passage, which is expressed with some slight obscurity, seems to be—*He little knows at the expence of how much royal vigilance, that peace, which brings most advantage to the peasant, is maintained. To advantage*, is a verb elsewhere used by Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen.

Good old knight,

Collect them all together at my tent :

I'll be before thee.

Exp.

I shall do't, my lord.

[*Exit.*

K. Hen. O God of battles ! steel my soldiers' hearts !

Possess them not with fear ; take from them now

The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers

Pluck their hearts from them !³—Not to-day, O Lord,

O not

³ The first folio reads—*of the opposed numbers.* STEEVENS.

The poet might intend, “Take from them the sense of reckoning those opposed numbers; *which* might pluck their courage from them.” But the *relative* not being expressed, the sense is very obscure. The slight correction I have given [*lest the opposed numbers—*] makes it clear and easy. THEOBALD.

The change is admitted by Dr. Warburton, and rightly. Sir T. Hanmer reads :

—— *the opposed numbers*

Which stand before them.

This reading he borrowed from the old quarto, which gives the passage thus :

Take from them now the sense of reckoning,

That the opposed multitudes which stand before them

May not appal their courage. JOHNSON.

Theobald's alteration certainly makes a very good sense ; but, I think, we might read, with less deviation from the present text :

—— *if th' opposed numbers*

Pluck their hearts from them.

In conjectural criticism, as in mechanics, the perfection of the art, I apprehend, consists in producing a given effect with the least possible force.

TYRWHITT.

I think Theobald's reading preferable to that of Tyrwhitt, which the editor has adopted ; for if the opposed numbers did actually pluck their hearts from them, it was of no consequence whether they had or had not the sense of reckoning. M. MASON.

The ingenious commentator seems to forget that, if the sense of reckoning, in consequence of the king's petition, was taken from them, the numbers opposed to them would be no longer formidable. When they could no more count their enemies, they could no longer fear them. It will be the lot of few criticks to retire with advantage gained over the remarks of my lamented friend, Mr. Tyrwhitt. STEEVENS.

The old reading appears to be right. The king prays that his men may be unable to reckon the enemy's force, that their hearts (i. e. their sense and passions) may be taken from them : that they may be as brave as a total absence of all feeling and reflection can make them. An explanation

O not to-day, think not upon the fault
 My father made in compassing the crown!
 I Richard's body have interred new;
 And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
 Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
 Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
 Two chantries,⁴ where the sad and solemn priests
 Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do:
 Though all that I can do, is nothing worth;
 Since that my penitence comes after all,
 Imploring pardon.⁵

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My liege!

K. Hen.

planation which seems to be countenanced by the old quarto. RITSON.

⁴ One of these monasteries was for Carthusian monks, and was called *Betlehem*; the other was for religious men and women of the order of Saint Bridget, and was named *Sion*. They were on opposite sides of the Thames, and adjoined the royal manor of *Sheene*, now called *Richmond*.

MALONE.

⁵ We must observe, that Henry IV. had committed an injustice, of which he and his son reap'd the fruits. But reason tells us, justice demands that they who share the profits of iniquity, shall share also in the punishment. Scripture again tells us, that when men have sinned, the grace of God gives frequent invitations to repentance: which, in the language of divines, are styled *calls*. These, if neglected, or carelessly dallied with, are, at length, irrecoverably withdrawn, and then repentance comes too late. All this shows that the unintelligible reading of the text should be corrected thus:

——— *comes after call.* WARBURTON.

I wish the commentator had explained his meaning a little better; for his comment is to me less intelligible than the text. I know not what he thinks of the king's penitence, whether coming *in consequence of call*, it is sufficient; or whether coming when *calls have ceased*, it is ineffectual. The first sense will suit but ill with the position, that *all which he can do is nothing worth*; and the latter as ill with the intention of Shakspeare, who certainly does not mean to represent the king as abandoned and reprobate.

The old reading is in my opinion easy and right. *I do all this*, says the king, *though all that I can do is nothing worth*, is so far from an adequate expiation of the crime, *that penitence comes after all, imploring pardon* both for the crime and the expiation. JOHNSON.

I am sensible that every thing of this kind (works of piety and charity,) which I have done or can do, will avail nothing towards the remission of
 this

K. Hen. My brother Gloster's voice?—Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:—
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The French Camp.

Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and others.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords,

Dau. *Montez a cheval*:—My horse! *valet!* *lacquay!*
ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. *Via!*—*les eaux et la terre*⁶—

Orl. *Rien puis? l'air et le feu*—

Dau. *Ciel!* cousin Orleans.—

Enter Constable.

Now! my lord constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides;
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them⁷ with superfluous courage: Ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horse's blood?
How

this sin; since I well know that after all this is done, true penitence,
and imploring pardon, are previously and indispensably necessary towards
my obtaining it. HEATH.

I should not have reprinted Dr. Warburton's note, but for the sake of
Dr. Johnson's reply. Mr. Malone, however, thinks Mr. Heath's expli-
cation more correct. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Via* is an old hortatory exclamation, as *allons!* JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is right. So, in *K. Edward III.* 1596:

“Then *Via!* for the spacious bounds of France!”

STEEVENS.

⁷ The first folio reads—*doubt*, which, perhaps, may have been used
for *to make to doubt*; *to terrifie*. TYRWHITT.

To *doubt*, or (as it ought to have been spelled) *dout*, is a word still used
in Warwickshire, and signifies to *do out*, or *extinguish*. For this informa-
tion I was indebted to my late friend, the Reverend H. Homer.

STEEVENS.

In the folio, where alone this passage is found, the word is written
doubt. To *dout*, for to *do out*, is a common phrase at this day in Devon-
shire and the other western counties; where they often say, *dout* the fire,
that

How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,—
Who, in unnecessary action, swarm
About our squares of battle,—were enough
To purge this field of such a hilding foe;⁸
Though we, upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonuance,⁹ and the note to mount:
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter

that is, *put out* the fire. Many other words of the same structure are used by our author; as, to *don*, i. e. to *do on*, to *doff*, i. e. to *do off*, &c.

Mr. Pope for *doubt* substituted *daunt*, which was adopted in the subsequent editions. For the emendation now made I imagined I should have been answerable; but on looking into Mr. Rowe's edition I find he has anticipated me, and has printed the word as it is now exhibited in the text. MALONE.

⁸ *Hilding*, or *binderling*, is a *low wretch*. JOHNSON.

⁹ He uses terms of the field as if they were going out only to the chase for sport. *To dare the field* is a phrase in falconry. Birds are dared when by the falcon in the air they are terrified from rising, so that they will be sometimes taken by the hand.

Such an easy capture the lords expected to make of the English.

JOHNSON.

The *tucket sonuance* was, I believe, the name of an introductory flourish on the trumpet, as *toccata* in Italian is the prelude of a sonata on the harpsichord, and *toccar la tromba* is to blow the trumpet. STEEVENS.

Enter GRANDPRE'.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains ² poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand; ³ and their poor jades

Lob

² By their *ragged curtains*, are meant their colours. M. MASON.

³ Grandpré alludes to the form of ancient candlesticks, which frequently represented human figures holding the sockets for the lights in their extended hands.

The following is an exact representation of one of these candlesticks, now in the possession of Francis Douce, Esq. The receptacles for the candles are wanting in the original. The sockets in which they were to be placed are in the outstretched hands of the figure.



Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips ;
 The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes ;
 And in their pale-dull mouths the gimmel bit ⁴
 Lies foul with chew'd grafs, ftill and motionlefs ;
 And their executors, the knaviſh crows, ⁵
 Fly o'er them all, impatient of their hour.
 Deſcription cannot ſuit itſelf in words,
 To démonſtrate the life of ſuch a battle
 In life ſo lifeleſs as it ſhows itſelf.

Con. They have ſaid their prayers, and they ſtay for death.

Dau. Shall we go ſend them dinners, and freſh ſuits,
 And give their faſting horſes provender,
 And after fight with them ?

Con. I ſtay but for my guard : ⁶ On, to the field :

I will

A ſimilar image occurs in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612 : “ — he ſhow'd like a pewter candleſtick, faſhioned like a man in armour, holding a tilting ſtaff in his hand little bigger than a candle.”

The form of torch-ftaves may be aſcertained by a wooden cut in *Winter's Tale*, Act IV. ſc. 3. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Gimmel* is in the weſtern counties, a ring; a *gimmel bit* is therefore a bit of which the parts played one within another. JOHNSON.

I meet with the word, though differently ſpelt, in the old play of *The Raigne of King Edward the Third*, 1596 :

“ Nor lay aſide their jacks of gymold mail.”

Gymold or *gimmel'd* mail means armour compoſed of links like thoſe of a chain, which by its flexibility fitted it to the ſhape of the body more exactly than defensive covering of any other contrivance. There was a ſuit of it to be ſeen in the Tower. Spenser, in his *Fairie Queen*, Book I. ch. v. calls it *woven mail* :

“ In *woven* mail all armed warily.”

STEEVENS.

“ A *gimmel* or *gemmow* ring, (ſays Minſheu, *Dictionary*, 1617.) from the Gal. *gemeau*, Lat. *gemellus*, double, or twinnes, becauſe they be rings with two or more links.” MALONE.

⁵ The crows who are to have the diſpoſal of what they ſhall leave, their hides and their fleſh. JOHNSON.

⁶ It ſeems, by what follows, that *guard* in this place means rather ſomething of ornament or of diſtinction, than a body of attendants.

JOHNSON.

The following quotation from Holinshed, p. 554, will beſt elucidate this paſſage : “ The duke of Brabant when his ſtandard was not come, cauſed a *banner* to be taken from a *trumpet* and faſtened upon a ſpear, the which he commanded to be borne before him inſtead of a ſtandard.”

In

I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The English Camp.

Enter the English host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY,⁷ and WESTMORELAND.

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.

God be wi' you princes all; I'll to my charge:

If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,

Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—

My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord Exeter,—

And my kind kinsman,⁸—warriors all, adieu!

Bed.

In the second part of Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632, Menelaus, after having enumerated to Pyrrhus the treasures of his father Achilles, as his myrmidons, &c. adds:

“His sword, spurs, armour, *guard*, pavilion.”

From this last passage it should appear that *guard* was part of the defensive armour; perhaps what we call at present the *gorget*. STEEVENS.

By his *guard*, I believe, the constable means, not any part of his dress, but the *guard* that usually attended with his banner; to supply the want of which he afterwards says, that he will take a banner from a trumpet, and use it for his haste. It appears from a passage in the last scene of the fourth act, that the principal nobility, and the princes, had all their respective banners, and of course their guards:

“Of princes in this number,

“And nobles bearing *banners*, there be dead

“One hundred,” &c. M. MASON.

⁷ Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury. MALONE.

⁸ This must be addressed to Westmoreland; but how was that nobleman related to Salisbury? True it is, that the latter had married one of the sisters and co-heirs of Edmund Earl of Kent, and that another of them was wife to Westmoreland's eldest son. Salisbury's daughter was likewise married to a younger son of Westmoreland's, who, in her right, was afterward Earl of Salisbury, and appears in the Second and third Parts of *K. Henry VI.* The present speaker is Thomas Montacute, who is killed by a shot in the next play. But these connections do not seem to make him akin to Westmoreland. RITSON.

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.]

Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindness;
Princely in both.

West. O that we now had here

Enter King HENRY.

But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he, that wishes so?

My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enough
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove,⁹ I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not,² if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,

And

⁹ The king prays like a christian, and swears like a heathen.

JOHNSON.

I believe the player-editors alone are answerable for this monstrous incongruity. In consequence of the Stat. 3. James I. c. xxi. against introducing the sacred name on the stage, &c. they omitted it where they could; and in verse, (where the metre would not allow omission,) they substituted some other word in its place. The author, I have not the least doubt, wrote here—By *heaven*,——. MALONE.

² To *yearn* is to grieve or vex. STEEVENS.

And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
 We would not die in that man's company,
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.
 This day 's call'd—the feast of Crispian : ³
 He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
 He, that shall live this day, and see old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil ⁴ feast his friends,
 And say—to-morrow is saint Crispian :
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
 And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day.
 Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
 But he'll remember, with advantages, ⁵
 What feats he did that day : Then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
 Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd :
 This story shall the good man teach his son ;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending ⁶ of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered :
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
 For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition : ⁷

And

³ The battle of Agincourt was fought upon the 25th of October, St. Crispin's day. GREY.

⁴ i. e. the evening before this festival. STEEVENS.

⁵ Old men, notwithstanding the natural forgetfulness of age, shall remember *their feats of this day*, and remember to tell them *with advantage*. Age is commonly boastful, and inclined to magnify past acts and past times. JOHNSON.

⁶ It may be observed that we are apt to promise to ourselves a more lasting memory than the changing state of human things admits. This prediction is not verified ; the feast of Crispin passes by without any mention of Agincourt. Late events obliterate the former : the civil wars have left in this nation scarcely any tradition of more ancient history.

⁷ This day shall advance him to the rank of a gentleman. JOHNSON.
King

And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here;
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
 That fought with us upon saint Crispin's day.⁸

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
 The French are bravely⁹ in their battles set,
 And will with all expedience² charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England,
 cousin?

West. God's will, my liege, 'would you and I alone,
 Without more help, might fight this battle out!

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand
 men;³

Which

King Henry V. inhibited any person but such as had a right by inheritance, or grant, to assume coats of arms, except those who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt; and, I think, these last were allowed the chief seats of honour at all feasts and publick meetings. TOLLET.

That Mr. Tollet is right in his account, is proved by the original writ to the Sheriff of Southampton and others, printed in Rymer's *Fœdera*, anno 5 Henry V. Vol. IX. p. 457. VAILLANT.

⁸ This speech, like many others of the declamatory kind, is too long. Had it been contracted to about half the number of lines, it might have gained force, and lost none of the sentiments. JOHNSON.

⁹ —bravely—] is *splendidly, ostentatiously*. JOHNSON.

² —expedience—] i. e. expedition. STEEVENS.

³ By wishing only thyself and me, thou hast wished five thousand men away.—Shakspeare never thinks of such trifles as numbers. In the last scene the French are said to be *full threescore thousand*, which Exeter declares to be *five to one*; but by the king's account, they are twelve to one. JOHNSON.

Holinshed makes the English army consist of 15,000, and the French of 60,000 horse, besides foot, &c. in all 100,000; while Walsingham and Harding represent the English as but 9000; and other authors say that the number of French amounted to 150,000. STEEVENS.

Fabian says the French were 40,000, and the English only 7000.

Dr. Johnson, however, I apprehend, misunderstood the king's words. He supposes that Henry means to say, that Westmoreland, wishing himself and Henry alone to fight the battle out with the French, had *wished away the whole English army*, consisting of five thousand men. But Henry's

Which likes me better, than to wish us one.—
You know your places : God be with you all !

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow :
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The Constable desires thee—thou wilt mind⁴
Thy followers of repentance ; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where (wretches) their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now ?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back ;
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God ! why should they mock poor fellows thus ?
The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves ; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work :
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,

Dying

Henry's meaning was, I conceive, very different. Westmoreland had before expressed a wish that *ten thousand* of those who were idle at that moment in England were added to the king's army ; a wish, for which when it was uttered, Henry, whether from policy or spirit, reprimanded him. Westmoreland now says, he should be glad that he and the king alone, without any other aid whatsoever, were to fight the battle out against the French. "Bravely said, (replies Henry;) you have now *half* atoned for your former timid wish for *ten thousand* additional troops. You have *unwished* half of what you wish'd before." The king is speaking figuratively, and Dr. Johnson understood him literally.—Shakespeare therefore, though often inattentive to "such trifles as numbers," is here not inaccurate. He undoubtedly meant to represent the English army, (according to Exeter's state of it,) as consisting of about *twelve thousand* men ; and according to the best accounts this was nearly the number that Henry had in the field. Hardyng, who was himself at the battle of Agincourt, says that the French army consisted of one hundred thousand ; but the account is probably exaggerated. MALONE.

⁴ —mind,] i. e. remind. STEEVENS.

Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
 They shall be fam'd ; for there the sun shall greet them,
 And draw their honours reeking up to heaven ;
 Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
 The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
 Mark then a bounding valour in our English ;
 That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
 Break out into a second course of mischief,
 Killing in relapse of mortality.

Let me speak proudly ;—Tell the Constable,
 We are but warriors for the working-day :⁵
 Our gayness, and our gilt,⁶ are all besmirch'd
 With rainy marching in the painful field ;
 There's not a piece of feather in our host,
 {Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly,)
 And time hath worn us into slovenry :
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim :
 And my poor soldiers tell me—yet ere night
 They'll be in fresher robes ; or they will pluck
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
 And turn them out of service. If they do this,
 (As, if God please, they shall,) my ransom then
 Will soon be levy'd. Herald, save thou thy labour ;
 Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald ;
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints :
 Which if they have as I will leave 'em to them,
 Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, king Harry. And so fare thee well :
 Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*]

K. Hen. I fear, thou'lt once more come again for ransom.

*Enter the Duke of York.*⁷

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
 The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen.

⁵ We are soldiers but coarsely dressed ; we have not on our holiday apparel. JOHNSON.

⁶ i. e. Golden show, superficial gilding. Obsolete. STEEVENS.

⁷ This personage is the same, who appears in our author's *King Richard II.* by the title of *Duke of Aumerle*. His christian name was Edward. He was the eldest son of Edmond of Langley, Duke of York, who

K. Hen. Take it, brave York,—Now, soldiers, march
away :—

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The Field of Battle.

Alarums; Excursions; Enter French Soldier, Pistol, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

Pist. Quality, call you me?—Construe me, art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. *O seigneur Dieu!*

Pist. O, signieur Dew should be a gentleman :⁸—
Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark ;—
O signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,⁹
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. *O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitié de moy!*

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys ;
For I will fetch thy rim² out at thy throat,

In

who is introduced in the same play, and who was the fifth son of King Edward III. Richard Earl of Cambridge, who appears in the second act of this play, was younger brother to this Edward Duke of York.

MALONE.

⁸ I cannot help thinking, that Shakspeare intended here a stroke at a passage in a famous old book, called, *The Gentleman's Academie in Hawking, Hunting, and Armorie*, written originally by Juliana Barnes, and re-published by Gervase Markham, 1595. The first chapter of the *Booke of Armorie*, is, “the difference ’twixt Churles and Gentlemen;” and it ends thus: “From the of-spring of gentlemanly Japhat came Abraham, Moyses, Aaren, and the Prophets; and also the king of the right line of Mary, of whom that only absolute gentleman, Jesus, was borne:—gentleman, by his mother Mary, princeesse of coat armor.” FARMER.

⁹ Fox is an old cant word for a sword. STEEVENS.

² We should read:

Or, I will fetch thy ransome out of thy throate. WARBURTON.

I know not what to do with rim. The measure gives reason to suppose that it stands for some monosyllable; and, besides, ransome is a word not likely to have been corrupted. JOHNSON.

Ryn.

In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras ?*

Pist. Brass, cur! ²

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,³

Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy!*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?⁴ —

Come hither, boy; Ask me this slave in French,

What is his name.

Boy. *Escoutez; Comment estes vous appellé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monseigneur le Fer.*

Boy. He says, his name is—master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firke him,⁵ and ferret him:—discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy.

Ryno is at this day a vulgar expression for *money*;—*ready ryno*, means, ready money. This was probably the expression that Pistol meant to use; and I should suppose *ryno*, instead of *rym*, to be the true reading.

M. MASON.

³ Either Shakspeare had very little knowledge in the French language, or his over-fondness for punning led him in this place, contrary to his own judgement, into an error. Almost every one knows that the French word *bras* is pronounced *brau*; and what resemblance of sound does this bear to *brass*, that Pistol should reply *Brass, cur?* The joke would appear to a reader, but could scarce be discovered in the performance of the play. Sir W. RAWLINSON.

If the pronunciation of the French language be not changed since Shakspeare's time, which is not unlikely, it may be suspected some other man wrote the French scenes. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson makes a doubt, whether the pronunciation of the French language may not be changed since Shakspeare's time; “if not (says he) it may be suspected that some other man wrote the French scenes;” but this does not appear to be the case, at least in this termination, from the rules of the grammarians, or the practice of the poets. I am certain of the former from the French *Alphabet* of De la Mothe, and the *Orthoëpia Gallica* of John Eliot; and of the latter from the rhymes of Marot, Ronsard, and Du Bartas.—Connections of this kind were very common. Shakspeare himself assisted Ben Jonson in his *Sejanus*, as it was originally written; and Fletcher in his *Two Noble Kinsmen*. FARMER.

Mr. Bowle has at least rendered doubtful the question concerning the different pronunciation of the French language. See *Archæologia*, Vol. VI. p. 76. DOUCE.

³ *Luxurious* means *lascivious*. STEEVENS.

⁴ *My* is a piece of money; whence *moi d'or*, or *moi* of gold.

JOHNSON.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, monsieur ?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prest ; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.*

Pist. Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, pefant,
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns ;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O, *je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner ! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison ; gardez ma vie, & je vous donneray deux cents escus.*

Pist. What are his words ?

Boy. He prays you to save his life : he is a gentleman of a good house ; and, for his ransom, he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il ?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier ; neantmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens : & je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, & tres distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

Pist. Expound unto me, boy,

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks : and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of, (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—

Follow me, cur.

[Exit PISTOL.]

Boy. *Suivez vous le grand capitaine.*

[Exit French Soldier.]

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart :
but

⁵ The word *firk*, is so variously used by the old writers, that it is almost impossible to ascertain its precise meaning. On this occasion it may mean to *chastise*. STEEVENS.

but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i'the old play,⁶ that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hang'd; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing advent'rously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it, but boys.
[Exit.]

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, BOURBON, Constable, RAMBURES, and Others.

Con. *O diable.*

Orl. *O seigneur!—le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!*

Dau. *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.—*O meschante fortune!—*

Do not run away.

[*A short alarum.*]

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. *O perdurable shame!*⁷—let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let us die instant: Once more back again;

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,

Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,

Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,

Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,

His fairest daughter is contaminate.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!

Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives

Unto

⁶ In modern puppet-shows, which seem to be copied from the old farces, *Punch* sometimes fights the devil, and always overcomes him. I suppose the *vice* of the old farce, to whom *Punch* succeeds, used to fight the devil with a wooden dagger. JOHNSON.

The devil, in the old mysteries, is as turbulent and vain-glorious as *Pistol*. MALONE.

⁷ *Perdurable* is lasting, long to continue. STEEVENS.

Unto these English, or else die with fame.⁸

Orl. We are enough yet living in the field,
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now ! I'll to the throng ;
Let life be short ; else, shame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Another part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter King HENRY and Forces ; EXETER, and
others.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen :
But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle ? thrice, within this hour,
I saw him down ; thrice up again, and fighting ;
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (brave foldier,) doth he lie,
Larding the plain : and by his bloody side,
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,)
The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died : and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard ; kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face ;
And cries aloud,—Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk !

My soul shall thine keep company to heaven :

Tarry, sweet soul for mine, then fly a-breast ;

As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,

We kept together in our chivalry !

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up :

He smil'd me in the face, raught⁹ me his hand,

And, with a feeble gripe, says,—*Dear my lord,*

Commend my service to my sovereign.

So

⁸ This line I have restored from the quartos, 1600 and 1608. The Constable of France is throughout the play represented as a brave and generous enemy, and therefore we should not deprive him of a resolution which agrees so well with his character. STEEVENS.

⁹ —raught—] i. e. reached. STEEVENS.

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
 He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
 And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
 A testament of noble-ending love.
 'The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
 Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;
 But I had not so much of man in me,
 But all my mother came into mine eyes,
 And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;
 For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
 With mistful eyes,² or they will issue too.—
 But, hark! what new alarum is this same?³— [*Alarum.*
 The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men:—
 Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
 Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.⁴

Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage!⁵ 'tis expressly against
 the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you
 now,

² The folio—*mistful*. The passage is not in the quarto. MALONE.

The poet must have wrote—*mistful*: i. e. just ready to over-run with
 tears. The word he took from his observation of nature: for, just before
 the bursting out of tears, the eyes grow dim, as if in a mist.

WARBURTON.

³ The alarum on which Henry ordered the prisoners to be slain, was
 founded by the affrighted runaways from his own camp, who brought in-
 telligence that the French had got behind him, and had pillaged it. See
 a subsequent note. Not knowing the extent of his danger, he gave the
 order here mentioned, that every soldier should kill his prisoners.

After Henry speaks these words, "what new alarum is this same?"
 Shakspeare probably intended that a messenger should enter, and secretly
 communicate this intelligence to him; though by some negligence no
 such marginal direction appears. MALONE.

⁴ Here, in the other editions, they begin the fourth act, very absurdly,
 Once both the place and time evidently continue, and the words of Fluel-
 len immediately follow those of the King just before. POPE.

⁵ The baggage, during the battle (as King Henry had no men to
 spare) was guarded only by boys and lacqueys; which some French run-
 aways

now, as can be offer'd, in the 'orld : In your conscience now, is it not ?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive ; and the cowardly rascals, that ran from the battle, have done this slaughter : besides, they have burn'd and carried away all that was in the king's tent ; wherefore the king most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king !

Flu. Ay, he was born at Monmouth, captain Gower : What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was born ?

Gow. Alexander the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great ? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think, Alexander the great was born in Macedon ; his father was called—Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander is born. I tell you, captain,—If you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon ; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth : it is call'd Wye, at Monmouth ; but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river ; but 'tis all one, 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well ; for there is figures in all things. Alexander (God knows, and you know,) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations,

always getting notice of, they came down upon the camp-boys, whom they kill'd ; and plundered, and burn'd the baggage : in resentment of which villainy it was, that the king, contrary to his wonted lenity, order'd all prisoners' throats to be cut. And to this villainy of the French runaways Fluellen is alluding, when he says, *Kill the poys and the luggage !* The fact is set out both by Hall and Holinshed. THEOBALD.

Unhappily the king gives one reason for his order to kill the prisoners, and Gower another. The king killed his prisoners because he expected another battle, and he had not men sufficient to guard one army and fight another. Gower declares that the *gallant king* has *worthily* ordered the prisoners to be destroyed, because the luggage was plundered, and the boys were slain. JOHNSON.

indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end and finish'd. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: As Alexander⁶ is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, is turn away the fat knight⁷ with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks; I am forget his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I can tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY, with a part of the English forces; WARWICK,⁸ GLOSTER, EXETER, and others.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France, Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill;
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our fight:
If they'll do neither, we will come to them;
And make them skir away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:

Besides,

⁶ I should suspect that Shakspeare, who was well read in Sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*, meant these speeches of Fluellen as a ridicule on the parallels of the Greek author; in which, circumstances common to all men are assembled in opposition, and one great action is forced into comparison with another, though as totally different in themselves, as was the behaviour of Harry Monmouth, from that of Alexander the Great. STEEVENS.

⁷ This is the last time that Falstaff can make sport. The poet was loath to part with him, and has continued his memory as long as he could. JOHNSON.

⁸ Richard Beauchamp earl of Warwick. He did not, however, obtain that title till 1417, two years after the era of this play. MALONE.

Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have;⁹
And not a man of them, that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy:—Go, and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? know'st
thou not,

That I have find these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont.

No, great king:

I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes (woe the while!)
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
(So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes;) and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage,
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,

Killing

⁹ The king is in a very bloody disposition. He has already cut the throats of his prisoners, and threatens now to cut them again. No haste of composition could produce such negligence; neither was this play, which is the second draught of the same design, written in haste. There must be some dislocation of the scenes. If we place these lines at the beginning of the twelfth scene, the absurdity will be removed, and the action will proceed in a regular series. This transposition might easily happen in copies written for the players. Yet it must not be concealed, that in the imperfect play of 1608 the order of the scenes is the same as here. JOHNSON.

Johnson's long note on this passage is owing to his inattention.—The prisoners whom the King had already put to death, were those which were taken in the first action; and those whom he had now in his power, and threatens to destroy, are the prisoners that were taken in the subsequent desperate charge made by Bourbon, Orleans, &c. And accordingly we find, in the next scene but one, an account of those prisoners amounting to upwards of 1500, with Bourbon and Orleans at the head of the list. It was this second attack that compelled the King to kill the prisoners whom he had taken in the first. M. MASON.

Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not, if the day be ours, or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!—
What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it—Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this—the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please
your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the plack prince
of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most
prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: If your majesties is
remember'd of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a gar-
den where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth
caps: ² which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an ho-
nourable padge of the service: and, I do believe, your ma-
jesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesties
Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got
plefs

² *Monmouth caps* were formerly much worn. From the following stanza in an old ballad of *The Caps*, printed in *The Antidote against Melancholy*, 1661, p. 31, it appears they were particularly worn by soldiers:

“The soldiers that the *Monmouth* wear,
“On castle's tops their ensigns rear.
“The seaman with the thrumb doth stand
“On higher parts than all the land.” REED.

“The best caps, (says Fuller, in his *Worthies of Wales*, p. 50,) were formerly made at Monmouth, where the *Capper's* chapel doth still remain.—If (he adds) at this day [1660] the phrase of *wearing a Monmouth cap* be taken in a bad acception, I hope the inhabitants of that town will endeavour to disprove the occasion thereof.” MALONE.

pleas it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him; Bring me just notice of the numbers dead On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to Williams. Exeunt Montjoy, and others.*]

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal, that swagger'd with me last night: who, if 'a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o'the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap, (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great fort,³ quite from the answer of his degree.⁴

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a jack-fauce,⁵ as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Hen.

³ High rank. JOHNSON.

⁴ A man of such station as is not bound to hazard his person to answer to a challenge from one of the soldier's low degree. JOHNSON.

⁵ i. e. saucy Jack. MALONE.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, firrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain; and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege.

[*Exit.*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: When Alençon and myself were down together,⁶ I pluck'd this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours, as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrief'd at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once; an please Got of his grace, that I might see it.

K. Hen. Know'st thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

[*Exit.*

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick,—and my brother Gloster, Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:

The glove, which I have given him for a favour,

May, haply, purchase him a box o'the ear;

It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:

If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge

By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,)

Some sudden mischief may arise of it;

For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And,

⁶ This circumstance is not an invention of Shakspeare's. Henry was felled to the ground at the battle of Agincourt, by the Duke of Alençon, but recovered and slew two of the Duke's attendants. Afterwards Alençon was killed by the king's guard, contrary to Henry's intention, who wished to have saved him. MALONE.

And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
 And quickly will return an injury :
 Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—
 Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.

Before King Henry's Pavilion.

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant, it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I pefeech you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot towards you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it. [Strikes him.]

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal world, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, sir? you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows,⁷ I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's

Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu.

⁷ Mr. Heath very plausibly reads—in *two* plows. JOHNSON.

The quarto reads—I will give treason his due presently. We might therefore read—in due plows, i. e. in the beating that is so well his due.

Fuller, in his *Church History*, p. 139, speaks of the task-masters of Israel, “on whose back the number of bricks wanting were only scored in blows.” STEEVENS.

The Scotch both in speaking and in writing, frequently use *into* for *in*. However, if it should be thought necessary to amend the text, the readiest way would be to omit a syllable, and read—in plows. RITSON.

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be Got for it!) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter King HENRY and EXETER.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he, that I gave it to in change, promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, (saving your majesty's manhood,) what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope, your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove,⁸ soldier; Look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike; and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and

⁸ It must be—*give me my glove*; for of the soldier's glove the king had not the fellow. JOHNSON.

"Give me *my* glove," cannot be right, for the king had not yet acknowledged the glove to be his. M. MASON.

The text is certainly right. By "*thy* glove," the king means—the glove that thou hast now in *thy* cap; i. e. Henry's glove, which he had given to Williams, (see Act IV. sc. i.) and of which he had retained the fellow. MALONE.

and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns, And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow; And wear it for an honour in thy cap, Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:— And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly:—Hold, there is twelve-pence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 'tis a goot filling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald; are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

[Delivers a paper.]

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles duke of Orleans,² nephew to the king; John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciqualt: Of other lords, and Barons, knights, and 'squires, Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French, That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number, And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead One hundred twenty-six: added to these, Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen, Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which, Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights: So that, in these ten thousand they have lost, There

⁹ In the most minute particulars we find Shakspeare as observant as in matters of the highest moment. *Shoes* are, above any other article of dress, an object of attention to the common soldier, and most liable to be worn out. MALONE.

² This list is copied from from Hall. POPE.

It is taken from Holinshed. MALONE.

There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries ;³
 The rest are—princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires,
 And gentlemen of blood and quality.
 The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—
 Charles De-la-bret,⁴ high constable of France ;
 Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France ;
 The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures ;
 Great-master of France, the brave sir Guischart Dauphin ;
 John duke of Alençon ; Antony duke of Brabant,
 The brother to the duke of Burgundy ;
 And Edward duke of Bar : of lusty earls,
 Grandpré, and Rouffi, Fauconberg, and Foix,
 Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestrale.
 Here was a royal fellowship of death !——
 Where is the number of our English dead ?

[Herald *presents another paper.*

Edward the duke of York,⁵ the earl of Suffolk,
 Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam, esquire :⁶

None

³ *Mercenaries* are in this place *common soldiers*, or *hired soldiers*. The gentlemen served at their own charge in consequence of their tenures.

JOHNSON.

I doubt the accuracy of Dr. Johnson's assertion, that the gentlemen served at their own charge in consequence of their tenures ; "as, I take it, this practice, which was always confined to those holding by knights' service, and to the term of forty days, had fallen into complete disuse long before Henry the Fifth's time ; and personal service would not, at that period, have excused the subsidies which were paid in lieu of it. Even the nobility were, for the most part, retained by contract to serve, with the numbers, for the time, and at the wages, specified in the indenture. RITSON.

⁴ *De-la-bret*, as is already observed, should be Charles *D'Albret*, would the measure permit of such a change. Holinshed sometimes apologizes for the omission of foreign names, on account of his inability to spell them, but always calls this nobleman "the lord *de la Bretb*, constable of France." See p. 602, n. 5. STEEVENS.

⁵ This and the two following lines in the quartos, are given to Exeter.

STEEVENS.

⁶ This gentleman being sent by Henry before the battle, to reconnoitre the enemy, and to find out their strength, made this report : "May it please you, my liege, there are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away." He saved the king's life in the field. Had our poet been apprized of this circumstance, this brave Welshman would probably have been more particularly noticed, and not have been merely registered in a muster-roll of names. MALONE.

None else of name ; and, of all other men,
But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock, and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on the other?—Take it, God,
For it is only thine!

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village :
And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how
many is kill'd?

K. Hen. Yes, captain : but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites ;⁷
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*.
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
We'll then to Calais ; and to England then ;
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them : and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais : grant him there ; there seen,

Heave

⁷ The king (say the Chronicles) caused the psalm, *In exitu Israel de Ægypto* (in which, according to the vulgate, is included the psalm, *Non nobis, Domine, &c.*) to be sung after the victory. *Pope.*

9 Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
 Athwart the sea : behold the English beach
 Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
 Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
 Which, like a mighty whiffier⁸ 'fore the king,
 Seems to prepare his way : so let him land;
 And, solemnly, see him set on to London.
 So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
 You may imagine him upon Blackheath :
 Where that his lords desire him, to have borne
 His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,
 Before him, through the city : he forbids it,
 Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride ;
 Giving full trophy,⁹ signal, and ostent,
 Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
 In the quick forge and workinghouse of thought,
 How London doth pour out her citizens !
 The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—
 Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
 With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
 Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in :
 As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,²

Were

⁸ An officer who walks first in processions, or before persons in high stations, on occasions of ceremony. The name is still retained in London, and there is an officer so called that walks before their companies at times of public solemnity. It seems a corruption from the French word *luisier*. HANMER.

⁹ Transferring all the honours of conquest, all trophies, tokens, and shows, from himself to God. JOHNSON.

² — *likelihood*,] Likelihood for similitude. WARBURTON.

The later editors, in hope of mending the measure of this line, have injured the sense. The folio reads as I have printed ; but all the books, since revival became fashionable, and editors have been more diligent to display themselves than to illustrate their author, have given the line thus :

As by a low, but loving likelihood.

Thus they have destroyed the praise which the poet designed for Essex ; for who would think himself honoured by the epithet *low* ? The poet, desirous to celebrate that great man, whose popularity was then his boast, and afterwards his destruction, compares him to king Harry ; but being afraid to offend the rival courtiers, or perhaps the queen herself, he confesses that he is *lower* than a king, but would never have represented him absolutely as *low*. JOHNSON.

Were now the general of our gracious emprefs³
 (As in good time he may,) from Ireland coming,
 Bringing rebellion broached⁴ on his sword,
 How many would the peaceful city quit,
 To welcome him? much more, and much more cause,
 Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
 (As yet the lamentation of the French
 Invites the king of England's stay at home:
 'The emperor's coming⁵ in behalf of France,
 To order peace between them;) and omit
 All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
 Till Harry's back-return again to France;
 There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
 The interim, by remembering you—'tis past.
 Then brook abridgement; and your eyes advance
 After your thoughts, straight back again to France. *Exit.*

SCENE I.⁶

France. *An English Court of Guard.*

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that's right; But why wear you your leek to-day? saint Davy's day is past.

Flu.

³ The earl of Essex in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. POPE.

Few noblemen of his age were more courted by poets. From Spenser, to the lowest rhymers, he was the subject of numerous sonnets or popular ballads. I will not except Sydney. I could produce evidence to prove, that he scarce ever went out of England, or left London, on the most frivolous enterprize, without a pastoral in his praise, or a panegyric in metre, which were sold and sung in the streets. T. WARTON.

⁴ Spitted, transfix'd. JOHNSON.

⁵ The emperor Sigismund, who was married to Henry's second cousin. MALONE.

⁶ This scene ought, in my opinion, to conclude the fourth act, and be placed before the last chorus. There is no English camp in this act; the quarrel apparently happened before the return of the army to England, and not after so long an interval as the chorus has supplied.

JOHNSON.

Fluellen presently says, that he wore his leek in consequence of an affront he had received but the day before from Pistol. Their present quarrel has therefore no reference to that begun in the sixth scene of the third act. STEEVENS.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower; The rascally, scald, beggarly, lowly, prugging knave, Pistol, —which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contentions with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL.

Gow. Why, here he comes swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol! you scurvy, lowly knave, Got pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan, To have me fold up parca's fatal web?⁶ Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I pefeech you heartily, scurvy lowly knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. [*Striking him again.*] You call'd me yesterday, mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree.⁷ I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow.

⁶ Dost thou desire to have me put thee to death. JOHNSON.

⁷ That is, I will bring thee to the ground. JOHNSON.

The Squire of Low Degree is the title of an old romance, enumerated among other books in a letter concerning *Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth*. STEEVENS.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have astonish'd him.⁸

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days:—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat, and eat, I swear.⁹

Flu. Eat, I pray you: will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, 'pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasion to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot:—Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels;
you

This metrical romance, which was very popular among our countrymen in ancient times, was burlesqued by Chaucer in his rhyme of *Sir Thopas*, and begins thus:

“It was a *squyre of lowe degre*,

“That loved the king's daughter of *Hungré*.”

See *Reliques of English Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 30, 2d edition. PERCY.

⁸ That is, you have stunned him with the blow. JOHNSON.

Rather, you have confounded him. M. MASON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is the true one. So, in the Second Book of *The Destruction of Troy*: “Theseus smote again upon his enemy, which, &c.—and struck Theseus so fiercely with his sword—that he was *astonished* with the stroke.” STEEVENS.

⁹ Thus the first folio, for which the later editors have put, *I eat and swear*. We should read, I suppose, in the frigid tumour of Pistol's dialect:

I eat, and eke I swear. JOHNSON.

Perhaps, “I eat, and *eating* swear.” HOLT WHITE.

you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate.

[Exit.

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceas'd valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking² and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition.³ Fare ye well.

[Exit.

Pist. Doth fortune play the hufwife⁴ with me now? News have I, that my Nell is dead⁵ i'the spital Of malady of France;

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.

Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs

Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn,

And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:

And patches will I get unto these scars,

And swear, I got them in the gallia wars.

[Exit.⁶

² i. e. scoffing, sneering. *Gleek* was a game at cards. STEEVENS.

³ *Condition* is temper, disposition of mind. STEEVENS.

⁴ That is, the *jilt*. *Hufwife* is here in an ill sense. JOHNSON.

⁵ Old copy—*Doll*. STEEVENS.

We must read—*my Nell is dead*. [In a former scene Pistol says: "Nor shall my *Nell* keep lodgers." MALONE.] *Doll Tear-sheet* was so little the favourite of Pistol, that he offered her in contempt to Nym. Nor would her death have cut off his rendezvous; that is, deprived him of a home. Perhaps the poet forgot his plan. JOHNSON.

⁶ The comic scenes of *The History of Henry the Fourth* and *Fifth* are now at an end, and all the comic personages are now dismissed. Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly are dead; Nym and Bardolph are hanged; Gadshill was lost immediately after the robbery; Poins and Peto have vanished since, one knows not how; and Pistol is now beaten into obscurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Troyes in Champagne.⁷ *An apartment in the French King's Palace.*

Enter, at one door, King HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WAKWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen ISABEL, the Princess KATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, &c. the Duke of BURGUNDY, and his train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!⁸
 Unto our brother France,—and to our sister,
 Health and fair time of day:—joy and good wishes
 To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
 And (as a branch and member of this royalty,
 By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,)
 We do salute you, duke of Burgundy;—
 And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
 Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—

So

⁷ Henry some time before his marriage with Katharine, accompanied by his brothers, uncles, &c. had a conference with her, the French King and Queen, the Duke of Burgundy, &c. in a field near Melun, where two pavilions were erected for the royal families, and a third between them for the council to assemble in and deliberate on the articles of peace. “The Frenchmen, (says the Chronicle,) ditched, trenched, and paled their lodgings for fear of after-clappes; but the Englishmen had their parte of the field only *barred* and parted.” But the treaty was then broken off. Sometime afterwards they again met in St. Peter's church at Troyes in Champagne, where Katharine was affianced to Henry, and the articles of peace between France and England finally concluded.—Shakspeare, having mentioned in the course of this scene, “a bar and royal interview,” seems to have had the former place of meeting in his thoughts; the description of the field near Melun in the Chronicle somewhat corresponding to that of a bar or barriers. But the place of the present scene is certainly Troyes in Champagne. However, as St. Peter's church would not admit of the French King and Queen, &c. retiring, and then appearing again on the scene, I have supposed, with the former editors, the interview to take place in a palace.

MALONE.

⁸ Peace, for which we are here met, be to this meeting.

Here, after the chorus, the fifth Act seems naturally to begin.

So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of France and England! That I have labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar⁶ and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd,
That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted; let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd;
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility,
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies:⁷ her hedges even-pleach'd,—
Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair,⁸

Put

⁶ To this *barrier*; to this place of congress. JOHNSON.

⁷ We must read, *lies*; for neglect of pruning does not kill the vine, but causes it to ramify immoderately, and grow wild; by which the requisite nourishment is withdrawn from its fruit. WARBURTON.

This emendation is physically right, but poetically the vine may be well enough said to die, which ceases to bear fruit. JOHNSON.

⁸ This image of prisoners is oddly introduced. A *hedge even-pleach'd*

Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow-leas
 The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
 Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts,
 That should deracinate⁹ such savagery:
 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
 The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
 Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
 Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
 Losing both beauty and utility.
 And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
 Defective in their natures,² grow to wildness;

Even

is more properly imprisoned than when it luxuriates in unpruned exuberance. JOHNSON.

Johnson's criticism on this passage has no just foundation. The king compares the disorderly shoots of an unclipped hedge, to the hair and beard of a prisoner, which he has neglected to trim; a neglect natural to a person who lives alone, and in a dejected state of mind. M. MASON.

The learned commentator [Dr. Johnson] misapprehended, I believe, our author's sentiment. Hedges are pleached, that is, their long branches being cut off, are twisted and woven through the lower part of the hedge, in order to thicken and strengthen the fence. The following year, when the hedge shoots out, it is customary in many places to clip the shoots, so as to render them even. The Duke of Burgundy therefore, among other instances of the neglect of husbandry, mentions this; that the hedges, which *were* even-pleached, for want of trimming put forth irregular twigs; like prisoners, who in their confinement have neglected the use of the razor, and in consequence are wildly overgrown with hair. The hedge in its cultivated state, when it is *even-pleached*, is compared to the prisoner: in its "wild exuberance," it resembles the prisoner "overgrown with hair."

As a hedge, however, that is *even-pleached* or woven together, and one that is *clipt*, are alike reduced to an even surface, our author with his usual licence might have meant only by *even pleached*, "our hedges which were heretofore *clipp'd* smooth and even"

The line "Like prisoners" &c. it should be observed, relates to the one which follows, and not to that which precedes it. The construction is, Her even-pleached hedges put forth disordered twigs, resembling persons in prison, whose faces are from neglect over-grown with hair.

MALONE.

⁹ To *deracinate* is to force up by the roots. STEEVENS.

² *Nature* had been changed by some of the editors into *nurture*; but, as Mr. Upton observes, unnecessarily. *Sua deficiuntur natura*. They were not defective in their *crescive* nature, for they grew to wildness; but they were defective in their proper and favourable nature, which was to bring forth food for man. STEEVENS.

Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
 Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
 The sciences that should become our country;
 But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
 That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
 To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,³
 And every thing that seems unnatural.
 Which to reduce into our former favour,⁴
 You are assembled: and my speech entreats,
 That I may know the let, why gentle peace
 Should not expel these inconveniencies,
 And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
 Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
 Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
 With full accord to all our just demands;
 Whose tenours and particular effects
 You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which, as yet,
 There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then, the peace,
 Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye
 O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace
 To appoint some of your council presently
 To sit with us once more, with better heed
 To re-survey them, we will, suddenly,
 Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.⁵

K. Hen.

³ *Diffus'd*, for extravagant. The military habit of those times was extremely so. Act III. Gower says, *And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do amongst, &c.* is wonderful to be thought on. *WARBURTON.*

Diffus'd is so much used by our author for *wild, irregular, and strange*, that in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* he applies it to a song supposed to be sung by fairies. *JOHNSON.*

⁴ Former appearance. *JOHNSON.*

⁵ As the French king desires more time to consider deliberately of the articles, 'tis odd and absurd for him to say absolutely, that he would accept them all. He certainly must mean, that he would at once *wave* and *decline* what he dislik'd, and consign to such as he approved of. Our author uses *pass* in this manner in other places; as in *King John*:

“But if you fondly *pass* our proffer'd love.” *WARBURTON.*

K. Hen. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—
And brother Clarence,⁶—and you, brother Gloster,—
Warwick,—and Huntington,—go with the king :
And take with you free power, to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands ;
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us ?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them ;
Haply, a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us ;
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but HENRY, KATHARINE, and her
Gentlewoman.*]

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair !
Will you vouchsafe to teach a foldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart ?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me ; I cannot speak
your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me foundly
with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess
it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me,
Kate ?

Kath.

If any change were to be made, I would rather read,—“*Pass or
except,*” &c. i. e., *agree to*, or *except* against the articles, as I should ei-
ther approve or dislike them. MALONE.

[*Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.*] i. e. we will pass our accept-
ance of what we approve, and we will pass a peremptory answer to the
rest. Politeness might forbid his saying, we will pass a denial, but his
own dignity required more time for deliberation. Besides, if we read
pass or accept, is not *peremptory answer* superfluous, and plainly implied
in the former words ? TOLLET.

⁶ Neither Clarence nor Huntington, whom the king here addresses, has
been enumerated in the *Dramatis Personæ*, as neither of them speaks a
word. Huntington was John Holland, earl of Huntington, who after-
wards married the widow of Edmond Mortimer, earl of March.

MALONE.

Kath. *Pardonnez moi*, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment, (sauf vostre grace) ainsi dit il.*

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines des tromperies.*

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. *Ouy*; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princefs.⁷

K. Hen. The princefs is the better English-woman. I'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad, thou can'st speak no better English; for, if thou could'st, thou would'st find me such a plain king,⁸ that thou would'st think, I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me further than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i'faith, do; and so clap hands, and a bargain: How say you, lady?

Kath. *Sauf vostre bonneur*, me understand well.

K. Hen.

⁷ Surely this should be—"Dat says de princefs. This is in answer to the king, who asks, "What says she, fair one?" M. MASON.

⁸ I know not why Shakspeare now gives the king nearly such a character as he made him formerly ridicule in Percy. This military grossness and unskilfulness in all the softer arts does not suit very well with the gaieties of his youth, with the general knowledge ascribed to him at his accession, or with the contemptuous message sent him by the dauphin, who represents him as fitter for a ball-room than the field, and tells him that he is not *to revel into duchies*, or win provinces *with a nimble galliard*. The truth is, that the poet's matter failed him in the fifth act, and he was glad to fill it up with whatever he could get; and not even Shakspeare can write well without a proper subject. It is a vain endeavour for the most skilful hand to cultivate barrenness, or to paint upon vacuity.

JOHNSON:

Our author, I believe, was led imperceptibly by the old play to give this representation of Henry, and meant probably, in this speech at least, not to oppose the *soldier* to the *lover*, but the plain honest *Englishman*, to the less sincere and more talkative *Frenchman*.

The subsequent speech, however, "Marry, if you would put me to verses," &c. fully justifies Dr. Johnson's observation. MALONE.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me : for the one, I have neither words nor measure ; and for the other, I have no strength in measure,⁹ yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off : but, before God, I cannot look greenly,² nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation ; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier : If thou canst love me for this, take me : if not, to say to thee—that I shall die, is true ; but—for thy love, by the Lord, no ; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy ;³ for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places : for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours,—they do always reason themselves out again. What ! a speaker is but a prater ; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall ;⁴ a straight back will stoop ; a black beard will turn white ; a curl'd pate will grow bald ; a fair face will wither ; a full eye will wax hollow : but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and moon ; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon ; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me : And take me, take a soldier ; take a soldier, take a king : And what say'st thou then to my love ? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath.

⁹ i. e. in dancing. STEEVENS.

² i. e. like a young lover, awkwardly. STEEVENS.

³ A constancy in the ingot, that hath suffered no alloy, as all coined metal has. WARBURTON.

I believe this explanation to be more ingenious than true ; to *coin* is to *stamp* and to *counterfeit*. He uses it in both senses ; *uncoined* constancy signifies *real* and *true* constancy, *unrefined* and *unadorned*. JOHNSON.

⁴ i. e. shrink, fall away. STEEVENS.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible, you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France, Et quand vous avez le possession de moi,* (let me see, what then? Saint Dennis be my speed!)—*donc vostre est France, Et vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. Hen. No, 'faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know, thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me, tells me,—thou shalt,) I get thee with scrambling,⁵ and thou must therefore needs prove a good foldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, between saint Dennis and saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople,⁶ and take the
Turk

⁵ i. e. scrambling. STEEVENS.

⁶ Shakspeare has here committed an anachronism. The Turks were not possessed of Constantinople before the year 1453, when Henry V. had been dead thirty-one years. THEOBALD.

'Turk by the beard? shall we not? what say'st thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and, for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon tres chere et divine deesse?*

Kath. Your *majesté* 'ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage damoiselle* dat is *en France*.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear, thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect⁷ of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantaganet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken musick; for thy voice is musick, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, Wilt thou have me?

Kath.

⁷ Certainly *untempering*. WARBURTON.

Untempering I believe to have been the poet's word. The sense is, I conceive that you love me, notwithstanding my face has no power to *temper*, i. e. soften you to my purpose. STEEVENS.

Kath. Dat is, as it shall please de *roy mon pere*.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I will kiss your hand, and I call you—my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant seigneur.*

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames, & damoiselles, pour estre baiseés devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le coûtume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France, —I cannot tell what is *baiser*, en English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entendre* better que moy.

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment.*

K. Hen. O, Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list^s of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places, stops the mouths of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French King and Queen, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, and other French and English Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen.

^s i. e. slight barrier. STEEVENS.

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz; and my condition is not smooth:⁹ so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth,² if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind: Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to confign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield; as love is blind, and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent to winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning; for maids, well summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral³ ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness; who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never enter'd. *K. Hen.*

⁹ Condition is temper. STEEVENS.

² We have here but a mean dialogue for princes; the merriment is very gross, and the sentiments are very worthless. JOHNSON.

³ That is, the application of this fable. The *moral* being the application of a fable, our author calls any application a *moral*. JOHNSON.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her: so the maid, that stood in the way for my wish, shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article:
His daughter, first; and then, in sequel, all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:—Where your majesty demands,—That the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French,—*Notre tres cher filz Henry roy d' Angleterre, heretier de France;* and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus filius⁴ noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, & hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so deny'd,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest:
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood
raise up

Issue to me: that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, and never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate:—and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my fovereign queen. [Flourish.

Q. Isa.

⁴ What, is *tres cher*, in French, *Præclarissimus* in Latin? We should read, *præcarissimus*. WARBURTON.

“This is exceeding true,” says Dr. Farmer, “but how came the blunder? It is a typographical one in Holinshed, which Shakspeare copied; but must indisputably have been corrected, had he been acquainted with the languages.” STEEVENS.

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
'That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
'That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage:—on which day,
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.—
Then shall I swear to Kate,—and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CHORUS.

Thus far, with rough, and all unable pen,
Our bending author⁵ hath pursu'd the story;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts⁶ the full course of their glory.
Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd
This star of England: fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden⁷ he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.⁸ [*Exeunt.*]

⁵ By *bending*, our author meant *unequal to the weight of his subject, and bending beneath it*; or he may mean, as in *Hamlet*: "Here stooping to your clemency." STEEVENS.

⁶ By touching only on select parts. JOHNSON.

⁷ i. e. France. A similar distinction is bestowed, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, on Lombardy:

"The pleasant garden of great Italy." STEEVENS.

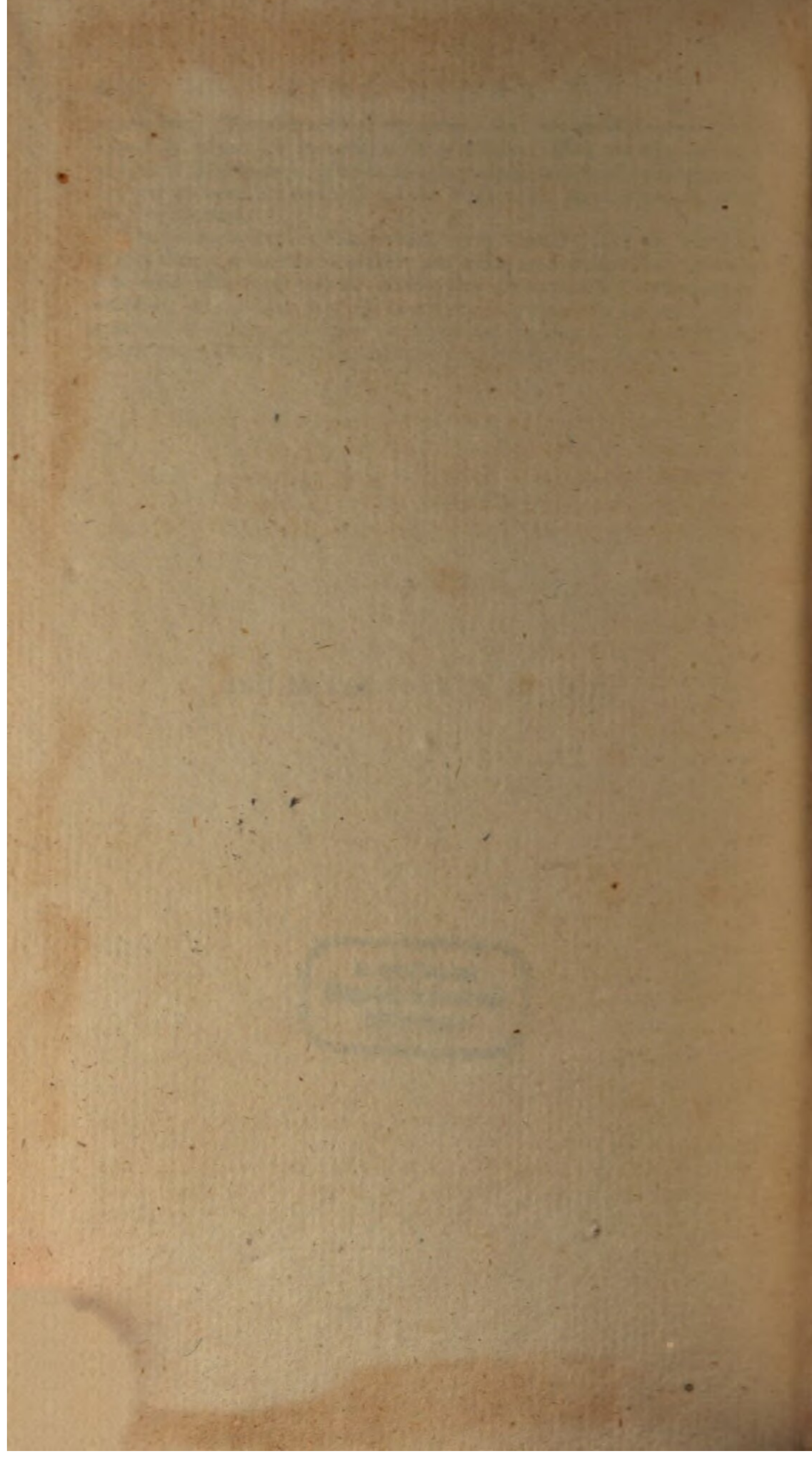
⁸ This play has many scenes of high dignity, and many of easy
6
merriment.

merriment. The character of the king is well supported, except in his courtship, where he has neither the vivacity of Hal, nor the grandeur of Henry. The humour of Pistol is very happily continued: his character has perhaps been the model of all the bullies that have yet appeared on the English stage.

The lines given to the Chorus have many admirers; but the truth is, that in them a little may be praised, and much must be forgiven; nor can it be easily discovered why the intelligence given by the Chorus is more necessary in this play than in many others where it is omitted. The great defect of this play is the emptiness and narrowness of the last act, which a very little diligence might have easily avoided, JOHNSON.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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